

DRUMMER

ISSUE 126

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MOTORCYCLE MEN

3 leathersmen
bikes
hard rods

The Denim Raiders
fiction by Jack Ricardo

COLT THOMAS

The Fifth International Mr. Leather
finally shows it!

A Leathersmans Legacy:
A Hero's Welcome
by Hoddy Allen

ROGER EARL,
S/M AUTEUR

on The Dungeons of Europe.
Born To Raise Hell, & his other videos



Introducing
MAX BEAR

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DRUM

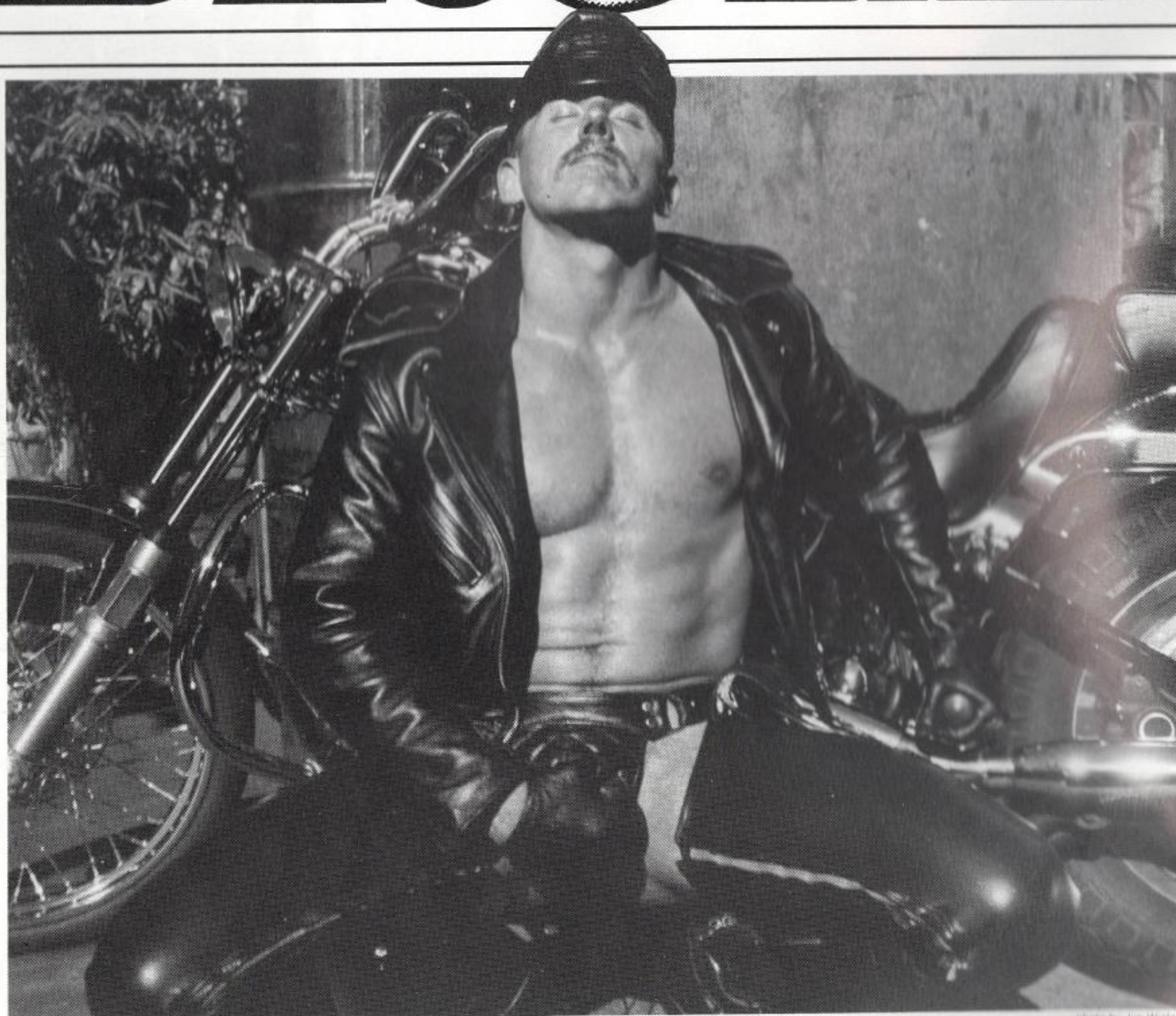


photo by Jim Wiegler

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DRUMMER

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COLT THOMAS,
photo by Jim Wigler

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MARK KLEIN and a hungry friend in his 1988 Mr. Drummer Finals fantasy presentation.
photo by Droux Studio

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



Published 12 times a year by
Desmodus, Inc.
PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314
(415) 978-5377

PUBLISHER: **Anthony F. DeBlase**

EDITOR: **Fledermaus**

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: **Ken Lackey**
Paul Martin

ART DIRECTOR: **Jameo Saunders**

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: **John Wood**

TYPOGRAPHY: **Sal Valore**

CLASSIFIED AD SERVICES: **Ken Lackey**

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS:

Guy Baldwin **Larry Townsend** **Bill Ward**

FREQUENT CONTRIBUTORS:

Writers:

Michael Agreve	David May	Scott Tucker
Fledermaus	Anthony Santos	Richard A. White
Jack Fritscher	Jay Schaffer	Kevin Wolff
Rick Jackson	Aaron Travis	

Photographers:

Adam & Co.	Scott O'Hara	Saytr Studios
Albert	Old Reliable	Jim Wigler
Altomar	Palm Drive	Zeus Studios

Artists:

Boss	B. Clarke	Leon	R.A.W.
Cavelo	P. Dailey	Mad Dog	Rex
Cirby	The Hun	Olaf	Tallwing

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12-issue subscription: \$70 (US funds) in the US & Canada (First Class Mail only. **Bulk rate no longer available**) and \$110 (US funds) elsewhere, including airmail postage. Orders accepted for MasterCard, Visa and American Express at (415) 978-5377.

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Tony DeBlase

OFF THE TOP

"HUMAN BONDAGE" REQUIRES A HUMAN

The Advocate issue 517, dated Jan 31, 1989, includes an article by "Jeff Drummond" entitled "Of Inhuman Bondage, why I left the world of sadomasochism". The article has many of my SM friends, including several on *The Advocate* staff, in an uproar. However, there are very few things in the article with which I can directly disagree, given, that is, the point of view of the uptight asshole who is writing. I am delighted he has left the world of SM, I hope many others like him follow his example.

"Jeff Drummond", I understand from reliable sources, is a pseudonym. This is perfectly understandable from the tone of the article. "Drummond" makes it clear that the world of SM "appalled and embarrassed me as much as it excited me. . . because tawdriness and squalor were all I could find. . . it followed. . . that they were all I deserved. . . Consequently, leather bars were inevitable. . . for nearly the entire time I inhabited this world, *nobody* knew about or even suspected what can accurately be called my secret life. Nobody, Gay friends, straight friends, people I worked with—nobody knew. . . The point is don't ever assume that somebody couldn't possibly be into S-M, that he is somehow too 'good' to be involved in anything so sordid."

Drummond makes it clear that he considered the entire scene repellant. NONE of his friends knew! That would just be toooooo terribly embarrassing. Of course this also means that no one he encountered within the scene could possibly be his friend. They were lowlife scum who could never be considered FRIENDS. They were just there to service his depraved need. Otherwise they are to be ridiculed for indulging in things that don't fit his stereotype, like watching "Mary Poppins" and,

horror of horrors, singing along with it!

"The idea is that the master will 'respect your limits,' another shared and noble sounding phrase that gives a fine flavor of ritual to the whole sleazy business. Take it from one who knows, that these fine phrases are as deceptive as anything Lyndon LaRouche or Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh might say on a bad day. . . if you're going to play this particular game to any extent, sooner or later you're going to come across men who have not the slightest intention of respecting your limits. . . As you can count on death and taxes you can count on this. And when it happens you will be hurt, you will be traumatized, you will go into minor shock, and you will be terrified."

Yes, SM can be dangerous. Yes, there are nuts out there. Unfortunately they are everywhere in society. They gun down children on school playgrounds and they pick up vanilla types in discos and strangle them while they fuck them. You don't have to be into SM to meet up with dangerous weirdos but the activities SM people engage in do make them more vulnerable. That is one, and only one, of the reasons that networking is so important in the leather community. Drummond had absolutely no respect for any of the men he met in the scene, an attitude that guaranteed that he would meet exactly what he was expecting.

Long before there were leather bars, SM functioned through the "old boy" network of knowledgeable Tops and bottoms who passed on information about "good matches" and people to avoid. There was an information network that kept out the kooks, or at least minimized their presence and ability to get to those in the know. With the development of first the leather/motorcycle clubs, and then the

overtly SM clubs, this information system has grown spectacularly. Through correspondence, club meetings, etc. leather men talk to each other, friends tell friends. There are systems of checks and balances. There is also a lot of love and care. Limits and safewords are respected. Drummond is obviously incapable of comprehending this because he is incapable of sharing in it. He is too self-centered and to embarrassed by this terrible craving to admit any of these unworthies to his true self. He cannot possibly share a round of *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious*. Thus he meets mainly those with the same low regard for their leather "brothers" as he has, and he complains that they are uncaring!

It is also quite revealing that he admits to playing Top for a while and he made a remarkable discovery: "The problem, I found, was that to do it well, to give a slave a genuinely good session, you really had to plan things and work at them. Otherwise, it was anticlimactic and disappointing, and I wanted neither of those elements in sessions I was running. So it turned into work, more work than I was willing to invest." He may have stopped playing in SM but he certainly hasn't taken his blinders off! YES! Being a good Top is a hell of a lot of work. He admits it and seems to be surprised by his discovery! But he seems to recognize it only when he is expected to do it. (What did I say about self-centered!) He is expecting sensitive, caring scenes, scenes that he admits require a lot of planning and work, from Tops he apparently doesn't give a shit about! I heartily agree, performing a good SM scene is definitely "more work than I am willing to invest" at least with assholes like Drummond!

Mr. Drummond, good bye and good riddance! □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person *must* understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate

from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.

MALE CALL

SHOCKED AND APPALLED

I was shocked and appalled by your *Drummer* issue #122 on Cigars. Within three pages you managed to promote "safe, sane and consensual" S/M practices and then go totally the opposite way with Max Woodruff's "Stogie sex". As a former journalist and specializing in LL/SM and as an active member of GMSMA and a founder of GMSMC of Philadelphia, I felt I had to write to express my indignation. Safe, sane and consensual S/M is by no means boring. In your purpose statement, you affirm that philosophy, yet you still publish "Stogie sex" even though it violates almost all "the rules" of S/M pre-AIDS or not. As a dedicated S/M activist and experienced topman, I cannot sit back and allow our community to get further pigeonholed. *Drummer* is usually the only real contact the rest of the Gay community has with the S/M world. Don't contribute to the fear and misunderstanding. Nothing is more aggravating than being told "...that's not the idea I got from *Drummer*." Do our community a favor, keep it hot and keep it safe!

MD / Blue Bell, PA

One reason that magazines such as *Drummer* are sold only to adults is because adults are presumed to be capable of making their own reasoned decisions. Anyone who is active in the field of leathersex must be familiar with, and deal with, the line between fantasy and reality. While *Drummer* does promote safe, sane, and consensual S/M, realize that a certain amount of our FICTION (although NOT, in this case, "Stogie sex") deals with fantasy "rape" scenarios. For the sake of logical consistency, a "rape" story is not likely to include careful, considerate S/M or condoms.

As to "Stogie sex" in particular, I cannot agree with your criticism regarding non-consensualism. It is quite clear in the story that the bottom WANTS the scene, and at the first signs of struggle, the Top offers him an out. While the scene apparently comes close to the bottom's limits, it obviously does not surpass them, since he never objects strenuously. My own experience with cigar play suggests that the scene was realistic and could very well have happened. I do question the advisability of pumping 12 ounces of beer into someone's ass, but again, my experience suggests this is not unheard-of.

As to the sexual safety: yes, there is unsafe sex in this story. As I mentioned above, not every story in our magazine is going to include safe sex. *Drummer* is not

a safe sex manual. While we print articles, news items, editorials, and, yes, stories about safe sex, the primary purpose of our fiction is to get our readers' dicks hard. However, I do agree that this story in particular, since it was realistic in other respects and dealt with a situation which many of our readers might actually encounter, could have benefitted from an awareness of safe sex, if only as an aside letting us know that the characters had consciously accepted the risks they took.

—PM

LET'S GET SERIOUS

I've got a fetish for bikes. I mean Harley-Davidsons. Who the hell can get hot for Hondas? Their engines can't throb and pulsate between their wheels like a Harley's. A Harley is like a man who throbs and pulsates between his thighs when he's turned on. There's no better sex feeling or sound to match that of a Harley. And there's no better sex sight than a big booted, leather layered Harley Man when he's straddling his mount.

I mean I have a real fetish for my Harley. It's been sucked and fingerfucked, and its pipes have been cockfucked. Sometimes when riding I've shot into the wind with no hand on my cock. All it takes is concentration on the Harley's erotic mystique and me sitting on its black leather saddle with my crotch-booted legs gripping the hot Harley's crotch. By the way, I know a guy who takes his bike's saddle off and lets his asshole down and around the greased saddle post to get fucked by his bike. This is no shit.

These solo bikesex sessions don't mean we don't get just as hot for another booted, leathered Harley Man. What some of us bike fetishists like is group sex action around our bikes, pissing on hot engines, smelling the mixture of hot engines and leathered buddies, feeling metal and leather and watching or helping another queer biker shoot his cum on biker, boots, or wherever his cock is aimed. Then back on our bikes to ride free with our Bros with cock and balls bobbing and cum on our bikes and each other.

If there were no Harleys for us with high boots and heavy leathers, mansex would lose at least half its excitement.

CW / Shavertown, PA

You sound like a funky good time! If you're ever in San Francisco, I hope you'll stop by the *Drummer* offices. Bring your bike.

—KJL

DO RON RON

After receiving issue 123 and seeing Ron Zehel, the new Mr. Drummer, on both covers, I just want to say that *Drummer* magazine and the judges did us all proud. What a stud! Definitely show us more. During the coming year Ron will prove he deserves the title. Thanks again, this could be a whole new beginning for all of us young leathermen throughout the country. We are proud.

Mike / Rochester, MI

Your choice for Mr. Drummer is outstanding! Ron Zehel is the best looking Mr. Drummer yet. Joe Vavaro was OK, yet Ron is the image of today's MASTER. He has a lot of charisma, and I can't stop thinking of him. Mr. Drummer Ron Zehel, I am thrilled that you got it. God, did you deserve it. Whole-hearted congrats, man, I mean, SIR! More power to you, and thanks also to one great magazine.

Charles / Cleveland, OH

In addition to being a real cock-tingler, Ron has already demonstrated his willingness to participate in fund-raising activities, and to make the personal appearances which enhance the Mr. Drummer title. With issue 130, we plan not only to reveal Ron's skin-deep beauty photographically, but will also feature Ron's own thoughts (in an interview conducted by Scott Tucker) on his role as a member of a new generation of leathermen.

—KJL

FIRM HOLD ON HOPE

After the return of Dennis Wells from the Mr. Drummer Midwest contest, Dennis, Ron Greenwood, and Rusty Cook decided to put together a leatherman's organization here in Tulsa. The way that they got people here interested is by putting on a CAN FOOD DRIVE for AIDS hospice groups. They added other necessities besides can goods. The drive sparked a lot of interest in those who wanted to be a part of a brotherhood who shares and gives. And still keep an independent status as men of leather.

On January 21, 1989, we get a name for ourselves, and hopefully be a part of a status with other leather clubs around the world.

We plan to keep the CAN FOOD DRIVE going throughout the year to help these people keep a firm hold on hope that all things will be in the best interest of all people.

Thanks for the contests that you've helped sponsor throughout the country.

DRUMMER

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Without them we would have to strive harder for recognition. I also enjoy your magazine. Thanks again, and BEST WISHES IN THE NEW YEAR!

GH / Tulsa, OK

CHAMPING AT THE BIT

In your issue #122 of *Drummer*, you had a pictorial of a young man called Champ. In my opinion he's terrific.

Can you give me any additional biographical information? Can I get more pictures? Can I contact him directly?

JJ / Garner, NC

Champ was one of the "Stogie Smokers" featured in our Cigar issue. All of the photos in that spread are from the one and only Old Reliable. I would not expect to make direct contact with Champ, but I assure you Old Reliable will have more photos available for sale. Contact them at: Old Reliable, 1626 N. Wilcox, #107, Hollywood, CA 90028.

—KJL

TEXAS TOPMAN

You are probably aware that I am the Texas Topman referred to in *Drummer* #106. The incident occurred in April 1987 at my ranch in Collin County, Texas, near Dallas. I am pleased to announce that as of this date, all charges have been dropped, quashed, or dismissed. No legal actions are pending against me. A few loose ends (recovering my personal property, etc.) remain to be settled.

As you know, the allegations were preposterous, but because publicity about the incident was sensationalized and widely circulated, the sheriff and district attorney over-reacted and later could not muster the political courage to admit that the incident had been totally voluntary by both parties and that I had broken no laws. Thus, nineteen months of legal foot-dragging. Now that the criminal court phase of the affair is apparently behind me, I am interviewing civil attorneys and will seek redress of the injustice.

Brothers across the U.S. and in several foreign countries have been very supportive during the tribulation. We may never be able to thank them all personally, but my slave Gary and I hope they know we are very grateful.

JH / Dallas, TX

To refresh everyone's memory, JH responded to a *Drummer* classified ad placed by a "slave" who specifically requested a situation involving "total chained, pierced, branded submission." After arranging for the "slave's" relocation, JH kept him in chains and under close supervision for several days. JH was understandably surprised by the subsequent arrival of several police cars responding to the "slave's" complaint call that he was being held against his will and

tortured. The incident resulted in JH's arrest. We congratulate JH on the dismissal of any charges and thank him for this follow-up on this nasty business. A reminder in S/M there is risk involved for the Topman, too!

—KJL

SIEGFRIED'S RHINE JOURNEY

I have tried three times, unsuccessfully, to read "Touchable Tits" by Fledermaus, Issue #121.

I can hardly wait for the fourth attempt. I have gotten as far as "I pulled my head away and again gripped his nipples in my fingers—" At that point, it's just a fantastic eruption.

I have finally learned how to read erotic stories. It is imperative that you not just "read," but really get into it. You don't read sentences; you read words.

The setting is important. For "Touchable Tits" I work on them for not less than one-half hour with clamps. Put on a harness, maybe a ball bag. Then relax. Turn the lights low. Sit in your favorite chair. I use an "Eames" type that rocks, which puts the pressure on and off the tit clamps.

Then, put on your favorite clamps, the ones with bite. Tie the clamps from the chain to a stationary chair, or anything that will not move easily. Put on a tape. For me, Pink Floyd, "The Dark Side of the Moon," or "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" are best.

Now read, word by word, and "feel" it. You may add poppers, or whatever. Sheer ecstasy that is pretty hard to describe.

TB / New Bedford, MA

KEEP THE REAL MEN

I just wanted to say thanks for your recent issues with your bigger, beefier, real men. I love the "ZZ TOP" types and I can't wait for your biker issue. And how about convincing MD of Rootstown, OH (Page 6, issue 122,) of a photo session? I could think of a few places he could sit. You're getting better after a slightly dull period. Keep the real men—we can get pix of pretty boys anywhere.

CD / Long Beach, CA

Tattoo Bear (M. D. of Rootstown) has captured the imaginations of a number of our readers (and at least one editor.) *Drummer* is a magazine for and about ALL kinds of "real men," some of whom are "Pretty Boys," and some of whom are "ZZ Top" types, with a wide range in between. But often the non—"Pretty Boys" seem to be shy about sending us pictures. Don't be! We genuinely want to see, and publish, photos of REAL men—from the outlaw biker-look to, yes, the "Pretty Boys." Let us see!

—PM □

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REAR VIEW MIRROR

Jack Fritscher

(Researched by Ron Johnson and Jack Fritscher)

HOME IS THE SAILOR! HOME FROM THE SEA!

In the beginning, the leather gods said, "Let there be Eden." And there was. And they found San Francisco good. World War II, manning the Pacific Front, crammed The City with horny young soldiers whose last view of America, as their embarking warships slipped west under the Golden Gate, was the low-slung skyline of white buildings that receded into the gray fog.

The tender young seafood fought the war and won.

The battle ships returned to San Francisco.

Wide open, the City was a Party.

"How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

"You can't, Blanche," as Miss Davis and Miss Crawford might have said. "You can't."

War turns teenagers into warriors, especially when the war is distinctly between bad guys and good guys. The phallic romance of battle, uniforms, guns, and machinery changes a man who has spent years tightly billeted with other men.

Not every swabby and Marine went back to sweet Carol in Keokuk.

Open City!

Shore leave is taking leave of your senses.

The open seaport of San Francisco, as it had for the tall-ship sailors, '49-er miners, and cowpokes from the earliest days of the Barbary Coast, rewarded the WWII victors, who hotgunned their not-very-pacific Pacific battle stations for years at the risk of sudden death, with the one and only

thing as intense as war: SEX!

Mark Hemry's fascinating history of early San Francisco, written at San Francisco State University, unearthed positive evidence, in personal diaries kept from the period, that not every Barbary Brothel was straight. A silent tradition was already in place.

Men, even before the original Gold Rush, always outnumbered females in the City by the Bay. Necessity may be the "Mother of Invention," but Hot Dick is the "Father of Perversatility."

Any port in a storm.

A Buddy/Buddy Attitude, grounded in the crowded anonymity of a port city, where ships—like men—passed darkly through the night, was embraced. From the start, Frisco Men traditionally have lived by the ancient male/male Code of the Sea, the cowboy-miner Buddy Code of the West, the Semper Fi of the military, and nobody scared the horses.

Hi, Sailor! New In Town?

The many young WWII vets who set their khaki butts down in San Francisco bars merged with the already-settled "bachelors" who pop-Pop-POPULATED the Bay Area port cities. Effeminate men and drag queens were, informants attest, virtually unseen, probably still at home, experimenting with Max Factor. The postwar-style of Butch was "In."

Many a homomascuine San Fran citizen, from office worker to merchant marine, was more than patriotically happy to host the footloose-and-fancy-free young vets.

"Hi, sailor? New in town?"

That line, a joke today, had real meaning back then to a lonely soldier, lonely and blue, all alone, with nothing to do. Seafood connoisseurs had a fastfood feast roaming the bars and streets.

Who Put The Penis In The SF Peninsula?

A man does what a man has to, wants to, do. Penis celebrated penis in the peninsular City that has always been a free-spirited Sodom-Oz oh-so-loosely attached to the rest of the US. More than once San Francisco—thank you, Jesus!—has tried to shake itself loose from the tight-assed American continent.

Male encounters have always had a proud, but "politely" censored history in San Francisco—that history whispered sotto voce at first and then louder, growing with intensity as the ball-bearing population, especially after World War II, grew in numbers, until finally, in the 1970's, the love that once dared not speak its name, having been stonewalled once too often, began to scream!

Why's The "Y" Deny The "WHY" Of Its Success

Both YMCA's, the Golden Gate and, especially, the SOMA Embarcadero Y, were WWII smorgiastic smorgasboards. With more than 2 million served, the YMCA, long before The Village People celebrated its discreet charms, should have won its Golden Arches and changed its name to Y-MAC DONALD'S. What happened in those YMCA rooms, halls, stairs, gyms, and shower-room toilets is legendary.

To connect ancient history to recent history, that WWII YMCA sex-scene evolved and continued up through the digging of BART not-so-straight down Market Street. For 30 fucking years, the mid-40's to the 70's, the Y's were the embryo that eventually gave birth to the SOMA Baths. As the decades changed, man-to-man Y-MAC sex switched uniform from veterans to construction workers building BART and elevating the post-modern high-

rise skyline of old, low-slung San Francisco.

A straight man is as smart as a fag when he wants his cock sucked hard and fast with no strings attached. And the Y's were the happy hunting grounds of homosexuality no matter what the current goody-2-shoes management protests too loudly today. (Who the fuck do they think kept them in business all these years anyway? Nuns?)

Meanwhile Back At Post-WWII

"Hey, swabbie! Tired of the cramped rooms at the Y? Wanna get more comfortable?" Miss Clooney sang on the jukebox, "Come on a' my house....I give you peach an' a pear, an' I love your hair."

Every cocksucker worthy of his Seafood Fishing License ran his San Francisco/Oakland digs as a private man-to-man USO.

The War was over. The Fleet was in. Sailors, jitterbugging together, danced subtextually to the strains of "When I'm Not Near the Girl That I Love, I Love the Guy I'm Near."

Insatiable SF bachelors, living in homes and apartments, installed discreetly revolving doors while the horny young warriors, homesick and home-at-last, waited their discharge papers. They were triumphant victors. They had become men under fire. They could fucking well do what they wanted. And they did. They fucked and got sucked like there was no tomorrow, and when tomorrow's morning came, all they had to say was, "Boy! Was I drunk last night."

The Atomic War itself, as much as the exploding male population, caused the grand old Victorians to be turned into rooming houses and divided into small studios. Rent was paid as often in "trade" as it was in cash.

South Of Market Workmen's Hotels

Closet doors banged quietly open. Not every soldier wanted to leave his Baghdad Daddy quite so fast to climb back on his Iowa daddy's dull tractor. After living tight with close buddies all during the war, men had grown accustomed to homo-sociability. The urge to merge man-to-man—far easier than all the claptrap a man has to put up with when he gets suckered into pussy—spread from the Y to the multitude of workingmen's single-room hotels located South of Market. "Sexual preference" widened from farmboy preference-for-gender to a sophisticated preference for Blessed Sex itself. "Gender be damned," one sailor is reported to have said, "as long as my cock feels good."

Later, by the time these blue-collar

SOMA hotels were fairy-dusted into gay baths, they were already stewed in butch cum.

Fair Trade

Funny how Ten Inches of Hard Cock captures more hearts than Ten Stone Commandments. Outmoded morals turned to outrageous orals. In an anonymous crowd in a Party City, men began to come out to fraternize for love and money. ("After all, a Marine ain't a queer as long as he only fucks with other Marines." This jar-head oral tradition, a retired Leather-neck informant said, is not found in USMC manuals!) But once a man fucks with men, there's no turning back.

Everyone hears of hets turning queer. When was the last time anyone ever heard of a faggot going for-god's-sake-2.3-kids straight? Besides, "like seeks like," one maxim says, and "mixed marriages"—like, maybe, between opposite sexes—"never work," another maxim says. Queers at the time offered a high-quality of life-style far different from back home. They seduced the vets with that peach, that pear, plus a little booze, free head, handy cash, and that new little kick: smoking reefer.

Enter the Pleasure Zone, boys! "Candy is dandy," straight guys jaw about girls, "but liquor is quicker." What works on the goose works on the horny young gander. Amazing slick grace! How fast a shot and a hit make a young soldier without much cash want sex, free sex, so bad he'll let a cocksucker go down on him while he shuts his eyes and half-pretends those hot lips belong to sweet Carol from Keokuk.

So Long, Carol! Hello, Carl!

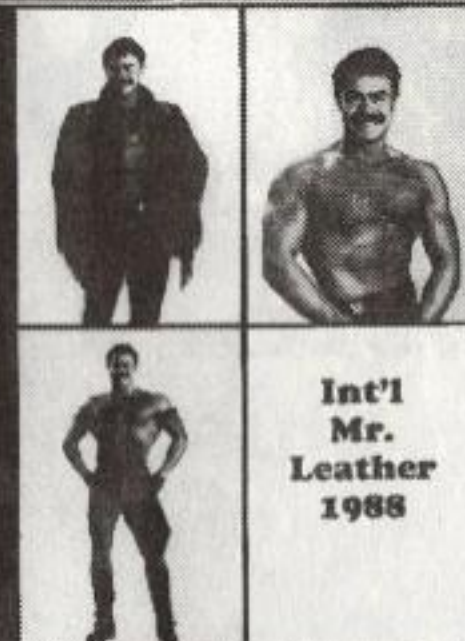
Along with the Y, imagine those nights in those SOMA hotels, with their one bath down the hall, and their single-room doors left slightly ajar. These blue-collar cheap hotels later became the Barracks, the Slot, the Handball Express, and The Hot House—which was almost directly across the street from The Bar That Put SOMA on the US Sex Map: THE TOOL BOX.

What was taboo in Keokuk became totem in San Francisco!

(Editor's Note: As *Drummer* collects the history of our Leather/SM culture, we need your input, anecdotes, experiences, dates, photos, etc. If you have a story to tell, a fact to add (or correct,) photos to share about bars and other meeting places, early bike runs/clubs, or S/M scenes—write to: Rear View Mirror, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA, 94101-1314.

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Issue 7, August-September, 1988 \$7.95



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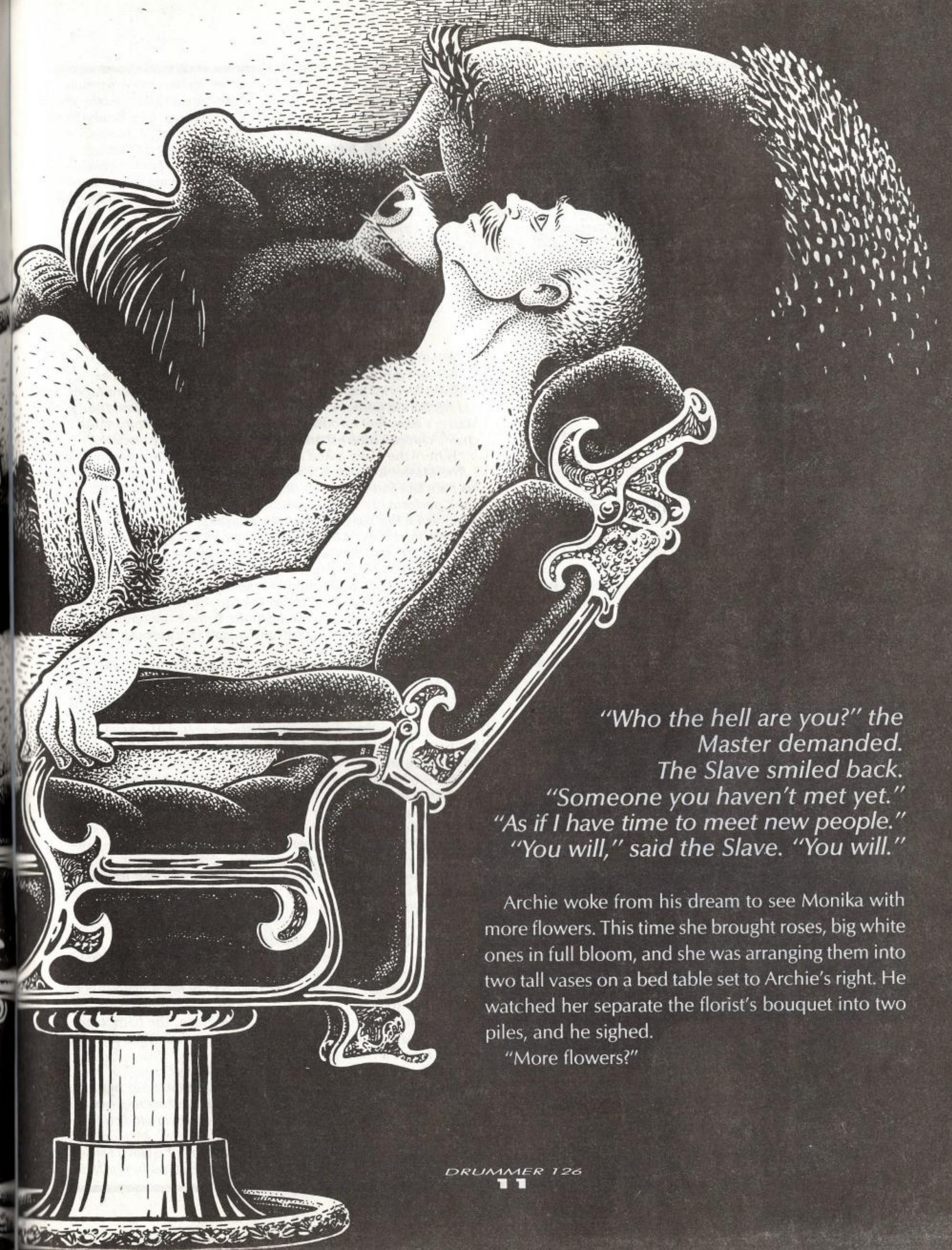
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A Hero's Welcome

story by **HODDY ALLEN**
illustration by **HOWARD CRUSE**





"Who the hell are you?" the Master demanded. The Slave smiled back. "Someone you haven't met yet." "As if I have time to meet new people." "You will," said the Slave. "You will."

Archie woke from his dream to see Monika with more flowers. This time she brought roses, big white ones in full bloom, and she was arranging them into two tall vases on a bed table set to Archie's right. He watched her separate the florist's bouquet into two piles, and he sighed.

"More flowers?"

"Of course, Arch," Monika said with her back to him. "I've told you a dozen times, sick people in hospitals are supposed to get flowers. Lots of them."

Archie turned his head on the pillow to face two large vases of red long-stems Monika had brought that morning, now standing on a bed table to his left. He looked down at the foot of his bed where, on a table wheeled into place yesterday, there were three overflowing arrangements of blue and yellow blooms Archie could not name. Behind them, and taking up all the room on the narrow ledge of the big double window of his room, stood various arrangements of daffodils, chrysanthemums, carnations and daisies all neatly placed in a row of smaller vases. Archie did not need any more flowers, a fact which seemed to be lost on his friend.

Monika held back her long red hair with one hand and sniffed at one of the roses she'd been fiddling with.

"It's like the Garden of Allah in here," she said as she looked about Archie's private room. "Don't you think? It makes the place smell less like a hospital."

"I don't smell them," Archie said, wrinkling his nose. "I keep smelling spices. Cinnamon and cloves, I think."

Archie closed his eyes.

"Are you going back to sleep?"

"No."

He looked up to see Monika sit down on the visitor's chair by his bed, her leather jacket slung across its back. She had come to the hospital on her bike so she was in her gear: jacket, chaps and boots. It tickled Archie to think of his friend clomping down the clean, white corridors past the staff dressed in their antiseptic shades of pale blue and green. He could just imagine the quiet commotion she created when they saw her coming down the hall in shining black leather, carrying a big bunch of roses.

And Archie would have given anything to have seen the expression on the ward nurse's face when Monika passed by her big desk to get to his room.

"I spoke to Ken again," Monika said.

"What did he say?"

"I'm sure he wants to come, Arch, but—"

"He's afraid to, I know."

Monika shrugged. "He's . . . uneasy about it."

"Ken is afraid to see me this sick," Archie said.

Monika tried to change the subject. "Nate and Angelo said they were coming by tonight."

"I must look as awful as I feel," Archie said.

Monika grabbed his hand. "You're sick, Arch," she said. "Sick people in hospitals aren't supposed to look their best. Nate and Angelo are doing well." Changing the subject was never an easy task with Archie. "Did I tell you they've found a boy of their own?"

Archie smiled, surprised and pleased with the news. Monika smiled back, pleased with having taken his mind off of Ken.

"He's kind of cute, a humpy little number that answered their ad. The boys tell me he's got lots of potential but they're having one hell of a time keeping him in line. It seems he's scared of what he's gotten himself into."

"So Nate and Angelo have a boy of their own," Archie said, proudly.

"He's a handful, though," Monika reached into her shirt pocket, then remembered the hospital's rule about smoking. She left the pack where it was. "The boy knows perfectly well what Nate and Angelo expect from him. It said as much in their ad. But he's given them nothing but trouble, all attitude and back-talk."

"Those boys can handle him," Archie said.

Monika reached for Archie's hand again. She held onto it for a while, remembering its strength.

"Monika?"

"Yes, Arch?"

"I do look pretty awful, don't I?"

Monika turned her head to look out the door. The clean, white tile corridor was busy with people moving back and forth, white-

uniformed nurses and blue-coated orderlies. She watched them hurry past the door, shuffling softly on rubber-soled shoes, while the bing-bing of the PA system chimed discreetly over their heads. She hated it when Archie asked her questions like that.

"Do I really look that awful, Monika?" Archie asked again.

She turned to face him. "You look like shit, all right?"

He squeezed her hand. "You know why I'm asking."

"I'll talk to Ken again, OK?" Monika said. She patted Archie's cool hand. "I'll see what I can do."

Archie closed his eyes again, this time to go back to sleep, feeling Monika's warm strong hand wrapped around his. "Monika?" he said.

"What?"

He looked up one more time at his friend, smiling. "Thank you," he said. He closed his eyes and dozed off.

"Is Ken coming to visit you soon?" the Slave asked.

He had come in from somewhere, bringing with him the Master's favorite pair of boots. He knelt with them before the old-fashioned barber's chair and ceremoniously helped the Master's bare feet into them, gently lifting each foot from the chair's chrome footrest and lovingly kissing the instep first.

"Is he?" the Slave asked again.

The Master looked up from the green file-folder resting on his bare lap, just the watch the black-haired, white-skinned spirit perform his task. He returned his attention to the file again when the Slave produced a polishing cloth.

"Did your friend, Monika, convince him to come yet?"

"Nate and Angelo said they were coming by tonight," the Master said, trying to change the subject.

"I still don't see why this man is so important to you," the Slave said as he bent forward to lick the Master's right boot. Slowly he left a wide wet line from the square toe up to the shin. He straightened up again and began to vigorously shine it with the cloth.

The Master looked up from the file marked NATE AND ANGELO and said, determinedly, "Nate and Angelo have a boy of their own, now." He stared down at the top of the Slave's head.

The Slave bent forward again, this time to lick the Master's left boot. His pink tongue blackened by the polish, he straightened up again.

"Tell me about Nate and Angelo," he said as he began to shine the left boot.

"Not much to tell," the Master said, smiling to himself.

"How did you meet them?"

"I placed an ad," the Master said. "They answered it."

The naked Slave made the polishing cloth disappear.

"Did they both answer your ad?" The slave looked up innocently.

"No," the Master said with some surprise. "Nate answered it."

"And didn't tell Angelo," the Slave filled in the rest.

"No, he didn't," the Master returned. "Angelo had no idea of Nate's developing interests."

"Why?" the Slave asked. "Why didn't Nate tell Angelo that he had written to you?"

The Master looked down at the Slave's face. The hard, black, shining eyes surprised him with their naive sincerity as the Slave waited for an answer to his question.

The Master chuckled. "Ever hear of jealousy?"

The Slave shrugged, then bellied down on the floor before the Master's booted feet. The Master stretched his legs out and rested them on his bootheels so that the Slave could lick the soles.

"So you saw Nate 'on the sly,' so to speak," the Slave said.

"No, I did not," the Master was quick to defend himself.

"Nate was the one who did all the sneaking around to see me, 'on the sly.' I kept telling him to be honest with Angelo about us instead of playing games. But he'd insist on lying and making up excuses to Angelo. . .

"But the thing that pissed me off the most, more than Nate treating me like some affair on the side, was when Nate had the nerve to tell me he suspected Angelo. He got wind of an idea that Angelo, too, was seeing someone, 'on the sly.'"

The Master took the folder folded neatly on his bare lap and threw it, contents and all, into the white nothingness that surrounded them: the Master, the Slave, and the old-fashioned barber's chair shiny with chrome and covered with black leather. He found he liked to watch the pieces of paper flutter away like wild birds released from a cage.

"So?" The Slave looked up from under the Master's boots. "Who was Angelo seeing?"

The Master grinned from ear to ear.

"Angelo had figured it out and come to see me; primarily to confront me for being 'the other man.' We talked it out, but we also managed to get into some of Angelo's interests, ones he'd never told Nate about. One thing led to another and soon Angelo started to see me too, 'on the sly.'"

The Slave was incredulous. "They were cheating on each other with the same man."

"Nate kept telling me how much he'd like to get his hands on the bastard his lover was seeing. Angelo thought he was getting even with Nate."

The Slave was busy digging his tongue into the crack along the edge of a bootheel, a detail which pleased the Master to no end. The apparition at his feet was certainly most enthusiastic, more so than Angelo, who would always be the Master's favorite boot-boy. The Master also noticed, most happily, that for the first time in months he was getting a hard-on.

"So when did Nate find out about you and Angelo?"

The Slave looked up again from the soles of the Master's boots, smiled at the growing hard-on and went back to work.

"I made a date with both of them one night, and when I brought Nate into the room where I had left Angelo to wait, I said, 'Nate, meet your lover Angelo. Angelo has been my other slave for some time now and yes, I'm the bastard your lover has been seeing. Would you like to get your hands on me now?' I'll never forget the looks on both their faces."

The Master stretched back on the barber's chair and brought his hand to his erection while the Slave's blackened tongue cleaned out boot treads and touched up the polish here and there.

"I made the boys top each other that night," the Master said, smiling at the memory of how Nate and Angelo got to know each other again. "I gave them each other's power symbols, so to speak, and made them use them on each other. Nate learned how to handle his lover on a collar and leash and Angelo discovered how much his lover needed a good whipping with a stiff crop every once in a while. I was lazy and sat back for most of the night. I jerked off a couple of times, too, while I watched them."

The Slave got up off the floor and sat back on his knees. "But would they still need you in their lives?"

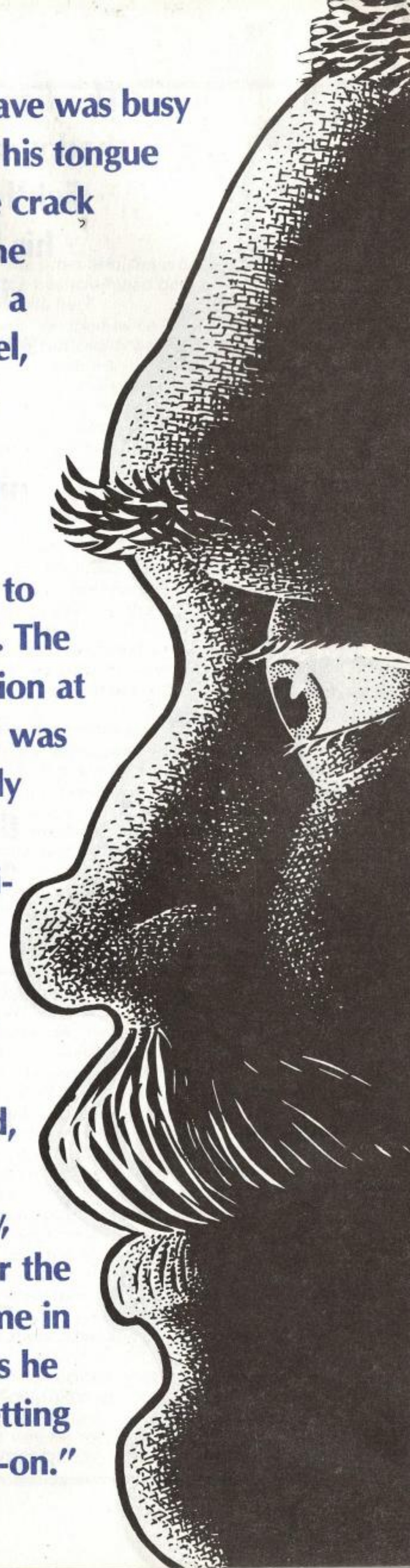
The Master smiled back.


"Sir? Master?"

Archie woke up slowly to see a blurred image of a blond man standing by his bed. He tried hard to focus until Nate's face suddenly came into sharp detail. He smiled up sleepily and studied the boy's blue-green eyes and handsome, square-set face.

"You still have that damn beard, I see," Archie said. He hated Nate's recent interest in face-fur. The brown and gold growth hid Nate's strong chin and angular jaw.

"The Slave was busy digging his tongue into the crack along the edge of a bootheel, a detail which pleased the Master to no end. The apparition at his feet was certainly most enthusiastic. The Master also noticed, most happily, that for the first time in months he was getting a hard-on."





'The figure in the shadows stepped lightly toward his bed. The rich, spicy scent grew stronger as the night time visitor reached over Archie's head to turn on the lamp. 'Who the hell are you?', Archie demanded. 'Someone you haven't met yet,' the Slave answered.'

A Hero's Welcome

"Would you like me to shave it off for you, Sir?" Nate said, fingering his chin. He wasn't sure he wanted to hear the answer. "You know I would if you told me."

"No, son," Archie said, appreciatively. "I know you would. I was just thinking about you when we first met, that's all."

"Me too, Master?"

Angelo stood on the other side of the bed and leaned over so that Archie could see him. He liked Angelo's little black moustache, a fixture under his nose that Archie had never know him to be without. It went well with the boy's dark eyes and thick, black, curly hair. Archie smiled up at Angelo, until he saw the bouquet of flowers hidden behind the man's back.

He made a face when Angelo held them out.

"Monika said you'd like some," he said sheepishly.

"She would, that sadist."

Archie sniffed. "And who the hell is wearing musk? Since when have you boys been into perfume, hah?"

Nate and Angelo looked at each other from across the bed and shrugged.

"Never mind," he said. "So I hear you boys have a boy of your own?"

Angelo laid the flowers on the table behind him and headed for the door.

"We brought him with us for you to meet, Sir. If that's all right with you," Nate said.

Archie nodded and heard Angelo calling to someone out in the corridor. He could barely see the figure as it stepped in from the bright white light into the shadows of his semi-lit room.

"Come here, boy," Nate said to the figure. "Come into the light."

A young man, perhaps in his early twenties, stepped into the circle of light from Archie's bed lamp. He was certainly younger than the three of them and smaller as well. But stocky. Archie figured the boy was probably quite well-built under his plaid shirt and jeans. His crewcut, no doubt a condition of his submission to Nate and Angelo, was a light brown and his face, at the moment carrying a mixed expression of both curiosity and self-consciousness, had a strong-willed, little-boy look: wide-eyed and pouty. He stood close to Nate and held his head down.

"Boy," Nate snapped his fingers at him. He looked up at Nate with a pained expression, glanced back to see Angelo leaning against the closed door of the room, and he sighed pitifully. He stripped off his clothes and stood naked at Archie's bedside.

Archie made him turn around so he could see what his boys had to work with. Along with some more sighs and why-me looks, the kid did what he was told. Not a bad looking body, Archie thought. The attitude left a little to be desired, but from the looks of him, the boy did have potential.

"Talk to me, boy," Archie finally said to the naked boy.

He stammered back: "H-how are you. . . Sir?"

"I'm dying."

The boy looked away. His face turned red as he said, "I'm sorry, Sir. I'm really very sorry." He seemed torn between running naked out of Archie's room or just breaking down and crying right on the spot.

"Don't apologize," Archie said sternly. His tone resolved the boy's crisis in a flash. "But I hear you're a lot of trouble for your Masters."

The naked boy looked up quickly at Archie, startled, then averted his eyes down again.

"I'm told you're making it difficult for them to train you. Do you want them to be your Masters or not?"

The boy's face burned redder still. He brought his hands to cover his crotch.

"Yes Sir, I do," he said to the floor. "I try to do my best, but—"

"No buts about it, boy," Archie cut in on him. "If you want to be their boy you've got to do what they tell you. No excuses, no fucking around. Understand?"

The boy nodded, keeping his head down.

"Do what they say without question. Trust your Masters to know what's good for you. I know these boys well, like I know the flat of my

hand. Hell," Archie laughed, "THEY know the flat of my hand pretty well, don't you, boys?"

Nate and Angelo, who had been standing by the door, grinned and nodded, remembering full well their own reddened butts when Master wasn't pleased.

"And I know they care enough about you to put up with you," Archie said. "So if you let them, I know they can teach you well."

The young man looked up at Archie's face and smiled for the first time since he came into the room. He gave a shy sweet smile, and Archie noticed his eyes: soft brown.

"So you'll be a good boy for my boys?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do what you're told to do?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And take your punishment when you screw up?"

He hesitated before answering this one. "Yes, Sir."

"Good. Get dressed and wait out in the hall. I want to talk to your Masters alone."

Archie watched the boy quickly dress and head out the door to the corridor busy with people rushing back and forth under the bright white light. As soon as the door was closed he turned his attention to Nate and Angelo, now standing together on the right side of his bed.

"He seems like a good kid," Archie said to them. "A handful, I'm sure. But then, so were you two."

"We're so glad you approve of him," Nate whispered. Angelo wrapped his dark, furry arm around his lover's shoulder.

"Who's there," he whispered in the dark.

It was the middle of the night and something was wrong. Not with Archie, who lay wide awake in his bed, but with the hospital. It was quiet. The door to his room, left open, showed a dark, empty corridor where people should be racing back and forth on their errands. There should have been sounds: voices from the other rooms in the ward; noises from the street below. But even the farthest reaches of Archie's bedridden world felt quiet and still. And dark. All he could hear was a faint rustling. A strong scent of musk and spice came towards him from the big double window of his room. And in between the silvery beams of moonlight pouring through the flowers on the sill, Archie could see a figure.

"Ken? Is that you?" he asked.

It moved. The figure in the shadows stepped lightly toward his bed. The rich, spicy scent grew stronger as the night time visitor reached over Archie's head to turn on the lamp.

"Who the hell are you?" Archie demanded.

The dark-haired man smiled back. He was dressed in full leather gear: jacket, harness, chaps, and boots. The black sharply contrasted his bone-white skin. He smiled at Archie, flashing bright, white teeth. His eyes were black and shone like his leather.

"Someone you haven't met yet?" the Slave answered.

"As if—" began Archie, then he stopped himself. He knew who it was now sitting on the bed next to him.

"You were telling me about Nate and Angelo before, remember?" the Slave said, as he brought out a silver bowl and washcloth from somewhere.

"Oh, I remember," Archie said. "I just didn't recognize you with clothes on." He grinned and wondered if the apparition could blush.

The Slave didn't. He smiled and dunked the washcloth into the silver bowl. "Would you like me naked?" he asked as he lowered the bedsheets. "You just have to tell me."

"I know," said the Master. "But I'm afraid that here, someone might come in and see you. Besides, I've never seen you in gear before. Looks good."

The Slave laughed. He began to wash the Master's chest,

rubbing the warm, wet cloth that smelled rich with spice from nipple to nipple then up to the Master's neck. The bath felt soothing and cooling on Archie's fevered skin.

"So Ken still hasn't come by yet," the Slave said as he gently lifted an arm to wash it.

"Monika's still talking to him."

"Tell me about her."

"She's a friend."

The Slave washed the other arm, fingertips to armpit. A cool buzz tingled where the washcloth had been.

"Did you ever play with her?"

The Master laughed. "We tried twice."

The Slave pushed the cloth softly behind the Master's head. Cool waves relaxed neck muscles.

"But it didn't work out," the Slave finally said.

"No, it didn't work out," the Master said. "I don't have much experience with women, I'm afraid. I was the only man Monika knew she could come to. I did feel honored."

The Master kept his eyes closed while the Slave washed his face. He opened them, blinking, as the Slave dropped the cloth into the bowl and made both disappear. A towel took its place in the Slave's hands.

"So you two are still friends," the Slave said as he patted Archie's chest and arms. Warm waves replaced the cool tingling sensation of the bath: not a feverish warm, but a pleasant, glowing one that seemed to come from somewhere inside of Archie's tired body.

"Monika, it turns out, likes her men much the same way I like mine," the Master said, relaxing in the warm glow. "We spend a lot of time comparing notes and occasionally we share a boy or two."

The Slave made the towel go away. He began to tuck in the sheets and plump up the pillow under Archie's head.

"What was she like before she met you?" the Slave asked.

"How the hell should I know?"

"Well, was she into leather, or was she riding a bike?"

"No, of course not," the Master said. He thought about it for a second. "No, Monika wasn't doing any of that. She wasn't sure if she could."

"She needed permission?" The Slave sat down next to Archie on the bed.

"No, that's not what she needed. What she needed was for someone to explain to her what she was 'into,' as they say. She knew she had the potential and certainly the passion for SM. Monika just didn't know of anyone else into it, except me."

"So you taught her?"

"All I did," the Master said, "was give her lots of advice. That, and whatever literature I could dig up on women and SM. I showed her some of my toys, told her how to make or find her own, and when she was ready I helped place her first contact ad. Beyond that, Monika did it all on her own."

"Just don't blame that damn bike of hers on me. The day she brought that thing home I told her she was nuts. 'You're going to break your neck on that thing' I told her. But Monika had stopped listening to me long before that."

The Master looked up into the Slave's dark shining eyes.

"I'm going to miss her," he said sadly.

"I know you are," said the Slave.

"She's been a good friend. Nobody else, not even my boys, have ever gotten as close to me as she has. And I guess no one else will."

"I wouldn't know about that," the Slave said, getting up off Archie's bed.

"Monika brings me flowers. Every day she brings me a bunch, knowing full well I'll only bitch and complain about it. She even gets my other visitors to bring some, telling them I just love to get flowers, which is why my room looks like a florist's jungle. But I know why she does it. She does it for the same reason

she calls me 'Arch' all the time. No one else dares to call me that. It's her way of telling me she loves me—where are you going?"

The Slave headed towards the big double window, into the shadows of the flowers and vases dark in the silvery beams of moonlight.

"Go on," he said to the Master. "Keep talking. I'm listening."

"I've never told her how much I love her," the Master spoke louder. "She has to know how much I've treasured her friendship, how important she is to me. . . How my life wouldn't have been the same without Monika in it, calling me 'Arch'."

"Archie?"

He opened his eyes to bright daylight in the room. The dark, still night, the beams of moonlight, the Slave—were gone. Monika leaned forward in the visitor's chair and patted his hand. Noises came from the corridor beyond the open door.

"Arch, are you OK?" she asked. She seemed very worried.

"Sure, I guess."

She sighed in relief. "It was weird, Arch. Your eyes were wide open and you were talking but—"

"But I wasn't talking to you. I know."

"Things like that happen sometimes," he said, as much to reassure Monika as himself.

"I spoke to Ken again," she told him.

"And?"

Monika winked. "Is tonight OK?"

Arch closed his eyes and nodded, biting his lower lip.

"Arch?" Monika patted his chest. "Do you happen to remember what you were talking about while you were. . ."

Archie looked up at his friend and smiled, remembering fully every word he had said to the Slave.

"You heard what was in my heart, Monika. And I'm so glad you were there to hear it."

The Master stood up from the old-fashioned barber's chair at last. It felt good to be standing after so many bedridden months. He took a few steps forward in his boots and he even tried out a few deep knee bends: just a few, enough to enjoy the return of strength and mobility to his legs. He took a few deep breaths of scented air and rubbed his furry belly.

"Ken's coming to visit tonight," he said to the Slave who came in from somewhere. He had brought the Master's chaps with him, and he knelt.

"Well, it's about time," he said as he unzipped the legs and undid the buckle. He reached up and wrapped the belt around the Master's waist. "It took Monika long enough to convince that boy to come." The Slave's impatience with the matter of Ken was showing.

"In some kind of hurry?" The Master looked down at the Slave, hands on his hips.

"Aren't YOU?" Then the Slave dropped his head at his impertinence.

The Master patted the Slave's head. He sunk his fingers into the dark, thick hair. It was surprisingly soft. The Master kept his hand on the Slave's head for balance while he was zipped into his chaps.

The Slave adjusted the chaps a bit, making sure the leather framed nicely the Master's cock and big, furry balls. He stared at them for a while.

"What makes someone like Ken so important to you?" he asked.

The Master laughed and gently pushed the Slave's face into his crotch. "Y'know, for a slave," he said, "you sure do ask a lot of questions."

Monika left them alone, quietly closing the door behind her. Ken tiptoed into the room and whispered his greetings as he stood behind the table full of flowers at the foot of Archie's bed. He stayed there, grinning, until Archie made him come closer. Ken did, but only as far

as the bottom right corner of the bed where he gingerly sat on its edge.

Ken hadn't changed at all, not a bit, in the few months since they'd last seen each other. Ken was still the handsome, green-eyed boy/man Archie had met two years ago, before he got sick. His looks were still clean-shaven and his eyes, bright and shining, were still wide and innocent. He had thought to wear his vest, the one Archie gave him for his twenty-fifth birthday last year. And the cuff he had given Ken when they first met, along with a promise. Archie wondered if this was the first time Ken had worn these things in months.

"So, how are ya doin', Archie?" Ken said, too brightly. He patted Archie's leg, then quickly withdrew his hand.

Archie glared at him. "What the hell did you just call me?" he snapped. "Where do you get off addressing me like that?"

"Sorry," Ken said, startled by Archie's reaction. He looked down at his hands in his lap and said, very quietly, "I'm sorry, Daddy."

"That's better," Archie said. "I'm still your Poppa, boy, and don't you ever forget it."

He had deliberately used the stronger Daddy-term, one Ken had used so often in their relationship. Its effect was immediate. The silly affected manner that Ken had brought into the room quickly fell, leaving behind the real and mixed emotions he had hidden underneath.

"I was just thinking about the time I first whacked your butt," Archie said, eyeing the boy thoughtfully. He had chosen this particular memory, and the words to tell it with, with some care. In fact, Archie had been thinking it over for some time as he waited for Ken to decide to come see him.

He checked the boy's reaction to the story's first line. Ken nodded and looked away. Then he looked quickly back at Archie and brought his hand up to his eyes and rubbed them.

"Yes, Sir. I remember that night," Ken said under his hand. "It was fun."

"Fun?" Archie replied, amused. "You cried, boy. I had you wrapped up in my arms and legs and you cried like a baby while I kept slapping your behind."

Ken shook his head at his own memory of that night and played with his hands in his lap.

"I kept smacking your butt harder. You tried to get out of my hold, but you couldn't so you started to holler and curse at me to let you go."

"Well," Ken said, defensively, "It HURT."

"It's supposed to hurt, boy," Archie said. "But after a while I did let up on you, as soon as you told me you'd be a good little boy."

"And I remember you holding me afterwards, cuddling me as you told me I was a good little boy—" Ken gulped. He brought his hands up to his face as his expression changed.

"Do you know why I made you cry that night, Ken?" Archie asked. "I did it so that you would know how to do it. I did it because, my boy, sometimes you need to cry."

Small sniffles at first. Ken's face turned dark red as the first tear slid down his cheek. He tried holding his breath.

"I'm sorry, Poppa—" he said, and the last word turned into a long, painful cry. A tidal wave of pain came out of Ken as he broke down and cried hard: letting out all the hurt and anger and pain he'd been ignoring too long. All the months of denial, all the months of the grief and the sorrow of a little boy about to lose his Daddy came out. Ken kept his hands over his face and the torrents soon became small gasps and sobs.

"I was afraid, Daddy," he said in a small voice.

Archie calmly watched his boy. "I know, Son," was all he could say.

Ken grabbed Archie's hand and held onto it tight.

They stayed that way for a while, Daddy and son holding hands on the bed. Ken used his free hand to wipe away the tear tracks down his cheeks and rub his red and burning eyes. Archie stared up at the ceiling as he waited for Ken to pull himself together.

Finally: "I couldn't face it, Sir. Not being with you. I need you."

Archie looked away from the ceiling down to his boy. "That's why I've made some arrangements for you that I want you to consider."

"Sir?" Ken looked at Archie through red, wet eyes.

Archie sighed. "I had a long talk about you with Geoffrey. You remember Uncle Geoffrey?"

Ken nodded.

"He remembers you too. And he's quite fond of you, Ken. So what I'm suggesting to you is—" Archie took a breath. "I want you to call him. He left his number for you by my phone."

It was hard for Archie to say it. Even harder when he saw Ken's incredulous reaction to it.

"I couldn't do that Daddy. Not to you."

"Geoffrey is a good man, Ken. I trust him and respect him a great deal, otherwise I would not have suggested it. I won't be here for you, Ken. I wish I could, but I can't. And your Uncle Geoffrey can. I want you to go call him. Right now."

"Now?" Ken said. "Shouldn't I wait until..." he stopped himself.

"NOW, boy," Archie said. "Right now, while I'm still... here in this room."

They sat together in silence for a while, Ken still holding onto Archie's hand, until his Daddy gave him a stern look. Ken got up from the bed and stopped.

"Will I have to call him 'Daddy'?" he asked.

Archie smiled. "Only if you want to."

Ken grabbed Archie's hand again, kissed it and whispered, "I'm never gonna call him Poppa."

"The phone, boy," Archie ordered. "Then come sit and we'll talk."

He listened to Ken dialing the phone. Archie kept his eyes on the blank, white ceiling over his head, about ready to cry himself. Halfway through the boy's training and he had to give him up. That hurt.

"Hello, Uncle Geoffrey? This is Ken."

But of all the men Archie knew, Geoffrey was the only one whom Archie could trust with an inheritance this important, this special.

"Yes, Sir, I'm with Daddy now."

Archie could only hope that Geoffrey would remember to make the boy cry every once in a while. He needed to learn how.

"You're sad," the Slave said, surprised. He had come in from somewhere with the Master's favorite cap. The brass face of a lion pinned to its brim gleamed from recent polishing. The Slave knelt before the Master and held the hat up to him.

It took the Master a while to notice the offered hat. He stared out at the white nothingness, preoccupied, until he noticed the Slave at his feet. He took the hat and absent-mindedly placed it on his head.

"Did I do the right thing for Ken?" he asked no one in particular.

The Slave, still on his knees, thought for a bit. "You did the best thing," he said.

There was one green file-folder left, tucked under the Master's arm. He pulled it out and tossed it, contents and all, into the white nothingness. Pieces of paper fluttered away as the Slave bent forward to kiss the Master's boots.

Monika woke with a start. It was as if she had kicked herself out of her own dreams. She blinked, stretched and yawned as she looked about Archie's private room, long cleared of the flowers. She had fallen asleep in the visitor's chair.

The call came from the ward nurse very early that morning, well before Monika's usual wake-up time. She simply called in sick to work, called Nate and Angelo and left a message for Geoffrey and Ken. Then she took her place at Archie's bedside.

She desperately wanted a smoke but dared not leave the room. Maybe she would go out for a quick one when the guys showed up. But like everything else in Monika's life these days, it was just one more thing to put off for a while. Monika rubbed her eyes, tired and sore from too many sleepless nights.

She moved her chair closer to Archie's bed. He stared up at the white painted ceiling wide-eyed in amazement. He seemed fixed on something beautiful and wondrous up there. He had a tiny peaceful smile on his lips as he gazed through dark-ringed eyes. The monitor by

his bed beeped slowly, telling Monika that he was, as the nurse put it, "Still With Us."

Monika took gentle hold of Archie's cold hand and realized that he wasn't.

The dream that had startled her into waking had been vivid. The smell of the dark-haired man still tingled in her nose. His hug felt too real as he told her not to worry; that the Master would be very well taken care of.

The Master. Monika never once called him that. She called him "Arch," "Archie," but never—Monika placed her other hand over Archie's as if to warm it, somewhat afraid to let it go. And as she stared at the frail body lying before her, Monika didn't know whether she was going to laugh at the absurd dream or cry again.

Brilliant sunlight made him blink. Not having seen the sun for quite some time, the Master was surprised to see it so huge, round and yellow in the clear blue sky. But its rays were strong and warm on his big furry chest and belly. He held his arms out to it.

The Master stood in a garden: a thick confusion of trees, plants, flowers, shrubs, and bushes of every description. Vines tangled under his boots and the air smelled of rich, dark earth and green leaves.

A voice from behind made him turn.

"Ready?" the Slave asked. He was naked, showing off his white-skinned body, muscled and lean, as he reclined against the trunk of an ancient tree. His smooth arms were folded across his hairless chest. He smiled at the Master. "Let's go."

The Master turned to see a path emerge from the thick undergrowth. It started out from under his boots and led into a nearby stand of trees. He looked back at the Slave, who came up behind him.

"Where are we going?" the Master asked.

Monika jumped when she saw Archie looking right at her. He turned his head to face her.

"Monika," he said, with the tone of someone discovering a delightful surprise. "Do you know what a houri is?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, and no more flowers, OK? There are plenty here."

Archie looked up at the ceiling one last time. Monika held his hand as the monitor beside his bed registered each remaining heartbeat.

They stopped before a wooden gate set in a high stone wall. The wood was grey with time and the gate was big enough for just one man to step through. The Master, hesitant to cross its threshold, was thinking about all the more courageous souls who'd come this way. He seriously doubted his own claim to do so now.

The Slave, having stepped aside for his Master, waited.

The Master felt puzzled. He didn't feel like a warrior come to rest, yet here he was. Weaponless, but with a full life of small battles and victories behind him. Perhaps those battles were enough to make a man a hero. But to Archie's mind, no hero had ever had as much fun as he had. He had had his rewards. Many times over.

But who was he to argue with fate if it wanted to give him one more?

"Are you going in or what?"

The Master turned to see his Slave behind him. He put his hands on his hips and glared back.

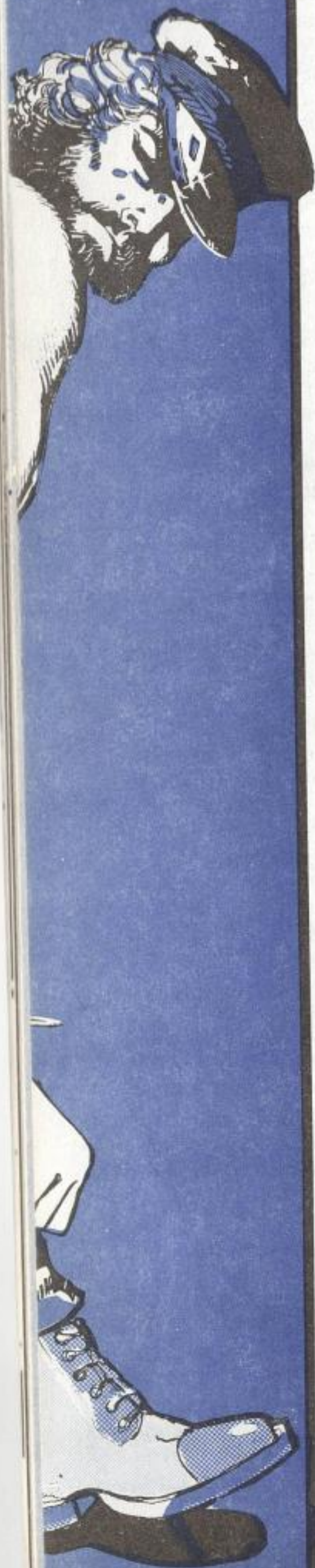
"Are you going to sass me like this all though Eternity, boy?" His stern look soon turned into a sly smile.

The Slave smiled back. "Only if you want me to. May I open the gate for you, Master?"

The Master stepped to one side, pointed to the gate.

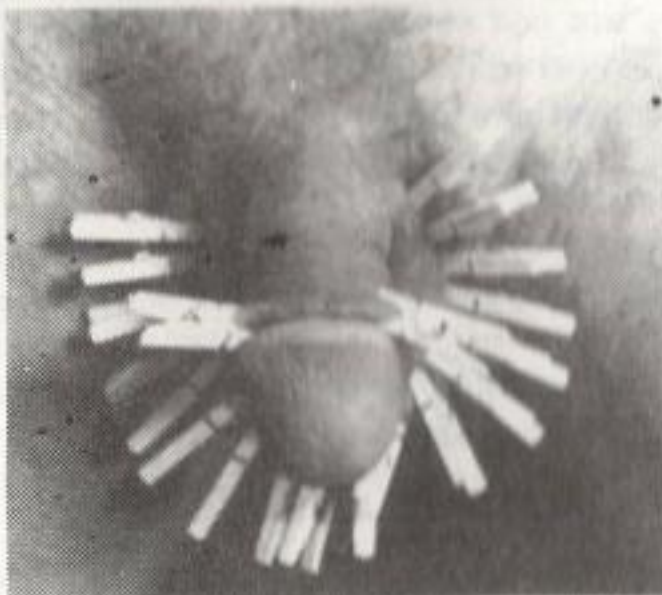
"Move your butt," he ordered and gave his Slave a playful smack on the butt before entering Paradise.

The Master wrinkled his nose and wondered if he'd ever get used to the smell of musk and spice. □



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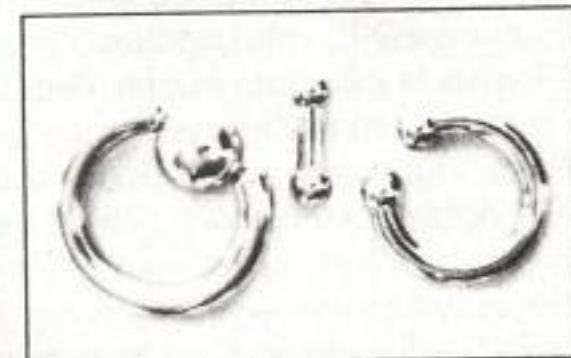
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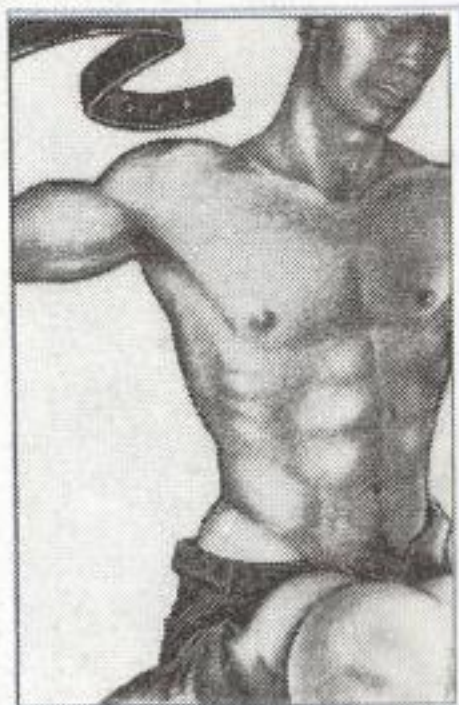
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THE DENIM RAIDERS

DRUMMER 126
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"I never made it to the sack with Duke, but we've jacked each other off in our dungarees. That's how we shoot off together. Pump on each other's cock until we shoot our wad. More than once, I've driven my bike home with a crotch full of wet skuzjuice."

Story by **Jack Ricardo**

Art by **Etienne**

I joined the Raiders last October. Compared with the Hell's Angels, we're a small club, and nowhere near as sleazy. Not all of us have Harleys, but we all own bikes. Mine is a Kawasaki 1000. A mean fucker that I call Black Beauty. Our clubhouse is a run-down shack on the outskirts of town.

I've been riding a motorcycle since I was 14. But it was a long time before I joined a club. Most of the clubs around my neck of the woods have as many chicks for members as they do guys. And that turns me off. Hell, I like men around, to talk, to drink with, to fuck with. Then Duke, a cocksucker himself, told me about the Denim Raiders. The club recently branched out from California.

But Duke warned me before I joined that in spite of the fact that no females are allowed in the clubhouse, not many members warmed to his sexual appetite. But, I figured, what the hell, I'd rather sit around with a straight gang of men who enjoy riding the open road as much as I do, than ride alone.

It wasn't much to join. Had to promise three months worth of kegs to keep the clubhouse wet, and had to wear the insignia on the back of my denim vest. I sewed it on myself, three red spears standing straight up, crossed by a silver hammer, all against a black background.

Duke's a mean-looking dude, mean in a wild sort of way. He's probably about 30 years old, give or take. His hair is blond, I think, under all that grease. He doesn't work out at the gym, I know that. But we've been skinny dipping together. And, believe me, he doesn't have to work out. His pecs are a fine-formed mattress for the blond hairs he has growing there. His ass is white as snow, round as a couple of doorknobs, and firm. He always wears the same dungarees, greasy, with a rope tied around his waist instead of a belt.

All of the Raiders in our small club know I'm gay. I told them. At first, most of them acted awkward when I'd come to the clubhouse after work. They were afraid I'd make a pass, and they kept their distance. But time went by and they eased up, sometimes teasing me about sucking them off. But whenever I tried to take a step towards doing exactly that, they backed off, fists ready.

I never made it to the sack with Duke, but we've jacked each other off in our dungarees. That's how we shoot off together. Pump on each other's cock until we shoot our wad in our dungarees. More than once, I've driven my bike home with a crotch full of wet skuzjuice.

The Raiders planned a run to Phoenix to help celebrate the club's anniversary. It was my first full run as a member. We strapped our sleeping bags on our seats and roared out before the sun came up. Only seven of us started on the trip. We tried to ride together, but a traffic jam in New Orleans and an accident in Oklahoma forced us to separate.

I gunned Black Beauty, enjoying the rippling vibration in my jock, and kept pace with Duke on his Harley. We were riding across the deserts and mountains of New Mexico, just the two of us. The sun was going down. Up ahead I saw a speck that turned out to be Marck. He had his machine parked at the side of the road and was standing alongside it. Duke and me pulled over.

"Problem?" Duke asked.

"Not with The Primer," Marck said, affectionately petting the gas tank of his cycle. "I thought that might be you and Jake behind me. 'Bout ready to plug out for the night?"

We followed Marck off the road and over the ridge until we saw a clump of pines. Marck stopped his bike, spread his legs to steady his machine. Duke pulled up alongside him, me next to them. "Okay with you?" Marck asked. Looked fine to me, secluded, far from the highway, and quiet. Duke agreed. We raced off and were under the trees in less than a minute.

"Think it's safe to build a fire?" Marck asked, still sitting on his bike, revving his machine.

**"Hell,
if some
cocksucker
tied you up
and sucked you off,
it wouldn't be
your fault.
You'd still be
a man.
It wasn't your idea
to have your
dick sucked.
But you
were forced.
You were tied up
and couldn't
stop him."**

"I saw some rocks back there. I'll gather some," I said, hopped off my machine and kicked the stand down. While I was finding the stones to build a barricade for the fire, Marck's image kept popping up in my mind. I think I was annoyed that me and Duke had hitched up with Marck for the night. I figured me and Duke would have one helluva raunchy jack-off session when we stopped. But Marck was one of the Raiders who teased me about swinging on his dick. And he was always ready to fight when I called his bluff.

I bundled the stones in my jacket and carried them over my shoulder, sweating on this warm night. Damn, I thought, I WOULD like to blow Marck's dick. He's one of the youngest members of the club. I think he said he was 27. He has dark brown hair and darker eyes, has a big muscular build, and he's always showing a basketful of meat.

By the time I returned to camp, Marck and Duke had parked their bikes next to mine. Duke had laid out his blanket. Marck cleared an area for the fire and brought out a warm six-pack.

We cooked some canned corned beef and beans and satisfied our hunger, for food anyway, and downed the beer. I was stretched out, bare-chested, leaning against my lovin' machine, fingering the hair around my nipples. Duke, also with his chest exposed, was laid out on his blanket, gazing into the fire. Marck was sitting on his hog, wearing his white T-shirt, dungarees, boots. He loves his bike more than I do mine, if that's possible.

Seeing Duke's fine ass fighting against his denims made my dick crawl up my stomach. Shit, I wanted to whack off. I laid my hand in my crotch and began plying my stiff dick, knocking and rubbing it against my jock in my dungarees. Duke saw me and grinned. He

THE DENIM RAIDERS

reached a hand down to his own meat that was beginning to grow down his leg.

"Shit, I don't know why you guys gotta jack off," Marck bel-lowed out. He was straddling his machine, hands on the grips, feet on the pedals, ass in the saddle. I looked up at him. He stared down at me playing with my meat. "I get riding down the highway," Marck continued, "feeling that wind beating against my chest, the engine raging between my legs, I can't help but get a hardon. I've shot my load more than once, without touching my cock, at a hundred miles an hour."

"That's nothing new, Marck," Duke said. "Shit, I do the same thing."

"But sometimes it's mighty fine to relax on firm ground," I said, "dreaming, playing with your meat. Or having somebody else play with it."

"You got it," Duke agreed, clamping down on his cock in his denims.

"Maybe," Marck said, doubtful.

"Ever had another guy jack you off?" I asked Marck.

"Don't even think about it, Jake," Marck said strongly.

"Why not?" Duke asked.

"You mean you'd let Jake jack you off?" Marck asked Duke.

"He's done it more than once," Duke said, giving me a sly wink.

"Bet you even let the fucker suck your dick," Marck said, sneering.

"Not yet," Duke said, stood up. The outline of his hard cock was shadowed against his leg in his denims. "I been saving that. Maybe tonight." Duke sauntered over to Marck on his machine. I perked up, wondering where this was going, pulling on my cock. "Wanna see Jake eat cock?"

"Shit, he'd never let me watch him suck you off," Marck said, rearranging his cock in his denims.

"Wanna bet," I said. I stood up next to Duke, put my hand on the lump leading down his leg. The lump jumped to my touch. I squeezed it. But Duke pushed my hand away. "Take off your dungarees," he said.

I didn't hesitate for a second. I kicked my boots off, unbuttoned my dungarees and let them fall, stepped out of them.

"Why the fuck you wearing a jockstrap?" Marck asked, amazed.

"I always do," I said, grabbing my greasy pouch. "Something wrong with it?"

"No, man, shit. You got the body for it. But..." Marck trailed off. But he didn't take his eyes off me. And he gave off a funny kind of laugh.

Duke unbuttoned his 501's and spread the fly open. The patch of blond hair on his chest led down to a dick that flopped out. It was thick, cut, stiff, and pointed my way. He lowered his dungarees till his nuts lapped over the zipper. There were as hairy as his chest and a fine match for his piece.

Marck gazed down at Duke's dick and said to me, "You really gonna suck that cock?" His eyes were bright. I answered by grinning at Marck then folding my fist over the shaft that was hanging out of Duke's denims. It throbbed to my touch. I licked my chops.

"And you won't even let the fucker feel yours, huh?" Duke said to Marck, enjoying the warmth of my fist on his cock. "I'm telling you, guy, a man's hand feels goddam good wrapped around my cock, priming it up."

"No way. I won't let that cocksucker touch my dick," Marck said. But his eyes were riveted on my hands as I reached under Duke's peter and latched onto his nuts.

"Not even if I tied your hands behind your back?" Duke said to Marck, a gleam in his eye. Before Marck had a chance to protest, Duke added, "Hell, if some cocksucker tied you up and sucked you off, it wouldn't be your fault. You'd still be a man." He said this mockingly. "It wasn't your idea to have your dick sucked. But you were forced. You were tied up and couldn't stop him."

Marck was silent for a minute. I wrangled with Duke's cock and nuts, using both hands. My dick was stretching the pouch of my

jock, my nuts ached.

"No man," Marck finally said. "I'm not gonna let Jake tie me up." But his voice wasn't as forceful as his words.

Duke pulled away from me, kicked off his boots, dropped his dungarees. I removed my hand from his stiffer and grabbed my own nuts in my pouch. When Duke slipped the rope out from the loops of his dungarees, Marck quickly said, "I told you, Duke. Jake is not gonna tie my hands." His voice was strong, he meant what he said.

"You trust me, Marck?" Duke asked, calmly, standing before Marck seated on his bike, playfully dangling the rope over his own cock.

"Course I trust you," Marck said.

"Then do it," Duke told Marck. He didn't ask.

But Marck was still defiant. "But why you wanna tie my hands?"

"Turns me on," Duke said. "When Jake slaps his lips over your stiffer, and with your arms tied behind your back, a sight like that makes my nuts burn." Duke fingered his own tits. "What the fuck you afraid of?"

"I ain't afraid of nothing," Marck said. His voice betrayed him.

"No, huh? Sounds to me like you're too goddam chicken-hearted to let Jake give you a blow job," Duke said, disgusted, and turned away.

"Wait," Marck said softly. Duke turned to him. I was all eyes, except for my dick, which was all steel. Marck hesitated, then placed his hands behind his back, resting them on the leather saddle. Duke stepped to him with the rope and in a snap had Marck's hands tied and bound. I noticed that the bulge in Marck's pants was heaving. He saw I was watching and turned his head.

When Duke tightened the grip on Marck's wrists, he stepped back, grinned at me, and admired the man on his machine, hands bound behind him. I moved behind Duke and put my hands under his arms, pulling his ass to me. The pouch of my jock was pressed against his bare ass when I reached down to grab hold of his pole. Duke leaned his head back and I sucked on his neck and pinched his tits.

"Getting hot, Marck?" Duke whispered between gasps as I rubbed by pouch against his asscheeks, "watching Jake ground his jock into my butt."

"Maybe I am. But I can't do nothing about it." It seemed to me that his breathing wasn't too easy either.

"What do you wanna do?" Duke asked.

"Shit, I can't do a damn thing," Marck said. "I can't even stop Jake from sucking on my dick." He lifted his hips in anticipation. There was almost a plea in his voice. My hand rambled over Duke's chest, then down, pulled at his pubic hairs.

Duke moved away from me and closer to Marck, sitting there on his machine. I kept a hand rambling over Duke's asscheeks until he tossed a leg over the seat and hopped up on the bike with Marck.

"What the fuck you doing?" Marck asked, turning his head.

"Getting comfortable," Duke said, straddling the machine, standing on the back pedals. I couldn't let an opportunity like that pass me by, seeing Duke's solid ass standing over the leather seat. I ran my hand between the two mounds, tickled my fingers through the fine hairs, tapped his hole with a finger. Marck tried to turn and see what was going on behind his back.

I started to place my hand on Duke's dick, but he waved it aside. My finger tickled Duke's hole. When Duke eased his ass down, the tip of my finger slipped inside his asshole. He lowered himself and my hand left his ass, roaming up the small of his back. Duke was bare-assed and sitting behind Marck, his nuts folding into Marck's bound hands.

"Christ," Marck cursed angrily. But he didn't try to push Duke's nuts from his hands. Duke grabbed Marck by the shoulders and pressed his bare body into Marck's denimed ass. I held Duke with one arm around the waist and pressed my crotch against his strong leg, began humping him, my prick oozing in my pouch. Duke cooperated by lifting his leg and letting me ride. Duke's cock was

standing tall and wedged between Marck's back and Duke's stomach. Marck's hands continued fondling Duke's hairy nuts.

Duke's hands wandered over Marck's shoulders, down his muscled arms, under his arms, under his T-shirt and onto his chest. He squeezed each nipple with the tips of his fingers. Marck swept his head back and groaned.

"Take his T-shirt off," Duke said to me. I stopped humping and stepped aside. The pouch of my jock was splotted with wet spots of the juice that was dribbling from my dickhead. I snatched up my dungarees, grabbed my pocket knife and slit Marck's shirt down the middle. Marck had a frightened look in his eyes. I think he showed a hint of regret about letting Duke tie him up. I cut the sleeves of the white T-shirt, pulled it off Marck in pieces, and tossed it on the ground.

The palms of Duke's hands were clamped tight over each of Marck's breasts, pulling himself tight against Marck's body. "How's his dick look?" Duke asked me. His breathing had increased and his voice was harsh.

I set my eyes on Marck's crotch. An abundance of brown hair grew down his chest and into the waistband of his Levi's. "He sure the fuck doesn't wear underwear," I observed, seeing the shadow of a stiffer leading down his thigh.

"Neither do I," Duke said. His hands wandered down Marck's chest, stopping to probe into Marck's navel, his fingers pulling at the hairs, climbing down, until they hit the top button of Marck's dungarees. He snapped it open and began nibbling Marck's neck. Marck twisted his neck and moaned. I don't know if it was from the enjoyment of Duke's bite, or from trying to avoid it. There was a strange sneer on Marck's lips. I began stretching out my jock,

**"My finger
tickled Duke's
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Duke was
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“Duke clutched Marck’s nuts from the front, then slammed his hips firmly into Marck’s bare ass and bound hands. He stayed that way, spit oozing down his chin. His cock was feeding cumjuice between their bodies, all over Marck’s ass, fists, all over Duke’s stomach.”

pulling hard on my dick.

“Look at this,” Duke said to me. I stepped aside while Duke loosened his grip on Marck. Marck’s fist was gripping Duke’s hard cock, squeezing it. The dickhead was dribbling with juice that was getting ready to pump out. Duke grabbed ahold of my pouch, wrestling my cock, twisting it. He slipped his fingers into my jock, clutched at my dick and pulled it out of the side of the pouch. “Nice greasy mother fucker,” Duke said, licking his lips. “Think Marck might want to wrap his lips around that fuckpole of yours?”

“What?” Marck exclaimed, perking up.

“Shut up!” Duke yelled. Marck obeyed. To me Duke said, “You look lost, boy. I got a dick in my hand, and Marck isn’t about to loosen his grip on mine. There’s only one lonely dick out here.” I reached to the front and clamped my hand down on Marck’s dick that was still buried in denim. I squeezed his tool until Marck winced. Duke was holding Marck firmly by the waist with one arm, his other hand firmly on my cock.

Using both hands, I managed to unzip Marck’s Levis. Marck watched every move my fingers were making. He had a lap full of dark hair and my hand ran over it, reaching down into Marck’s denim, clamping my fist around a cock that was pulsating. Both me and Marck watched the movement of my hand in the leg of his Levis, jacking on Marck’s dick.

“Shit, keep that up and I’m gonna shoot,” Marck begged. With that, I flipped Marck’s dick out of his Levis. I whistled at its beauty. “That’s as prime a piece as your machine.”

“How’s it look?” Duke asked, standing up, his feet on the pedals. His dick was out of reach of Marck’s fist, something Marck

THE DENIM RAIDERS

obviously didn’t want. He also stood on his pedals and his roped hands grabbed ahold of not only Duke’s prick, but they gouged at his nuts. Duke dangled his hands at his side and let Marck handle his equipment.

With both Duke and Marck standing tall in the saddle, and both of them watching me, I pulled Marck’s Levis from his waist, pulled them as far down as they could go. His bare ass poked out, his nuts fell low and long, his prick tall and hard. I reached between his legs to run my fingers up his asscheeks. He groaned. I grabbed ahold of his dick, bent over him and the machine and licked over the ballooning cockhead. Marck thrust his hips forward, trying to feed me his whole cock. I didn’t let him, and continued washing that head with my tongue. My hand wandered from Marck’s cheeks until his nuts fell into my palm.

I pressed my crotch against Marck’s denimed leg, feeling the material scratch into my boiling dick. I began humping fast, keeping my lips sealed over his cockhead. Duke began pumping his hips forward, clutching Marck around the waist. Marck pumped and pulled at Duke’s dick.

“Blow the motherfucker,” Duke shouted out, pumping wildly into Marck’s fist. “Blow his ass away.” He wrapped a hand around Marck, reached down and grabbed his nuts. Okay, fucker, I thought, and downed Marck’s stiffer in one gulp. Marck gasped, shouted, pumped his dick into my face. Duke plunged his hips to the rhythm of Marck’s bound fists and bare ass. I humped Marck’s leg, sucking his cock, my arm wound up his asscheeks. I eased up on the piece, then immediately plugged my mouth full again. I pushed a finger up Marck’s asshole, swallowed his fuckpole. He humped forward, his ass contracted, his dick spit a good gob of juice in my mouth. I tongued Marck’s cock, tasting the juice squirting from the cockhead. Duke clutched at Marck’s nuts from the front, then slammed his hips firmly into Marck’s bare ass and bound hands. He stayed that way, spit oozing down his chin. His cock was feeding cumjuice between their bodies, all over Marck’s ass, fists, all over Duke’s stomach.

I pounded my cock fast against Marck’s leg. He returned the pressure and my cock erupted. Savoring the last drops of Marck’s juice, I kept his cockhead in my mouth until I drained my own nuts.

It took the three of us a few minutes before we had the energy to unwind. Marck was the first to speak. “Untie my hands,” he said. Duke lifted his leg off the bike and stepped on the ground. He rubbed his cumjuice into his pubic hairs. I cradled my cock back into my cummy jock. There were wet cum stains down the leg of Marck’s Levis. Marck swung a leg deftly over the bike and stepped to the ground. His chest was wet with sweat, his dick was clean of the cum I had just swallowed. His dungarees were wrinkled at his knees.

Duke laid the three sleeping bags together. Marck said again, “Untie me.”

Duke smiled at me slyly. Marck saw the look. There was almost panic in his voice. “Hey!” Duke and me laughed, untied him.

We all three hopped into our dungarees, made up a pot of coffee. The fire burned itself out. We shot the shit for another couple of hours, under the light of the moon.

“Wasn’t so bad, was it?” Duke asked Marck. We were sitting on the blankets in a circle.

Marck grinned broadly, looked at me, asked, “Was it?” There was enthusiasm in his question. He was still riding high from the blow job I gave him.

“Tasted mighty fine to me,” I retorted.

“Make you wanna try it again, some time?” Duke asked Marck.

“I’m willing,” Marck said, then looked at me with a hunger in his eyes, and added, “But only if I get to tie Jake’s arms behind his back.”

You could have knocked me over with a flyswatter. Duke rolled over and laughed. I laughed, fell on Duke. Marck laughed, fell on us both. Before I knew it, Marck had slipped Duke’s rope from his waist and tied my hands behind my back. I stopped laughing. □

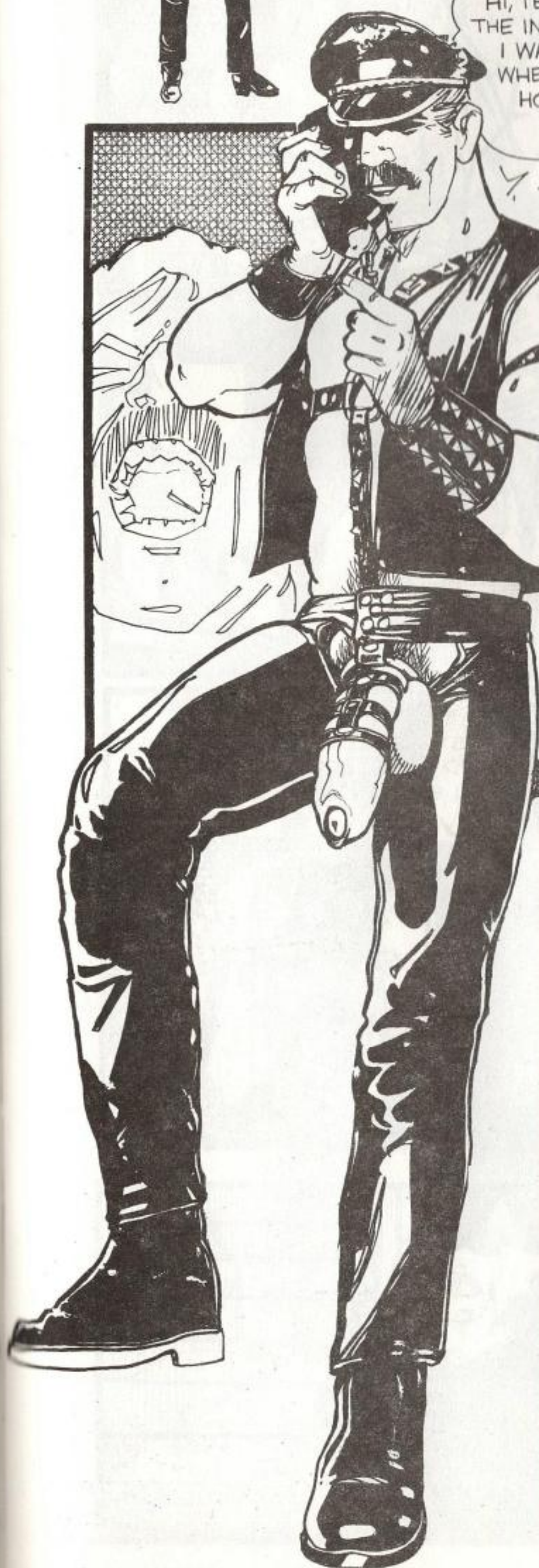


DRUM

DRUM
HAS BEEN
KIDNAPPED AND
HELD BY A GANG
OF BANK ROBBERS

DRUM'S FATHER
HAS GOT ONE OF
THE GANG AND
AFTER SOME
PERSUASION...

HI, TED! I'VE GOT
THE INFORMATION
I WANTED... I KNOW
WHERE THEY ARE
HOLDING
DRUM...



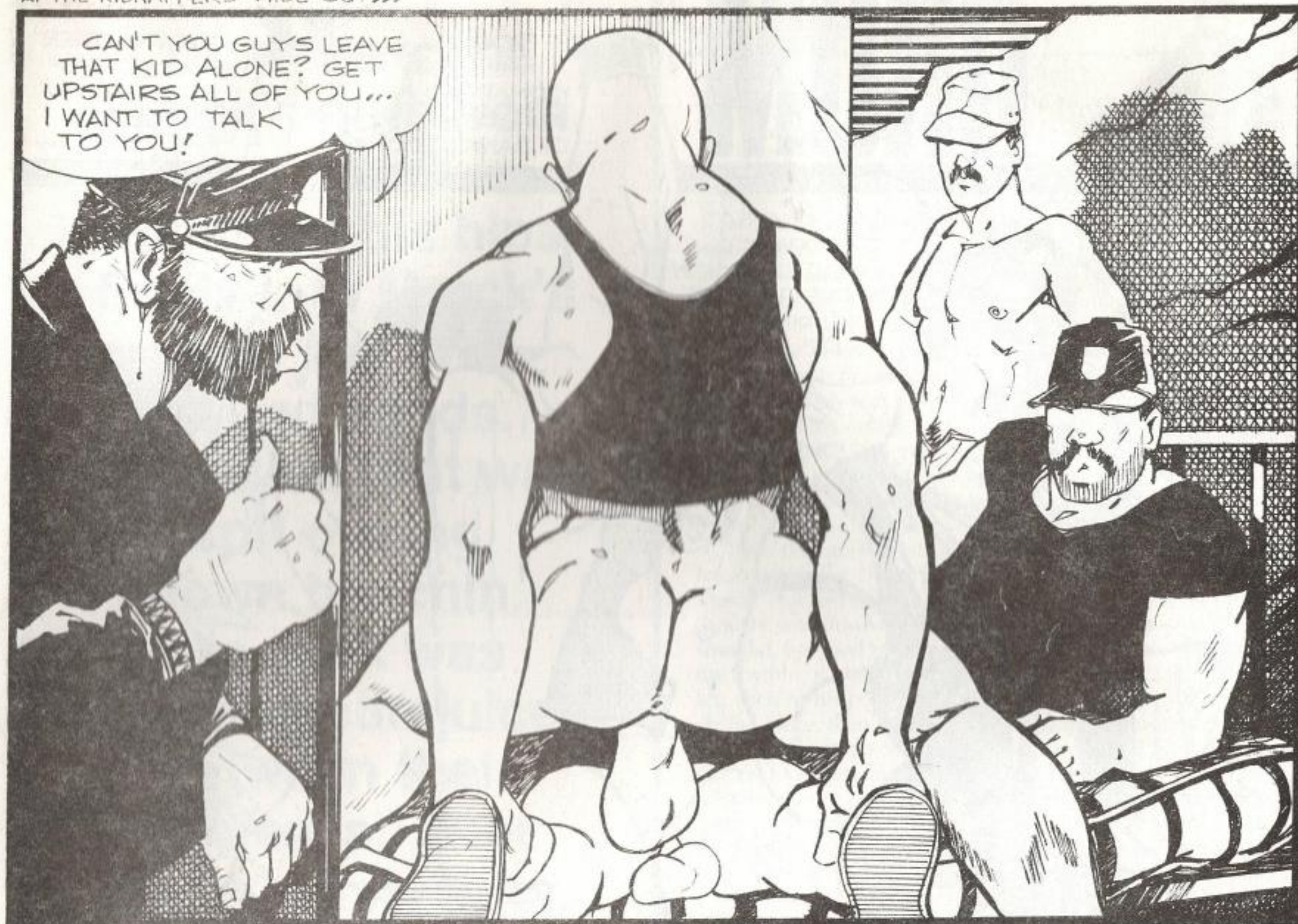
...CAN
YOU ROUND
UP SOME
OF OUR
GUYS?



I WANT TO
RESCUE MY SON
AND TEACH THESE
BASTARDS
A LESSON!

WELL! IT
SEEMS AS IF
I HAVE AN HOUR
OR SO TO SPARE -
SO WE'LL HAVE
A LITTLE
AMUSEMENT...





MEANWHILE

OK,
HANK, ME
AND THE
GUYS ARE
READY TO
HELP!

JUST SAY WHERE
AND WHEN YOU
WANT US.

THANKS,
GUYS. I WON'T
FORGET
THIS.

LATER THAT NIGHT

RIGHT, LADS.
LET'S GO

THERE'S NO REPLY
AT THAT KID'S FATHER'S
HOUSE-AND I TOLD HIM TO
STAND BY THE 'PHONE
TO AWAIT MY FINAL
INSTRUCTIONS!

GO DOWN AND CUT
THAT FUCKIN' KID'S
BALLS OFF- WE'LL
SEND THEM TO THE
FATHER TO SHOW WE
MEAN BUSINESS!

LEAVE IT
TO ME,
BOSS

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



LEATHERFEST SAN DIEGO

San Diego Leather title holders, including Ed Winant, Mr Leather San Diego '89; Korky, Ms San Diego Leather '89; Mark Klein, Mr. Southern California Drummer '88-89; and Michael Pereyra, International Mr. Leather '88, have joined together to organize a leather party for southernmost California with events from Thursday March 30 through Sunday April 2.

San Diego Leathermen's Annual Awards Banquet kicks thing off on Thursday. On Friday evening is a Blackout party at BULC. On Saturday night DER WOLF celebrates it's second anniversary with the second der Wolf Contest. Mark Klein was last year's winner, starting him on his road to the Mr. Southern California Drummer title, his place as first runner up at the Mr Drummer Finals, and the photo spread in this issue. The festivities wind up on Sunday at THE HOLE where the event filled day will include a Leather Design Show, a Bondage Demo, a Goods and Services Auction, and a Barbecue. Proceeds will go to San Diego area AIDS groups.

Ron Zehel, Mr. Drummer 1988-89, will be in attendance and many other title holders from around the nation have been invited. It could be a fun way to spend April Fool's Day!

CAMP JASON

"As you may or may not know, the Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club purchased 41.3 acres of land near Fairplay, Colorado, (90 miles southwest of Denver) last summer. While the Club will reserve a few weekends this summer for its own use (June 25 through July 5), we would like to make this land available for your group for a weekend campout or retreat.

"The land is located 8.1 miles west of US 285, and sits in a valley with a mountain on the left and another mountain on the right. Our land runs east from Park Service Land, all the way to the top of the mountain (which has a gold mine on it and an old miner's cabin/hotel), west to property owners who live in Dallas, and bordered on the south by a member of the gay community of Denver.

"The land has 12 eight-person picnic tables, and a serving table. We hope to have a well in by the end of May. Restroom resources are primitive, but we know a place in Breckenridge that will deliver and remove 'San-O-Lets'. The Club rents storage space in Fairlay (8 miles away), which has tarpaulins, grills, etc., which can be included in any agreement for use of the land. As this is our first year at this, we aren't sure what the charge for use of the land should be. It will be set on a graduated fee basis.

"If you think your group would enjoy a week-end/week in a setting such as this, why not give us a call or write to the address below (Attn: Land Use Chairman) and describe your plans. The Club wishes to emphasize that the gay community of Colorado paid for the land. We are the trustees."

The above letter was distributed to gay organizations in Colorado and included in the RMMC's January newsletter. For further information contact the Land Use Chairman, Rocky Mountaineers MC, PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201.

NATIONAL LEATHER ASSOCIATION

Actions taken at the business meeting following Living in Leather III last October have been overwhelmingly accepted by the membership in a mail ballot. The National Advisory Board has begun work. NLA: Seattle has changed it's name to NLA: Washington to reflect it's statewide membership and has secured a new mailing address to further differentiate it from the national organization. NLA: Portland joins NLA: BC and NLA: Washington as the third chapter under the national organization. Addresses for all four groups, the national office and the three regional chapters, are in the Clublists section of this issue of Drummer.

MENAMORE LEVI/LEATHER CLUB

Menamore LL is a new club organizing in Wilmington, North Carolina: "In December of 1988, five men, dissatisfied with the offerings of the traditional small-town Southern Lifestyle, gathered to discuss the possibility of forming a Levi/Leather club. These men accepted the challenge to establish an alternative for the community. Thus far they have carried the discussion beyond mere possibility: Menamore Levi/Leather Club exists! Menamore will have its first general meeting March 4th at the Hunt Club Room at the Palladium in Wilmington, NC. Menamore is open to men and women interested in Levi/Leather lifestyle. We hereby invite you to join us! If you cannot attend this meeting, feel free to contact MENAMORE for information regarding membership or our next meeting." Write: PO Box 7364, Wilmington, NC 28402; or contact them through GROW at (919) 675-9222.

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

SM GAYS, LONDON

SM Gays correct address is: SM Gays, BM SM Gays, London WC1N 3XX, England. Though there has been an error in the address published in the Drummer Clublist they have been getting the mail. (OUR post office can't get it delivered even if the address is correct!)

SM Gays has been meeting monthly on the third Wednesday of each month since mid 1981. Meetings start promptly at 8:15 PM (doors open at 8 PM) in the Basement Bar at the London Lesbian and Gay Centre, 69 Cowcross Street, London EC1. The nearest tube is Farringdon. Visitors are welcome.

SigMa's NEW HOME

SigMa has a new meeting space. Beginning in January they meet at the Gay Community Center. Meetings are still held on the second Monday of each month at 8PM. The change in location gives them more control over the meeting environment.

GMSMC BENEFIT

GMSMC of Philadelphia held their first benefit on Dec. 11 at the 2-4 Club. The event, billed as "A Christmas Celebration of Life and Love", was a benefit for the Philadelphia Homes for People with AIDS. Persons in attendance were asked to provide a non-perishable food item in addition to the ticket price. The generosity of those friends was in evidence by the items donated. The food items were divided among the five houses which each received four bags of canned goods and three bags of gifts ranging from personal items, to linen, clothing and kitchen items. Also donated was a living room set and bedroom furniture to replace that lost in a fire at one of the houses.

In addition to the items donated, the proceeds of over \$2200 was spent on the houses and residents. Each house received cookware, dishes, humidifiers, towels and sheets. One house received a television and VCR and another received a refrigerator. Individuals received a blanket, thermal underwear, a knit cap and various personal items.

The evening was not just charity, it was also a lot of good feeling, good times and fun. Santa distributed condoms and candy canes, friends danced, drank and enjoyed a hot buffet. Raffles of items donated by area businesses, ranging from European cookies to opera tickets and dinner, delighted the 20 winners. Entertainment included the premiere of the Freedom Band (Philadelphia's Gay Marching Band). Magician Dale Varga kept everyone laughing and delighted. The voices in song came from Carter Burnett and Philadelphia's own Fred Hughes. And finally "Kaaba", the belly dancer, floored everyone when he was unveiled as a man.

At the end of the evening everyone including Mr. David Fair, Director of Philadelphia's AIDS efforts, Jim Lynd, a resident of one of the homes, family and friends formed two circles, held hands and lead by Fred Hughes sang "That's what friends are for." This one evening demonstrated that all people, gay and straight, young and old, rich and poor, really do care and love.

The above from a GMSMC news release.

NEW SM CLUB IN HOUSTON

The Brotherhood of Pain is a new club for men interested in SM that meets monthly for information, discussions on techniques, etc. and also hosts a monthly active event for members and guests. For further information they may be contacted at: PO Box 66183, Houston, TX 77266-6183.

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS M-Z

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

M.A.F.I.A. (FL)
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230

Meisters der Manner
c/o Dean P. Murray
704 Bon Air St.
Lakeland, FL 33805

***Menamore LLC**
PO Box 7364
Wilmington, NC 28406

Men of Dungeons (SM)
PO Box 780242
Dallas, TX 75378

Men of Leather
1268 Madison Ave.
Memphis, TN 38104

Midnight Leather Club (M.L.C.)
PO Box 448
Penfield, NY 14526

M.L.L.A.
6204 Magnolia Lane
Lakeland, FL 33805

Motorcyclen of New Mexico
PO Box 35844
Albuquerque, NM 87176-5844

Muscle Mates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson
New York, NY 10014

National Coalition Against Censorship (X)
123 W 43rd St.
New York, NY 10036

***National Leather Association (Mixed S/M) (NLA: National Office)**
PO Box 17436
Seattle, WA 98107-0463

***National Leather Association (Mixed S/M) (NLA: BC)**
1170 Bute St.
Vancouver, BC V6E-1Z6
Canada

***National Leather Association (Mixed S/M) (NLA: Portland)**
2544 NW Savier, #E
Portland, OR 97210

***National Leather Association (Mixed S/M)**
(NLA: Washington)
PO Box 10674
Seattle, WA 98102

The New Tribe MC (TNT MC)
PO Box 90641
Columbia, SC 29209-0641

New World Rubber Men (FL)
c/o Bill Bailey
1602 Lincoln St.
Port Townsend, WA 98368

New York Bondage Club (FL)
PO Box 204
New York, NY 10028

New York Wrestling Club (FN)
59 West 10th St.
New York, NY 10011

Oedipus MC
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028

Oklahoma Linemen
PO Box 42391
Oklahoma City, OK 73123

O'Leather
484 Lake Park Ave., #121
Oakland, CA 94610

Omaha Meatpackers
PO Box 6474
Elmwood Station
Omaha, NE 68104

The Order of the Marquis & The Chevalier (S/M)
PO Box 50014
Novi, MI 48050-5014

The Original Leathermasters Club of Los Angeles (S/M)
PO Box 93643
Los Angeles, CA 90093

O.R.R.O.C.
PO Box 14033
Chicago, IL 60614

Outcasts (W)
PO Box 31266
San Francisco, CA 94131-0266

Pacific Coast MC
PO Box 954
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Pacific Northwest Wrestling Club (FL)
432 Dewey Place E.
Seattle, WA 98112

Panther L/L
PO Box 8118
Atlanta, GA 30306-0118

Pegasus MC
PO Box 3957
Wichita, KS 67201

Pennsmen
PO Box 401
Harrisburg, PA 17108

People Exchanging Power: Washington, DC (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 11160
Arlington, VA 22210-1161
301/369-7667

People Exchanging Power: Albuquerque, NM (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 332
Edgewood, NM 87015
505/296-0111

***People Exchanging Power: Arizona (Mixed S/M)**
5821 N. 67th Ave.
Suite 103-276
Glendale, AZ 85301
602/744-3422, 848-8737

Philadelphians MC
PO Box 20720
Philadelphia, PA 19138

Philadelphia Uniform Patrol (P.U.P.) (FL)
c/o The Bike Stop
206 S. Quince St.
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Phoenix LL Club
c/o Greg Adams
701 NE 81st St.
Miami, FL 33138

Pittsburgh Bondage Club
PO Box 8033
Pittsburgh, PA 15216

Pittsburgh MC
c/o Gus Coleola
5133 Saltsburg Rd.
Verona, PA 15147

Pocono Warriors
PO Box 381
263A W. 19th St. #162
New York, NY 10011

Portland Leathermen
PO Box 06706
Portland, OR 97206

Portland Power & Trust (W)
PO Box 3781
Portland, OR 97208

Power Circle (W)
PO Box 3284
Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Praetorians
PO Box 23
New York, NY 10014

Prometheus (S/M)
PO Box 57213
Oklahoma City, OK 73157

Queen City Quordinators (X)
PO Box 221841
Charlotte, NC 28222

Reading Railmen
PO Box 13124
Reading, PA 19603

The Recruits (W)
PO Box 725121
Berkley, MI 48072

Regiment of the Black and Tans (FL)
PO Box 875616
Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716

***Renaissance Men**
1616 Putnam
Detroit, MI 48208

Riders MC
PO Box 519
Boston, MA 02258

River City Outlaws
2522 Avenida Prima
San Antonio, TX 78218

Rivermen
1417 Logani SE
Grand Rapids, MI 49506

Road Riders MC
PO Box 3246
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Rochester Rams MC
PO Box 1727
Rochester, NY 14603

Rocky Mountaineers MC
PO Box 2629
Denver, CO 80201

Rodeo Riders
3516 N. Bosworth
Chicago, IL 60657

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

MARCH

- 1-4 •3rd Cologne Rubber Night—RMC & SM Panther—Cologne
- 3-5 •Cruising Four—Mall City Cruisers—Kalamazoo, MI
- Desert Captive Run—Somandros—Palm Springs
- 4 •Dungeon Party—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Formal Dinner/Ball—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- First Meeting—Menamore Leather/Levi—Wilmington, NC
- 4-5 •5th Anniversary—GLSM Hamburg—Hamburg, West Germany
- 8 •Flogging & Whipping Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC
- Tattoo Bar Party—Illustrated Men—Houston
- Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 10 •Spanking/Flogging Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 13 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 15 •SM Games & Safer Sex—SM Gays—London
- 18 •IMSL Regional Sendoff—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- Whip/Flog Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 22 •SM Erotic Art—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 23 •Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan Selby—Endup, San Francisco
- 23-26 •International Ms Leather Weekend in San Francisco
- 24-27 •Ostern 1989—CFLM—Vienna, Austria
- Easter Caroussel—MSC Berlin—Berlin
- 25 •International Ms Leather Contest—San Franciscan Hotel—San Francisco
- 30 •Awards Banquet—San Diego Leathermen—San Diego
- 31-Apr 2 •Leatherfest—San Diego

APRIL

- 1 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 2 •Rocky Horror Picture Show Party, NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 10 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 12 •Shaving—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 14 •Shaving Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •West Coast School of Lower Education—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 19 •New Boys Deserve the Best Teachers—SM Gays—London

- 26 •The Power of the Uniform—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 28-30 •May Day III & Mr. & Ms NLA Contest—NLA: Seattle
- 28-30 •National Advisory Committee Meetings—NLA: National—Seattle, WA
- 28-May 1 •Maitreffen—LC Stuttgart—Stuttgart
- 29 •Dungeon Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 30 •Shakedown Run—Rocky Mountaineers & Knights of Malta—Triangle, Denver

MAY

- 8 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 10 •S/M and the Law—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 12 •Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 12-15 •Zurich International—Loge 70—Zurich
- 14 •Blacksmith Tour—GMSMA—New York City
- 17 •Tops & Bottoms—SM Gays—London
- 19-21 •Sweet Sixteen—Trident International—Provincetown, MA
- 20 •IML Regional Sendoff—NLA:Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Armed Forces/Military Night—The 15—San Francisco
- 21st Annual Poker Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 24 •Pain, Power and Limits—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC
- 27 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

JUNE

- 9-11 •Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T-Bolts MC, Hartford, CT
- 5th Anniversary—Two Wheelers—Omaha, NB
- 11 •Ride Against AIDS—City Bikers—Denver
- 12 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 14 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 17 •Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 17-18 •Viking Games—SLM—Copenhagen, Denmark
- 18 •Pride Festival—NLA:Washington—Seattle, WA
- Pride Night—GMSMA—NYC
- 21 •Tits & Balls—SM Gays—London
- 24 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- Pride Party—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24-25 •GAY PRIDE WEEKEND
- 28 •Bondage—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City

JULY

- 1-4 •Golden Fleece 18—Rocky Mountaineers—Camp Jason, CO
- 8 •Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauska House, Pocono Mts., PA
- 10 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 12 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 15 •Bondage Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 16 •Auction—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 19 •8th Birthday Party—SM Gays—London
- 22 •MR. B.C. DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—M's T's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC
- 28-31 •Leather Pride Weekend—Mr./Ms Vancouver Leather Contests—NLA: BC—Vancouver, BC

AUGUST

- 9 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 12-15 •Mollie Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 14 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 19 •Spanking Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- All City Picnic—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24 •Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 26 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

SEPTEMBER

- 11 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 13 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 16 •Branding—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 23 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

OCTOBER

- 6-8 •15 Anniversary—Knights d'Orleans—New Orleans, LA
- 6-9 •Living in Leather IV—NLA—Seattle, WA
- 9 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 11 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 21 •Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The 15—San Francisco
- 21-22 •21st Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 28 •Fetish & Fantasy Ball—NLA: BC—Vancouver, BC

NOVEMBER

- 8 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 13 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 18 •Mad Doctor Party—The 15—San Francisco, CA

December

- 11 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 15 •Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 16 •Christmas Party—City Bikers—Denver

Saber MC of Florida, Inc.
PO Box 030367
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33303

Saddleback MC
PO Box 561
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Sam Browne Society (FL)
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293

San Andreas MC
PO Box 3945
Orange, CA 92665

San Antonio Mustangs
PO Box 12551
San Antonio, TX 77006

San Antonio Rough Riders
PO Box 551
Helotes, TX 77006

San Franciscans
PO Box 683
San Francisco, CA 94101

San Francisco Bondage Club
1800 Market St. #107 (FL)
San Francisco, CA 94102

San Francisco Jacks (JO)
2336 Market St. K#127
San Francisco, CA 94114

San Francisco Precision Whip Drill Team (X)
2215-R Market St. #107
San Francisco, CA 94114

San Francisco Wrestling Club (FL)
172 Prentice St.
San Francisco, CA 94110

Satyricons MC
PO Box 19058
Las Vegas, NV 89132

Satyr MC
PO Box 1137
Los Angeles, CA 90078

Seattle Dungeon Guild
PO Box 21911 (S/M)
Seattle, WA 98111

Seattle Wrestling Club (FL)
432 Dewey Place East
Seattle, WA 98112

Selectmen of Detroit
PO Box 1855 Trolley Sta.
Detroit, MI 48231

Sex Magik Faeries Circle (SM)
Spirit Wind
427 Oak St.
San Francisco, CA 94102

S.F.G.D.I. Club
PO Box 42031
San Francisco, CA 94142

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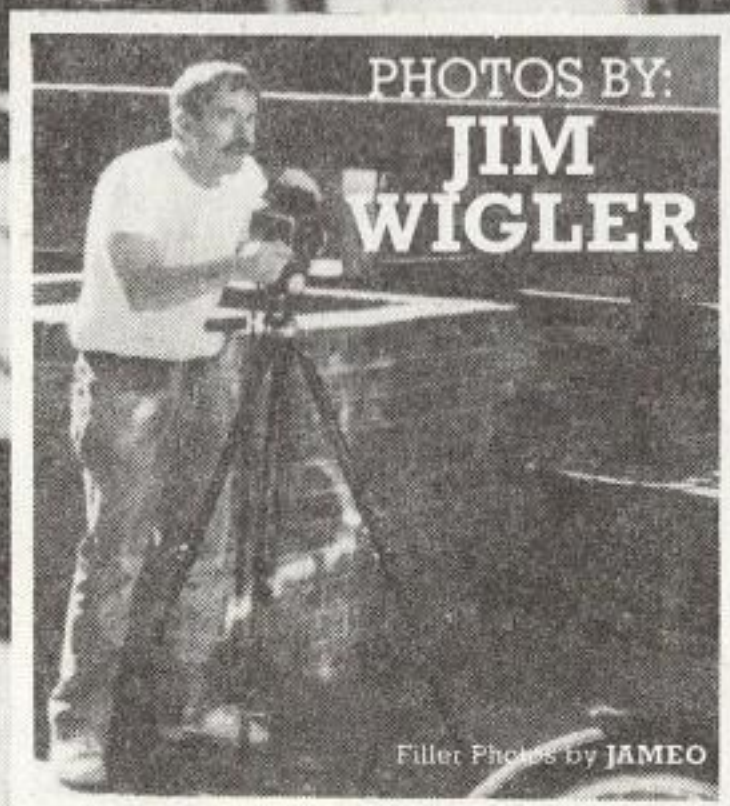


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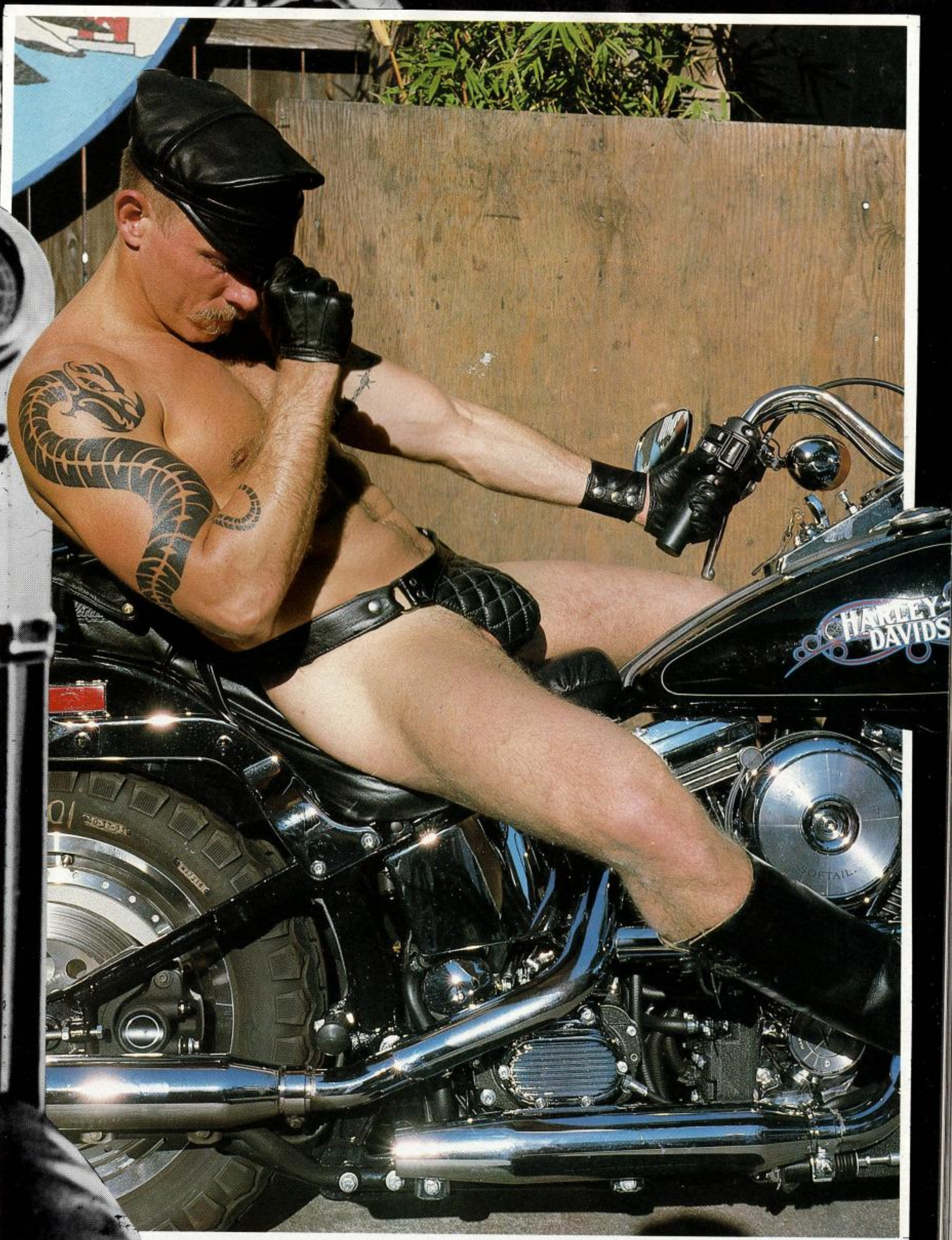
The bike? Harley-Davidson FSXTC. The blond? IML '83 Coulter Thomas. Both state of the art and captured on film by Jim Wigler, the best leather photographer in the business. No need for a "fluffer" on this photo shoot. Coulter spread his sweet soft tail across the Harley, and the sweat, the blondflesh and black leather combined to create motorcycle magic. Finally, when we were all ready to pop, Colt whipped it out and gave us a good long look at the throbbing engine between his legs.

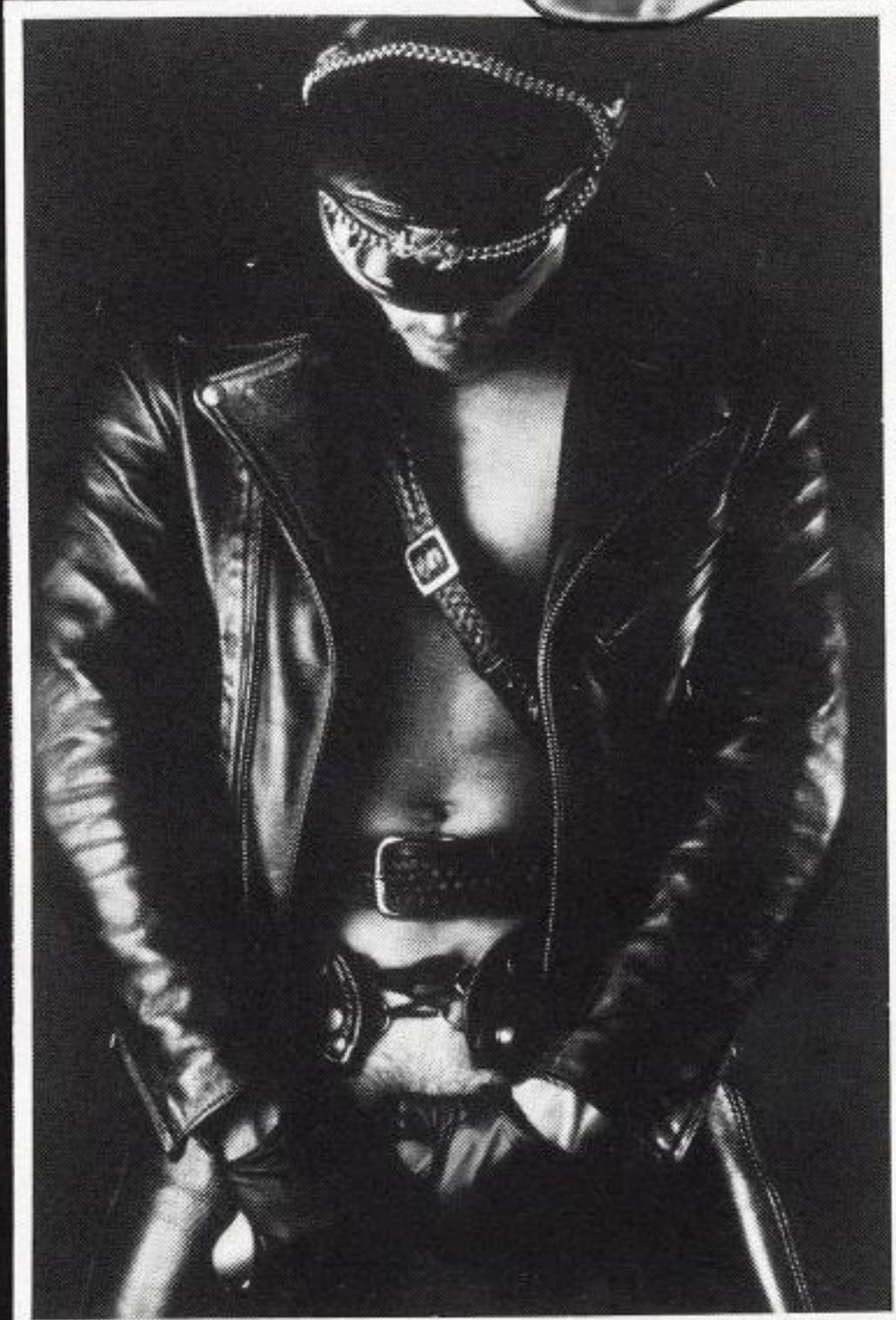
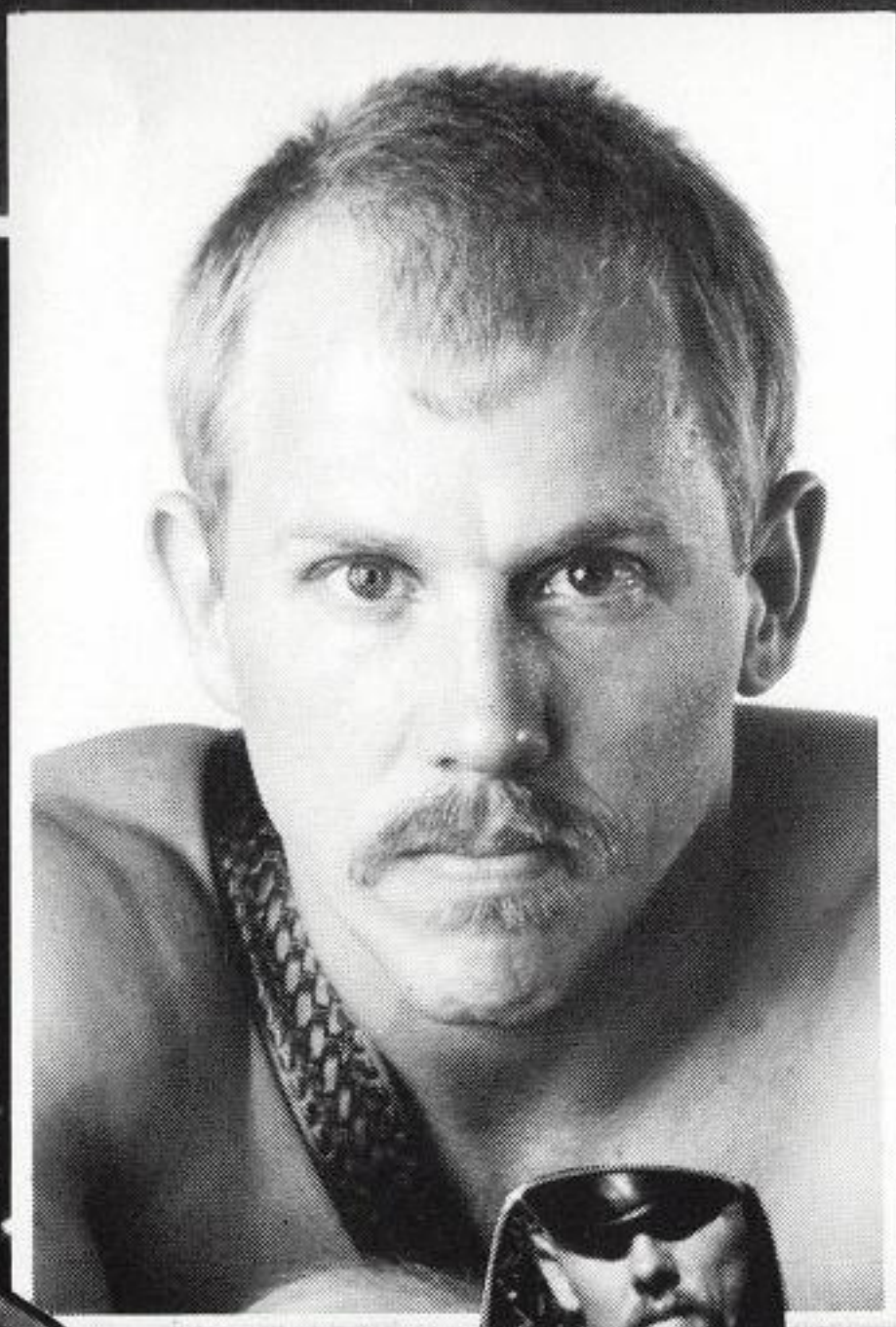
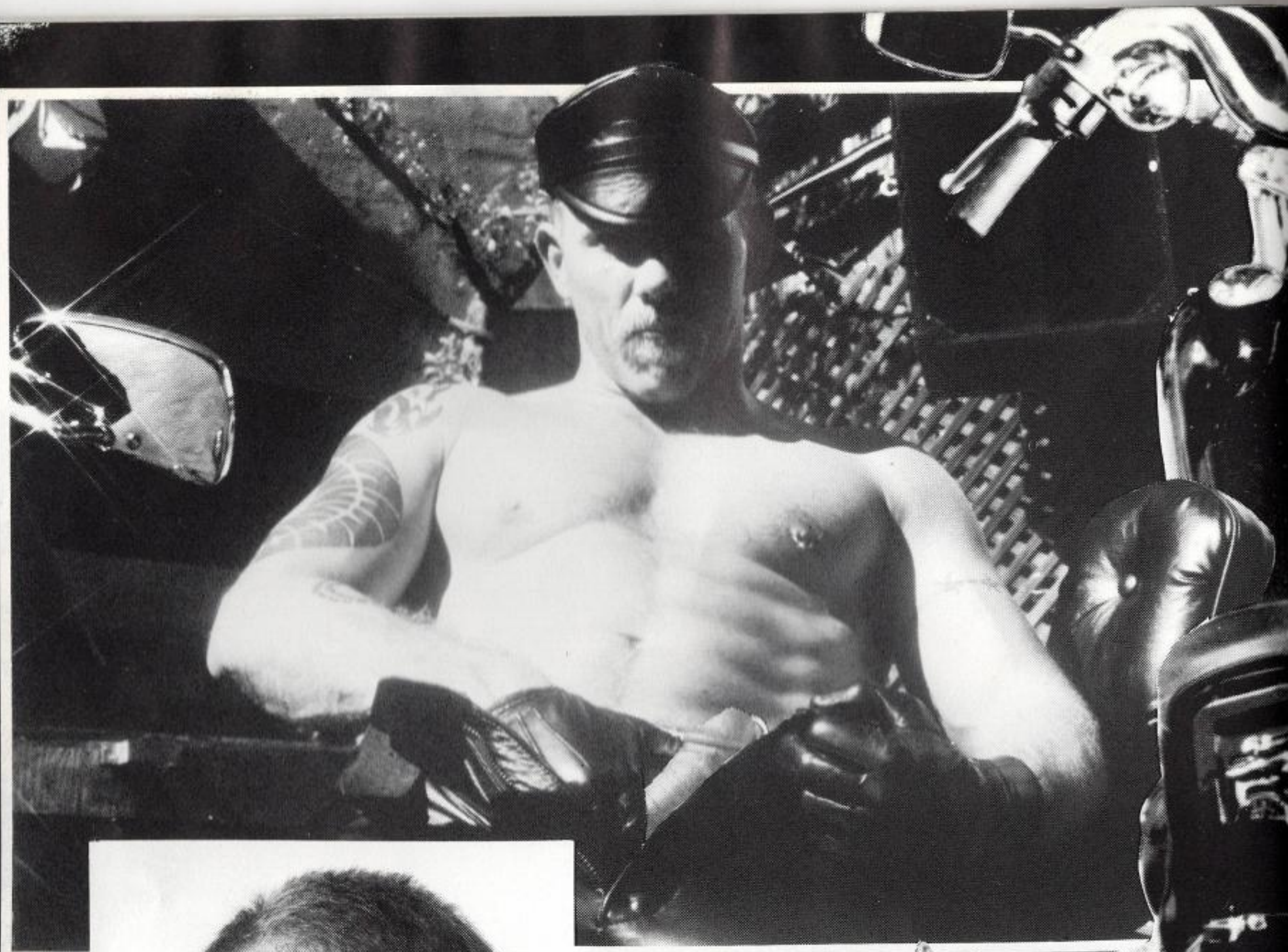
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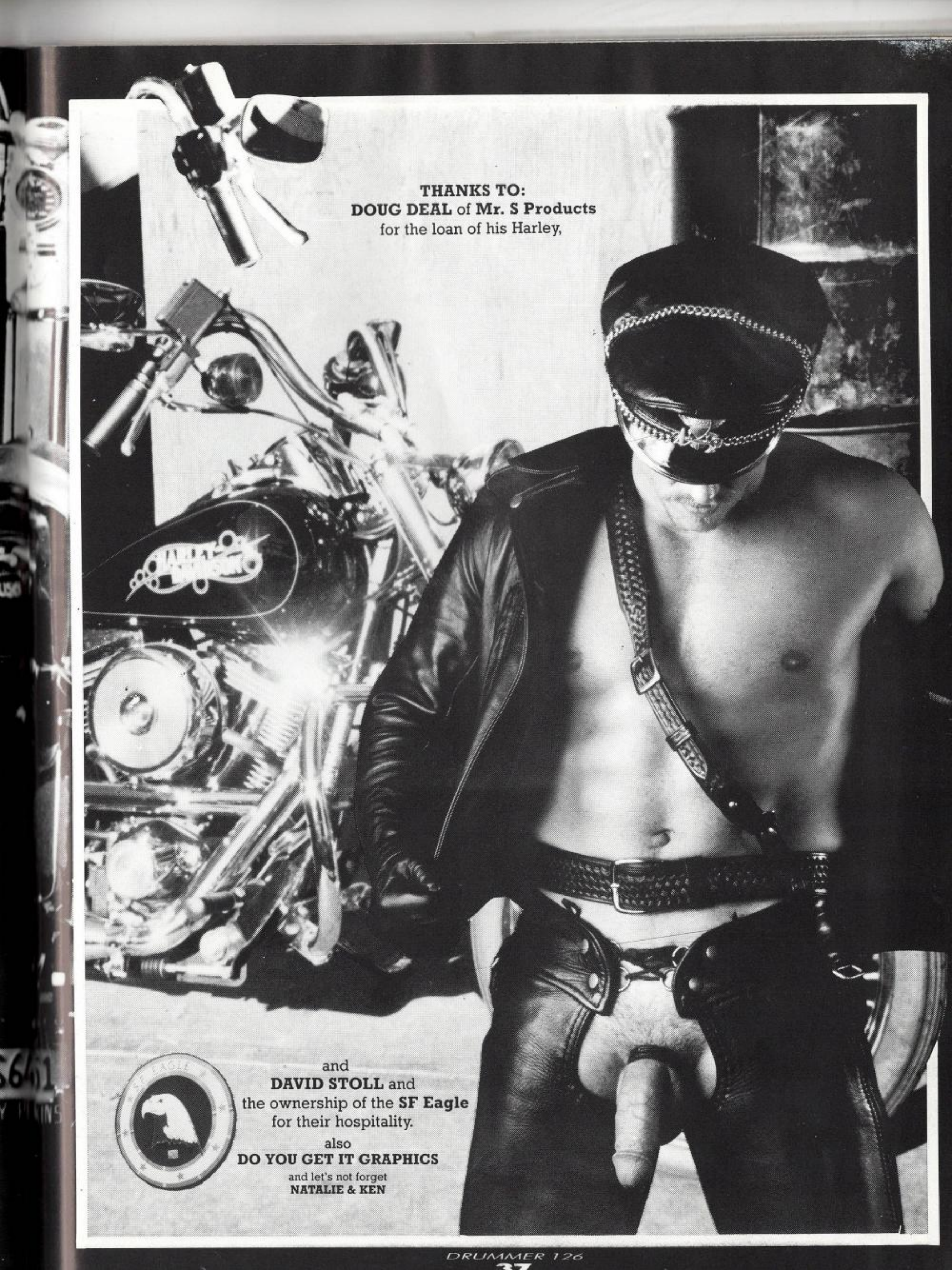


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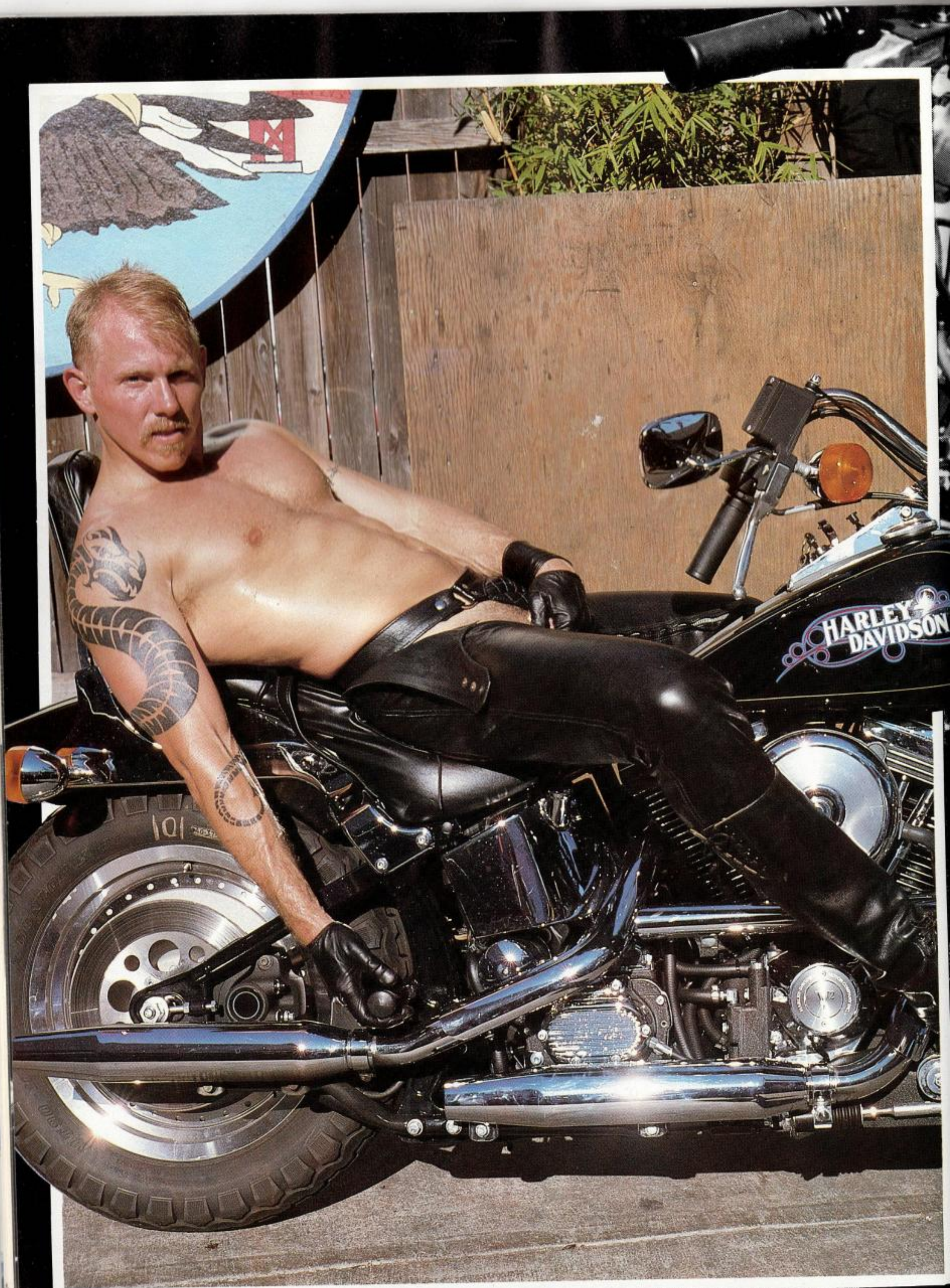




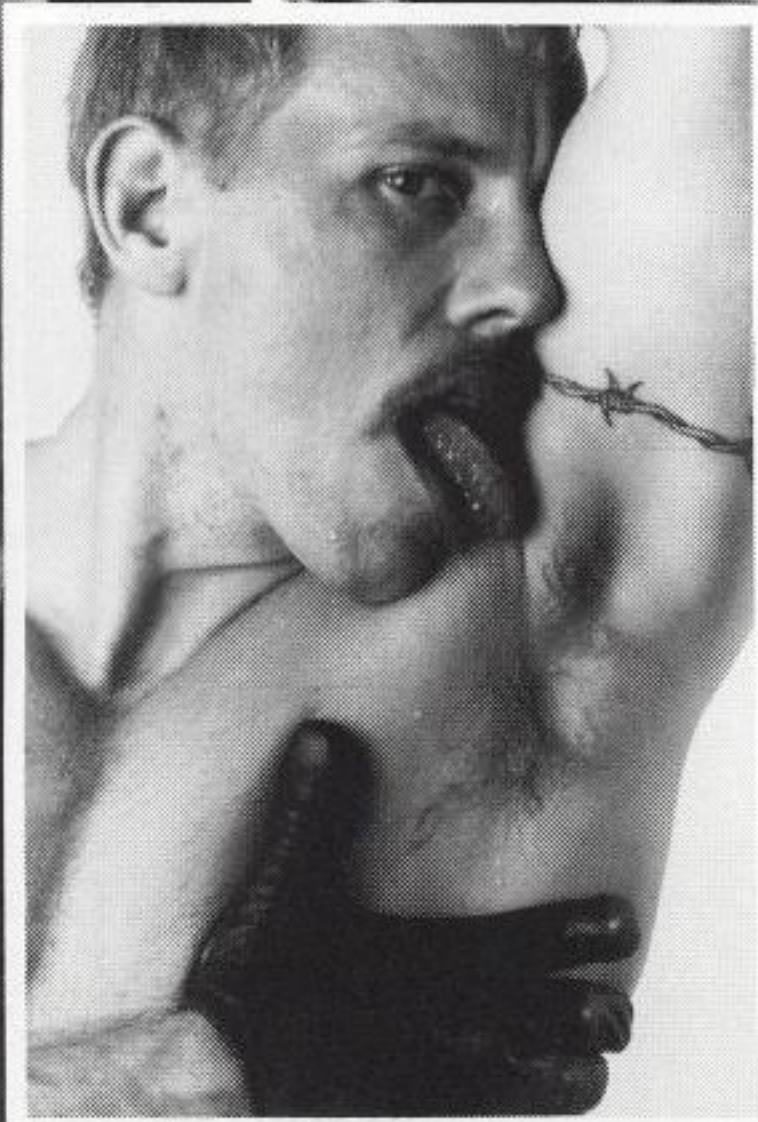
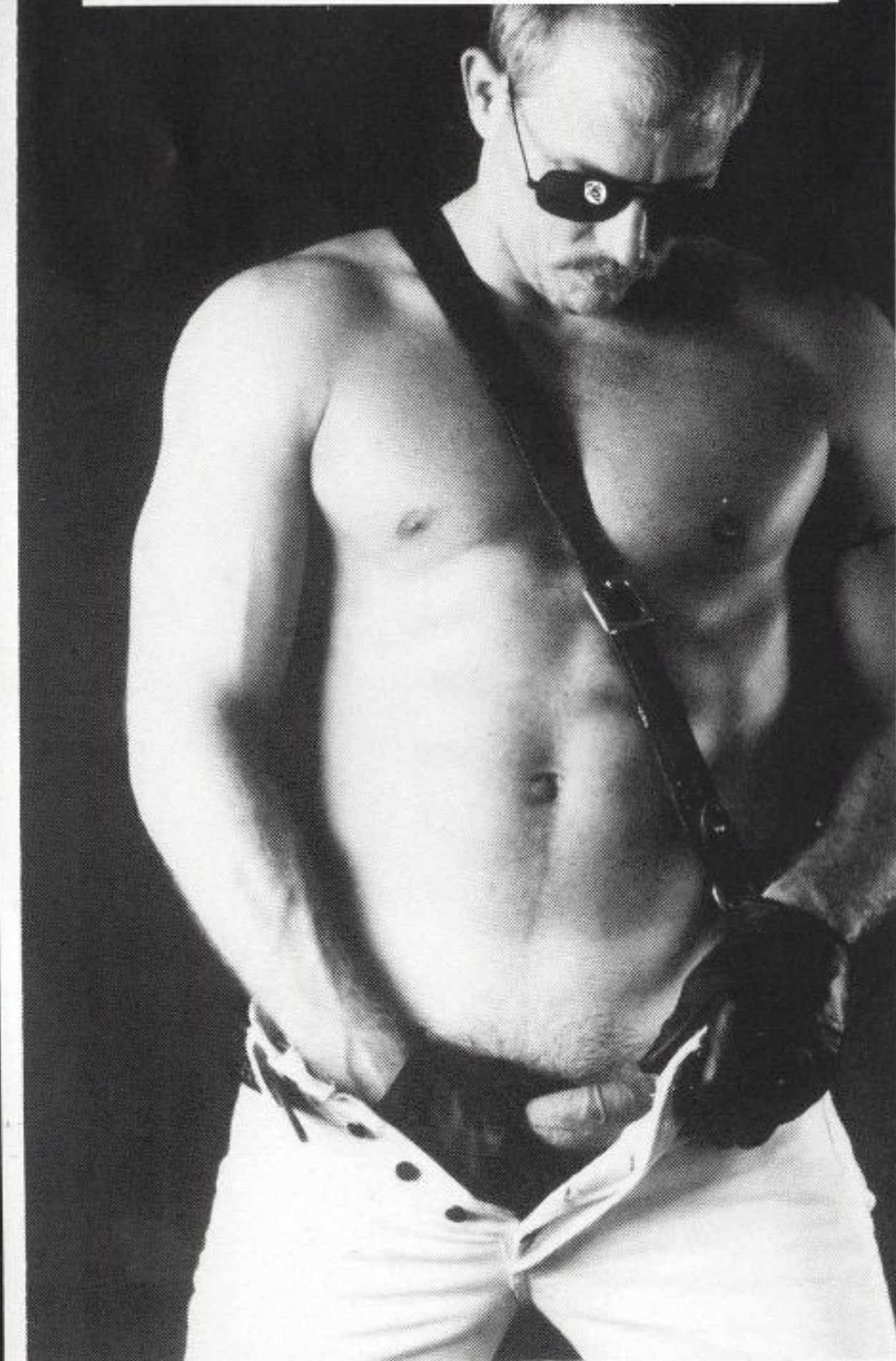
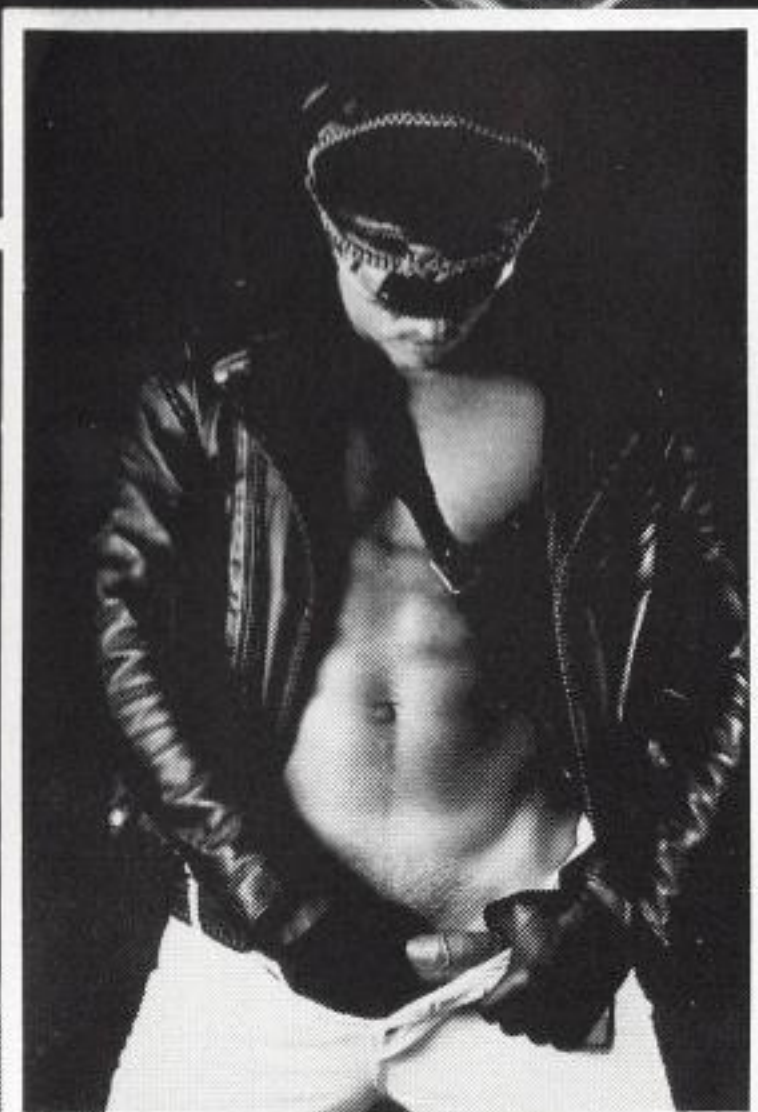
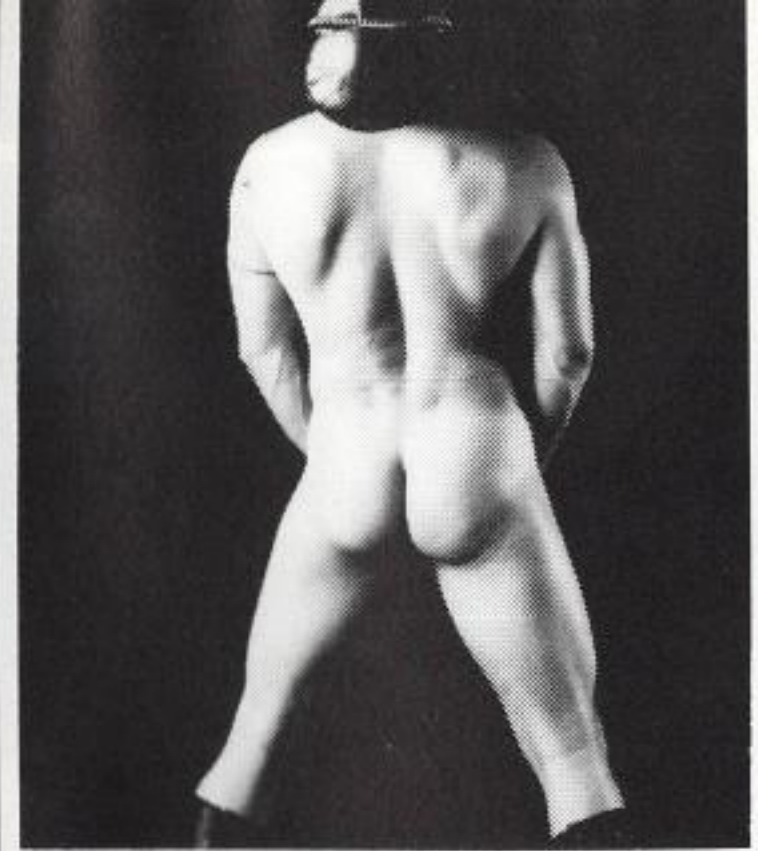
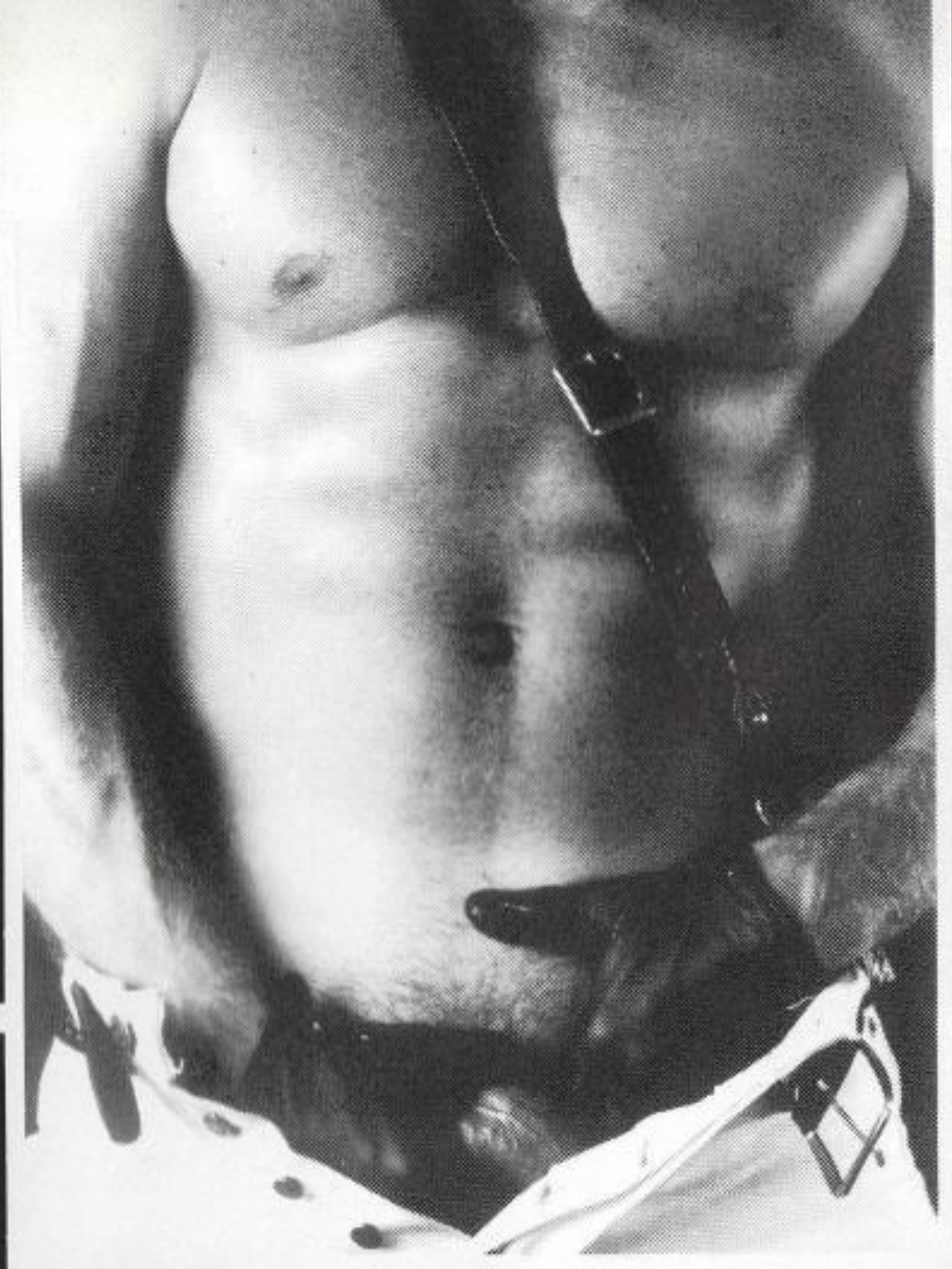
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Roger Earl: S/M Auteur An Interview by Kevin Wolff

Film director Roger Earl made *Born to Raise Hell* with producer Terry Le Grand in the late 1970s. He doesn't recall the year. He only knows that the reputation of that movie, his first sex flick, continues to precede him to this day.

Earl has lived in the same one bedroom apartment in West Hollywood for 22 years. He says he can't move his one bed, a formidable medieval looking four poster constructed for bondage, out of his bedroom. Every wall and piece of furniture in the apartment is adorned with memorabilia, photos, gay art, and assorted objects—tack room items, tools of the S/M trade, Old West collectibles.

Drummer first interviewed Earl before the preview in early 1988 of *Pictures from the Black Dance*, the first film in "The Dungeons of Europe" trilogy, a promising project that may be the most memorable S/M project since *Born to Raise Hell*. No one could be happier about that than Earl, who has long wished that fans of that film would appreciate his more recent works, such as *Chain Reactions*, *Fade In*, *Fade Out*, *Men of the Midway*, and *Gayracula*, on their own strengths, and not as possible contenders for the *Born to Raise Hell* 2 crown.

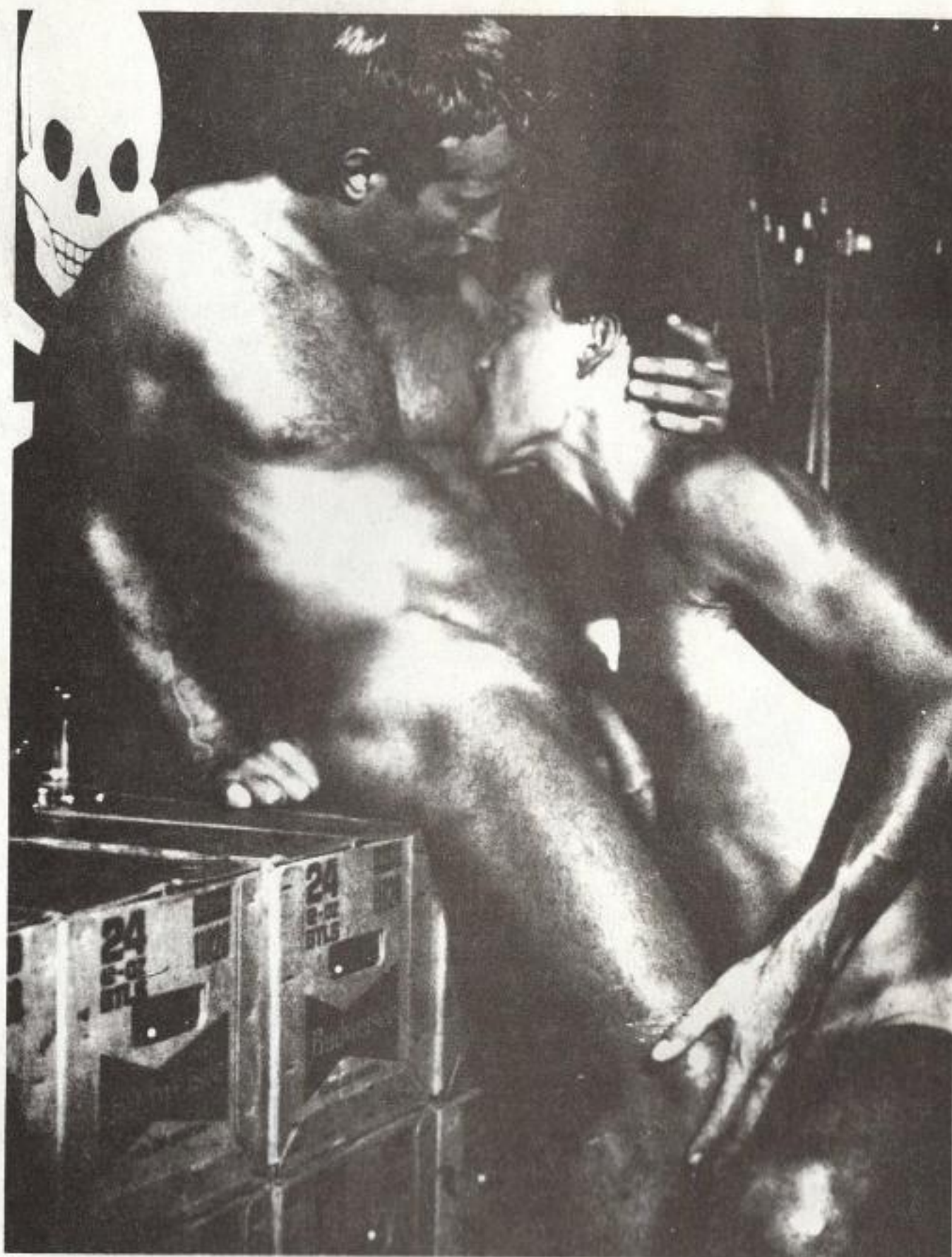
Earl shot footage for "Dungeons of Europe" in England, Holland, and West Germany during the summer of 1987, again with Producer Terry Le Grand, his partner on numerous movies since *Born to Raise Hell*.

Now, *Pictures from the Black Dance*, which contains some of the hottest S/M footage ever released in the U.S., is about to be joined by the second entry in the trilogy, *Like Moths to a Flame*. Earl expects to release the third film, *Men with No Name*, in mid-1989.

Drummer: Can you explain how you came up with the ideas for "The Dungeons of Europe," why you wanted to do the trilogy now, and how you went about writing it?

Roger Earl: First of all, it's really not a written film. I worked with men who are into the scene one hundred percent and told them I wanted to shoot them at their best.

I look at a lot of porno films. My taste, of course, is toward the S/M type. But

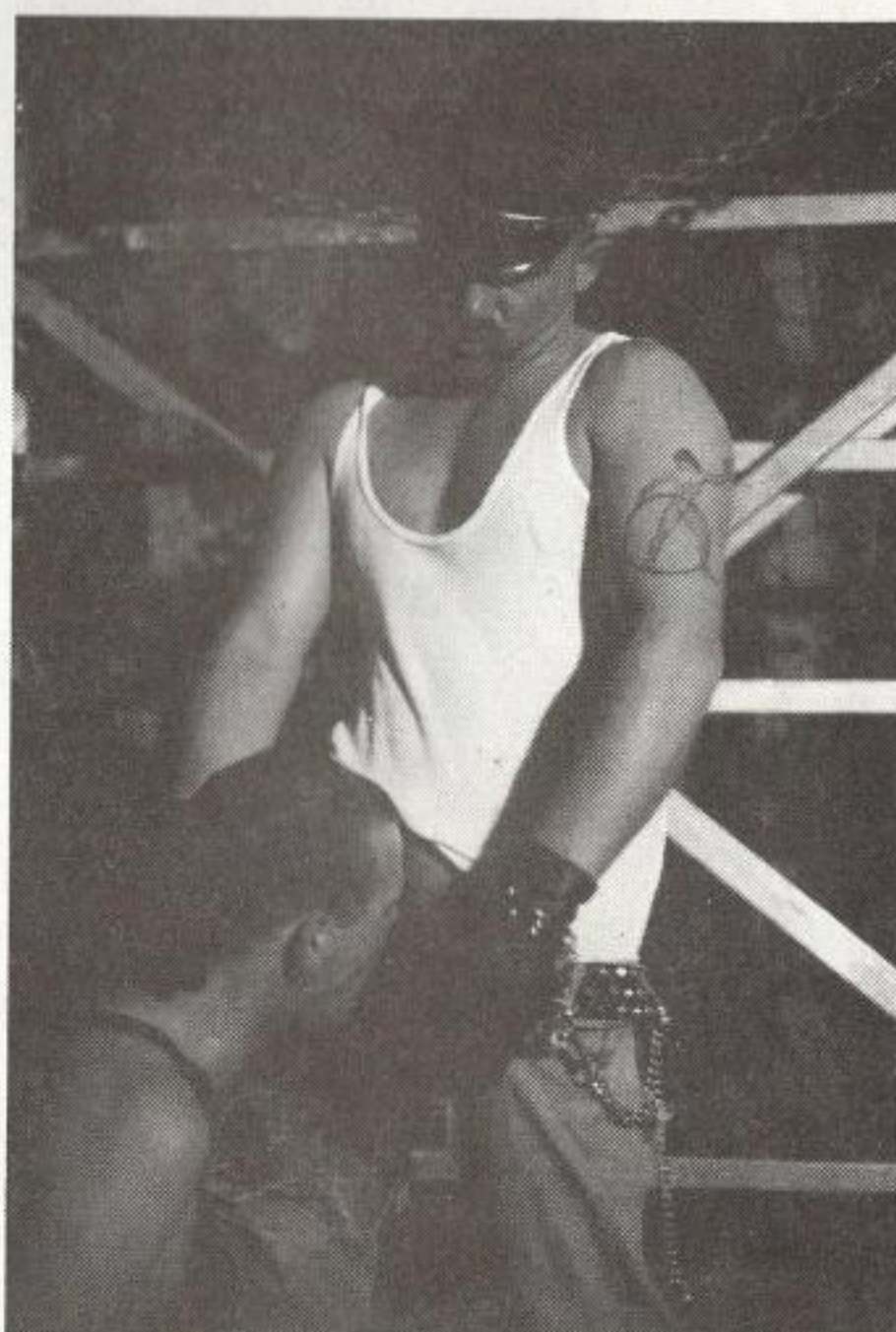


"I worked with men who are into the scene one hundred percent."

Above: **Chain Reactions**, 1984

Right: **Pictures From The Black Dance**, 1988

Left: **Men With No Name**, Part Three of "Dungeons of Europe", coming in 1989.



DRUMMER 126

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there really hasn't been anything out on the market that thrilled the hell out of me.

That's why I wanted to do this personally. I hope to hell this will encourage other people to do some good S/M films, because after I've shot, looked at and edited them over and over and over, my films are not quite as exciting to me as something fresh that I've not had to look at a thousand times.

Drummer: Why did you film "Dungeons" in Europe?

Roger Earl: Mainly because nobody had done this, and I'd read so much about Europe in *Drummer* and in some of the magazines I'd gotten through Larry Townsend from Europe. You know, it looked like a pretty good scene over there.

Drummer: How long ago did you start work on this?

Roger Earl: Around July '87. That's when I started shooting it. Working on it? What'd we spend, two weeks before we went over there? Just phone calls mainly.

It wasn't written. We didn't know what we were getting into, what kind of locations we'd have, if we'd even get people. We went over there really on speculation, not even knowing if we'd be able to make this thing work.

But we met some of the most wonderful people. It was a super experience for all of us. Hard work! We worked for a solid month on this thing. There weren't days to go sightseeing or anything else. In Amsterdam, I think we saw every whorehouse. But I mean as far as going down the canals and stuff, we never had the time.

Drummer: Any interesting anecdotes about making the films?

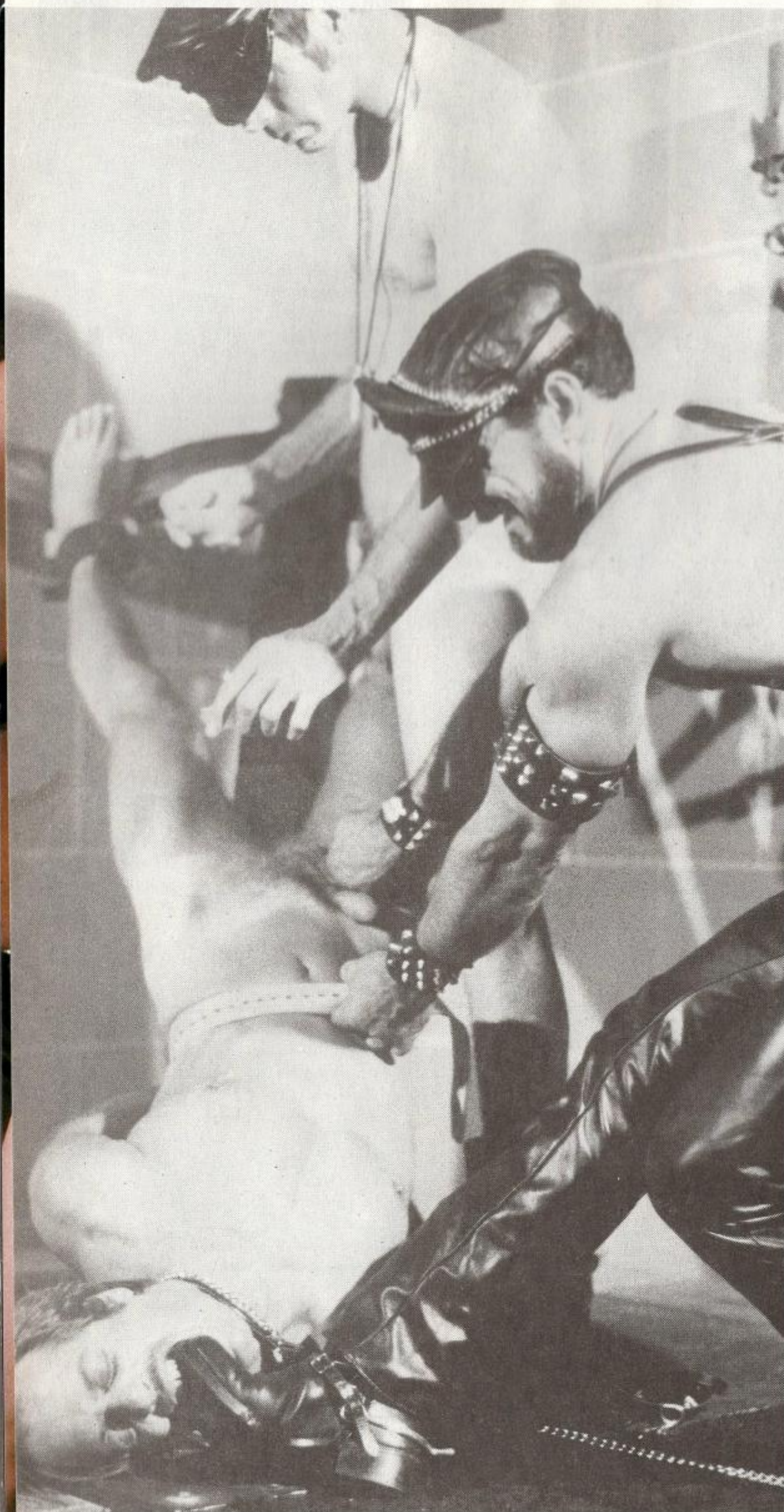
Roger Earl: There's the one about the Dutch kid answering the phone and then putting the wife on, and then the wife sending him down to the shoot. I mean, to me that's kind of interesting.

Drummer: That's the Dutch.

Roger Earl: Yeah, I thought it was kind of wonderful. She sends her old man down to get his ass kicked and to suck dick. Terrific!

Amsterdam is different. I shot a scene for *Men with No Name*, where we roughed up a kid in the street. The local guys we worked with said, "Go ahead. You can tie him up, you can kick the shit out of him right on the street. Nobody's going to say anything to you. It's fine in Amsterdam. . ." That was the attitude we got from everybody we talked to. "Just do it. . ."

I'd seen a home film that some guy shot there right in front of Amsterdam's Central Station with crowds of people, and they took this guy and beat the shit out of him and all this crap right in front



of Central Station. It was a hoot. It was wonderful. I loved it. He says, "Hey, you can get away with anything here. This is not the United States."

Drummer: What about with your group from the first film? Any anecdotes about finding these people?

Roger Earl: It all developed from starting to talk to Bryan Derbyshire, of HIM Magazine. Larry Townsend had put us in touch with most of these people. That's why we say we're so grateful in *Pictures from the Black Dance*, and without the list of people you see credited at the end, it would have been impossible to have shot this film.

Some of the guys that were in the film work for Maurice Stewart, of Fetters, building this equipment and stuff. Expectations—they were very cooperative with us, and Kiernan Stevens of Expectations is in the film.

They'd been approached by other people to do films. . . They had all said to us that everybody wants to do something, and they waste their time, and nothing happens. Or else, when it does happen, it's all bullshit, because they're not really into S/M.

Drummer: That seems to be a problem with most of the films that tout themselves as S/M films. They have a lot of pretty people and equipment. . .

Roger Earl: . . And they don't do anything, and it's not used properly. That's why I said I want people that are into the scene. Mr Sebastian, in *Like Moths to a Flame*, is one of the most famous tattoo and piercing people in the world. At the end of *Pictures from the Black Dance*, you can see one piercing scene from *Like Moths to a Flame* that's just a quick trailer. In the film it's a total piercing scene—the tits, the urethra, all the way up. There's eight piercings, through the belly button, etc.

Plus he throws the kid over on his belly and tattoos his ass! And this is all in one scene that I shot it about three hours, one nice Sunday afternoon in London.

We shot the whole thing in Mr. Sebastian's studio, because he insisted. See, I wanted to shoot it somewhere else, in kind of a scene thing, but he said, "In my studio I know there can never be an infection, and for sanitary reasons I will not do this outside of the studio." The minute he told me that, I said, "There's no more discussion. You're absolutely right."

Drummer: You make an important point about S/M being safe sex at the beginning of *Pictures from the Black Dance*. But a couple of people in that film are going down on dicks that are not protected with condoms.

Roger Earl: I personally do not feel that is unsafe sex. In my own mind I



"This is their thing, and they have every right in the world to do what they enjoy."

Above: **Like Moths to a Flame**, 1988
 Right: **Men With No Name**, 1989
 Left: the one and only **Born To Raise Hell**, 1972



write that preface as what I think. I mean, you know, everybody has their own opinion, and I can show you magazine after magazine that this doctor says this is all right. Everybody has their own opinion. I feel that unsafe sex is definitely fucking without a rubber.

Drummer: If you were to do another S/M film, would you do it scripted or unrehearsed?

Roger Earl: I'm doing another non S/M film shortly. . . I've got quite a background on doing porno films. Non S/M films are always scripted. . . S/M porno films are unscripted for me. . . You can do a light script, but I prefer to do segment things and just let guys do their own thing without me telling them you're playing a part, 'cause I think once I give them a character and have them play a part and all this, it takes away from their real self. I think that's more important in an S&M type thing. Just my own attitude.

I always suggest this and that or something else that might make it a little more exciting. I do make suggestions along the way, because visually I know. I have been in the S/M scene quite awhile, and certainly have some ideas for this and that.

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I should try scripting an S/M film sometime. I feel I get more out of people by not doing it. I guess I'm selfish. I do what I want to see.

Drummer: Do you think a film like this could be made in the U.S. right now?

Roger Earl: I'd do it, if I had the people. I don't know. Maybe I've been lucky. I don't know why I'm not afraid, but I'm not. I know exactly why I'm not afraid. Because I don't feel I'm doing anything wrong. My attitude is, hey, there are people who are into this. This is what they like. This is what they're gonna do, regardless of what anybody says. This is their thing, and they have every right in the world to do what they enjoy.

I'm not asking anyone to look at this film that doesn't want to see it. I mean, we're charging a good price for it, and if you don't want to pay that price, save your money. Don't watch it, if you don't want to.

I think the people that are really into this and enjoy it are the ones that are going to pay the price. That's the point I'm trying to make. So therefore, why deny these people? I'm one of those people. I buy this stuff. I spend a fortune on porno. I could probably be a wealthy man with a beautiful home, but I'm happy. I do what I want, and that's why I don't have any fear, because I don't in my mind think I'm doing anything wrong. If I did, I wouldn't do it. I guarantee I wouldn't do it. □

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

TIES THAT BIND

For a long time now, I have heard the controversy come up in conversations, "Who is in control of a scene, the Top or the bottom?" I assume that this question is important because folks wonder if they are "doing it right", or if their partner is "doing it right." I have finally realized that there are five answers to this question: in some scenes, it's the Top, in others it is the bottom, in others it is both, in others it is neither, and in yet others, the control passes back and forth. Let me explain.

In scenes between very dominant Tops and very submissive bottoms, the balance of power is most often tipped in favor of the Top. But some kinds of Tops are very submissive (I know several very passive sadists, for example), and they prefer to play with rather dominant bottoms—in these scenes, the balance of power is most often tipped in favor of the bottom, and everybody seems happy.

In scenes between sadist and masochist where neither is dominant or submissive, both may share in the control of the scene about equally, and that is usually satisfactory. In other sorts of scenes especially including some where drug use is a prominent feature, it seems as though neither player is in charge (maybe the drugs are in charge—spooky to contemplate!). In scenes between men who switch back and forth, the control element in the scene may pass back and forth between the players comfortably.

This is worth mentioning here because the power configurations in a scene can often determine the communication style that works for the players. For example, some bottoms like to take a strong role in the direction of a scene.

Those bottoms who are into penetration scenes (especially fisting, but also catheters, dildoes, piercing and some whipping—plain ole fucking, too!) may often feel that taking a strong role is the only way they can really protect themselves from the possibility of viral contamination or injury.

They will have a better time if they choose Tops who like to be taught or who are rather passive with their sadism—such Tops exist and prefer bottoms who send very clear signals about their needs.

WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHOW, ANYWAY?



"Consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative."—Oscar Wilde

These Tops are relieved at not having to make up a scene for the bottom to enjoy—the Top doesn't have to risk the rejection that He feels goes with trying something the bottom might not like. On the other hand, submissive bottoms get frustrated with passive Tops who don't seem to want to take charge of a scene—these bottoms will do better to spend their time with dominant Tops who will be more than happy to take charge of a scene.

Dominant Tops complain long and loud about "pushy" bottoms, because these

Tops often feel ripped off when dealing with this sort of bottom. I have come to believe that this complaining is the result either when a bottom has misled a Top during their initial come-on to each other, or the Top thought he could break a pushy bottom into a submissive one and failed.

There is a place in this world for "pushy" type bottoms just as there is a place in this world for passive Tops. The time spent by dominant Tops complaining about "pushy" bottoms would be better spent in looking for a quality submissive instead.

I do not mean to suggest that Tops only have one style for all occasions—they don't, and neither do bottoms. How we are going to approach our counterparts is often determined by what mood we are in at the time. In the vast majority of us there are several very different kinds of Tops, and several different sorts of bottom too. Just stop to think about how many different ways you, yourself have played—achieved satisfaction, and you will see my point.

For example, a bottom may be more assertive if he is out looking for some sort of more risky penetration scene, whereas he may be much more submissive if he is feeling the need to serve as a boot slave for the evening.

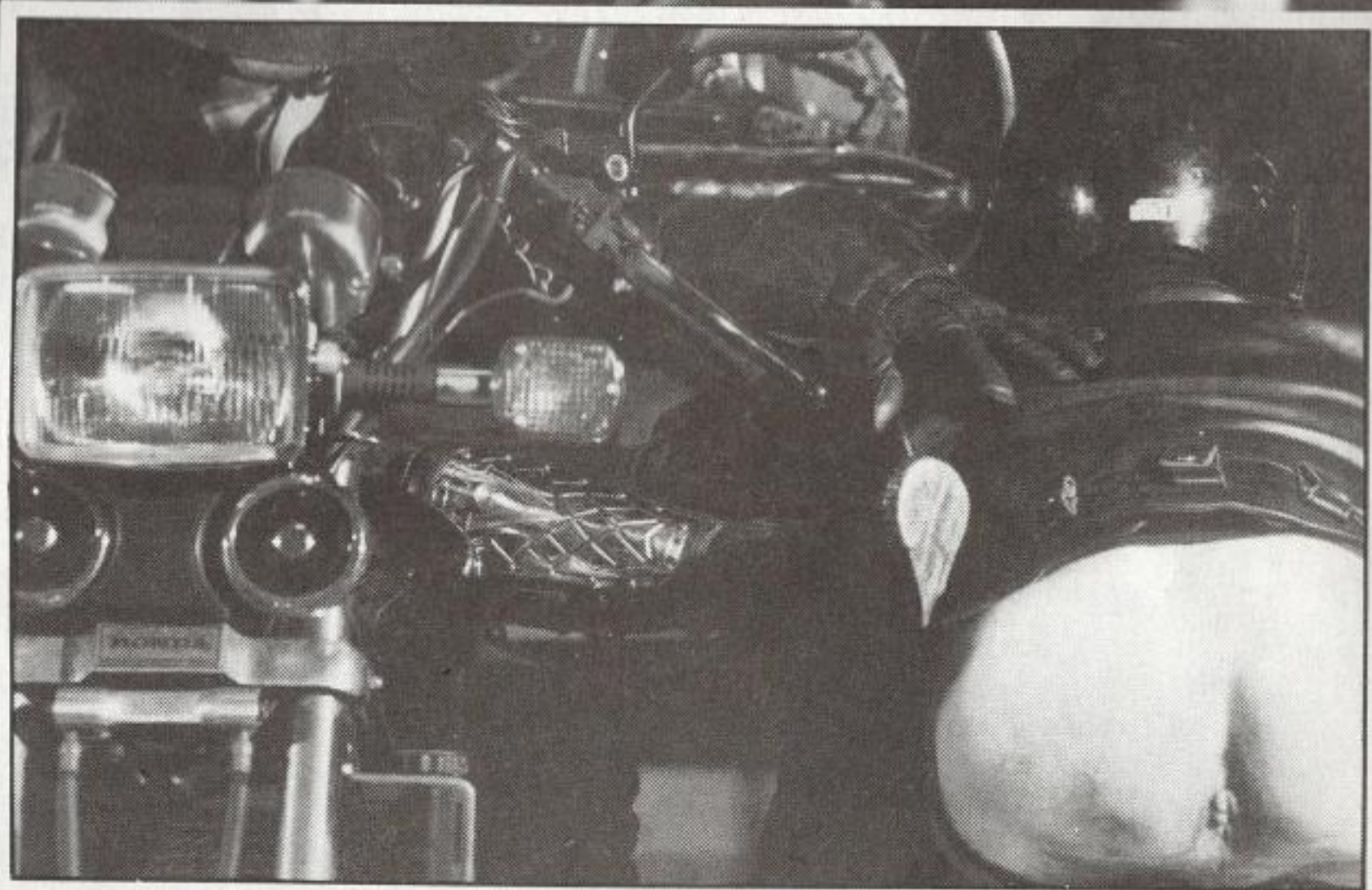
Likewise, a Top may be out looking for his favorite scene at which he is very accomplished and confident; he might approach a bottom in a very dominant way. At other times, the same guy might want to learn about something new, like electricity for example, and go for the bottom who can step Him through the scene wire by wire so to speak. In short, there may be many different, comfortable ways for a Top to be a Top—same for bottoms.

Every day is a new day, and we can get into trouble when we expect ourselves to be the same person in the bar this weekend as we were last weekend. In the same way, it is unwise to assume that just because we observe someone in an aggressive style one week that He is going to be that way next week also. Maybe Mother was right when she suggested that I try to take people at face value.

The issue of "who is in control" is much less important than the issue of "are you getting your needs met in the scene." This has to be the bottom line or else, what's the point? Play well. □

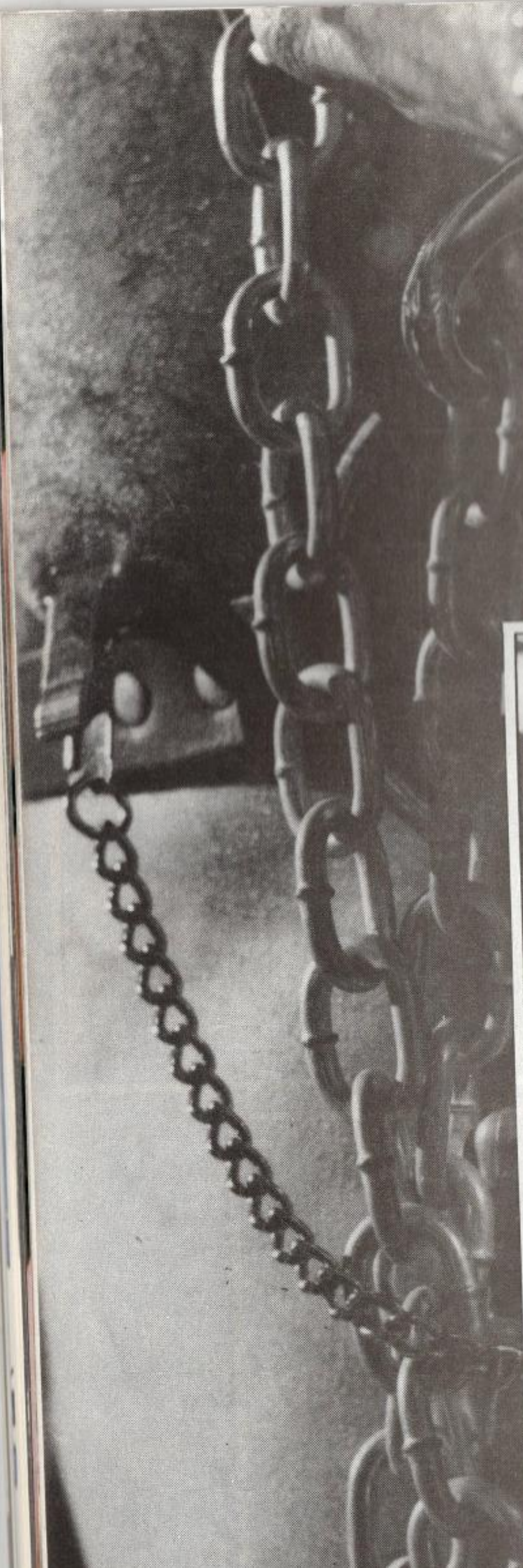
Guy is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.

Three Bikers

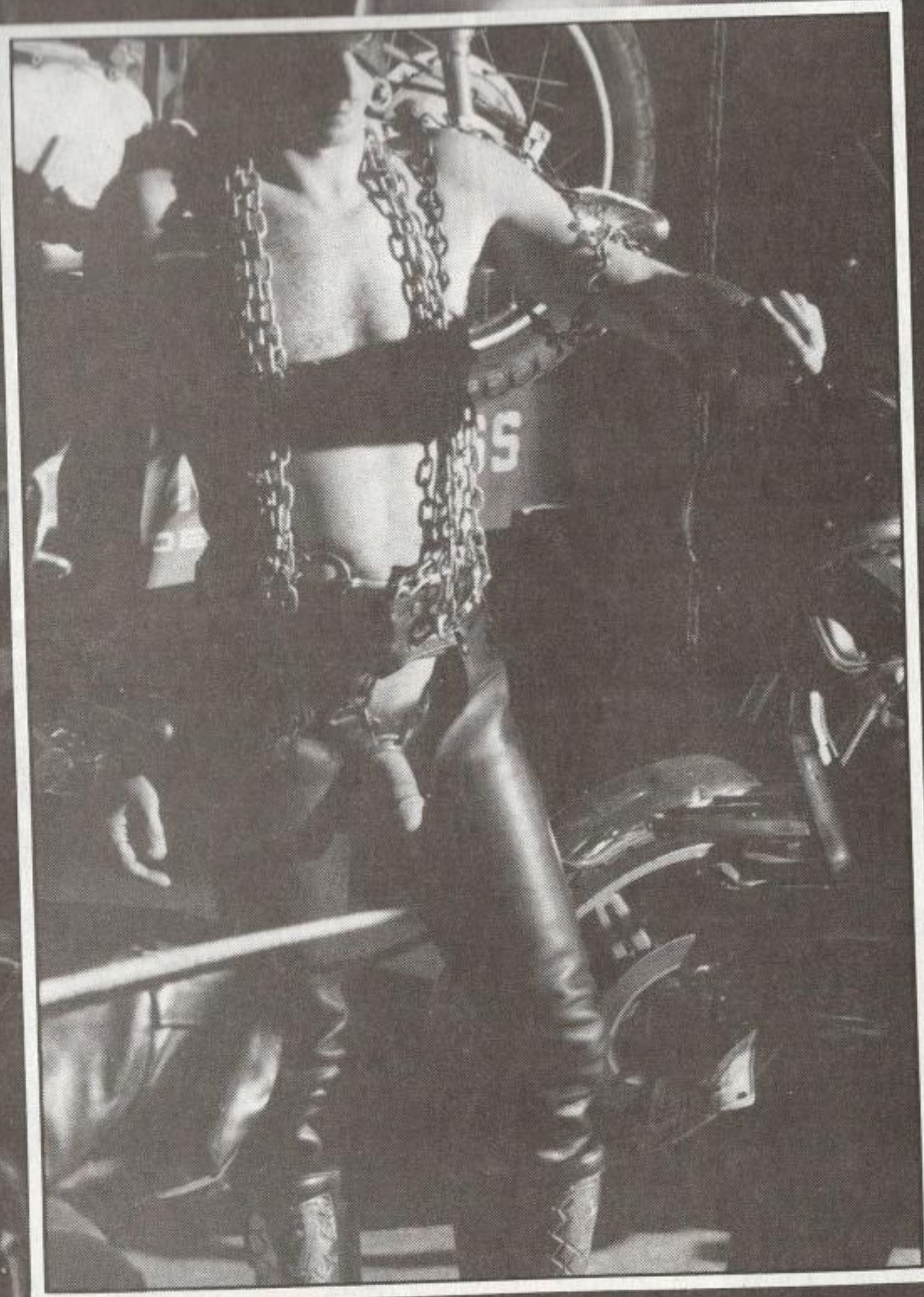


Photos
By
John P.
Kenny

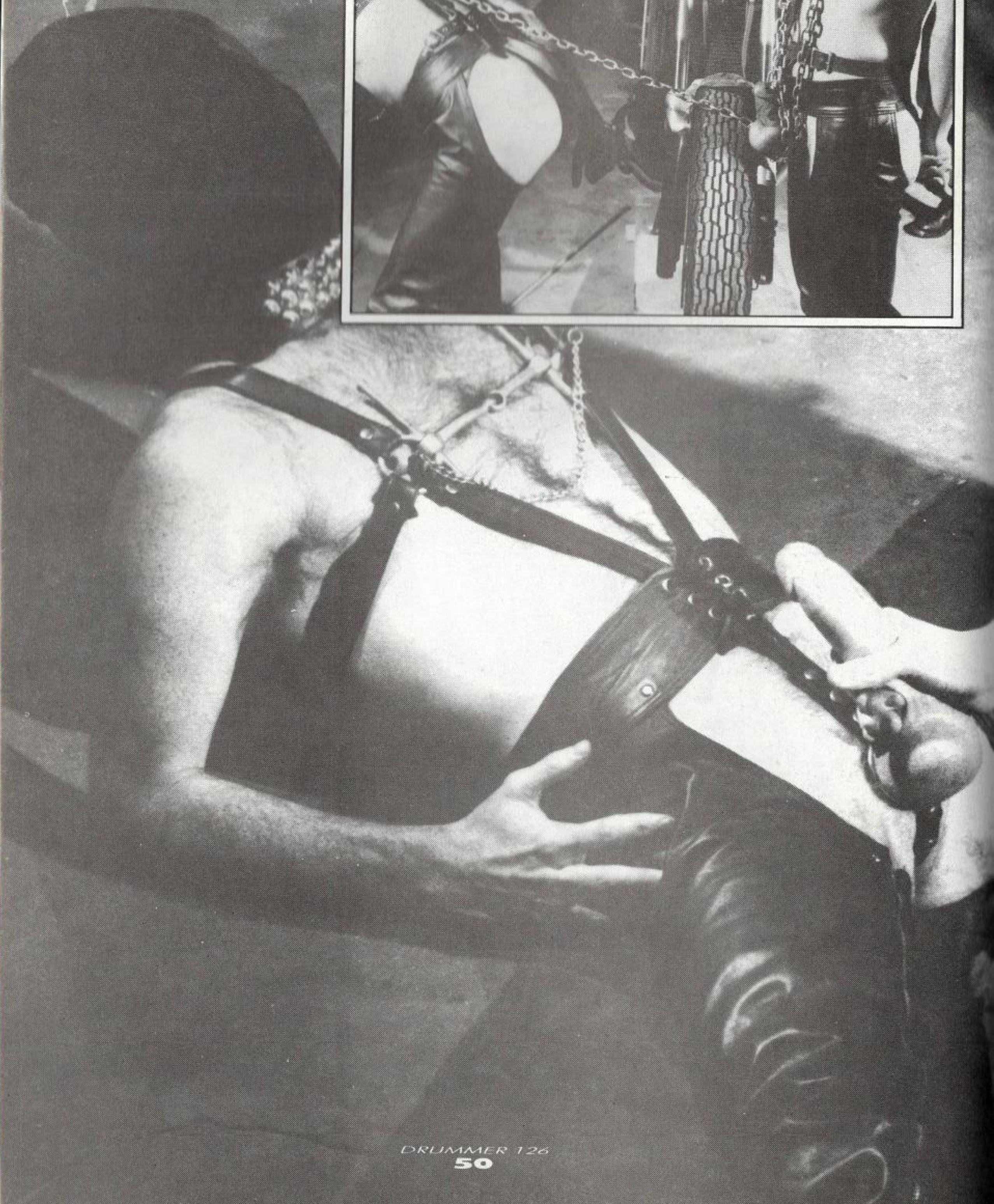
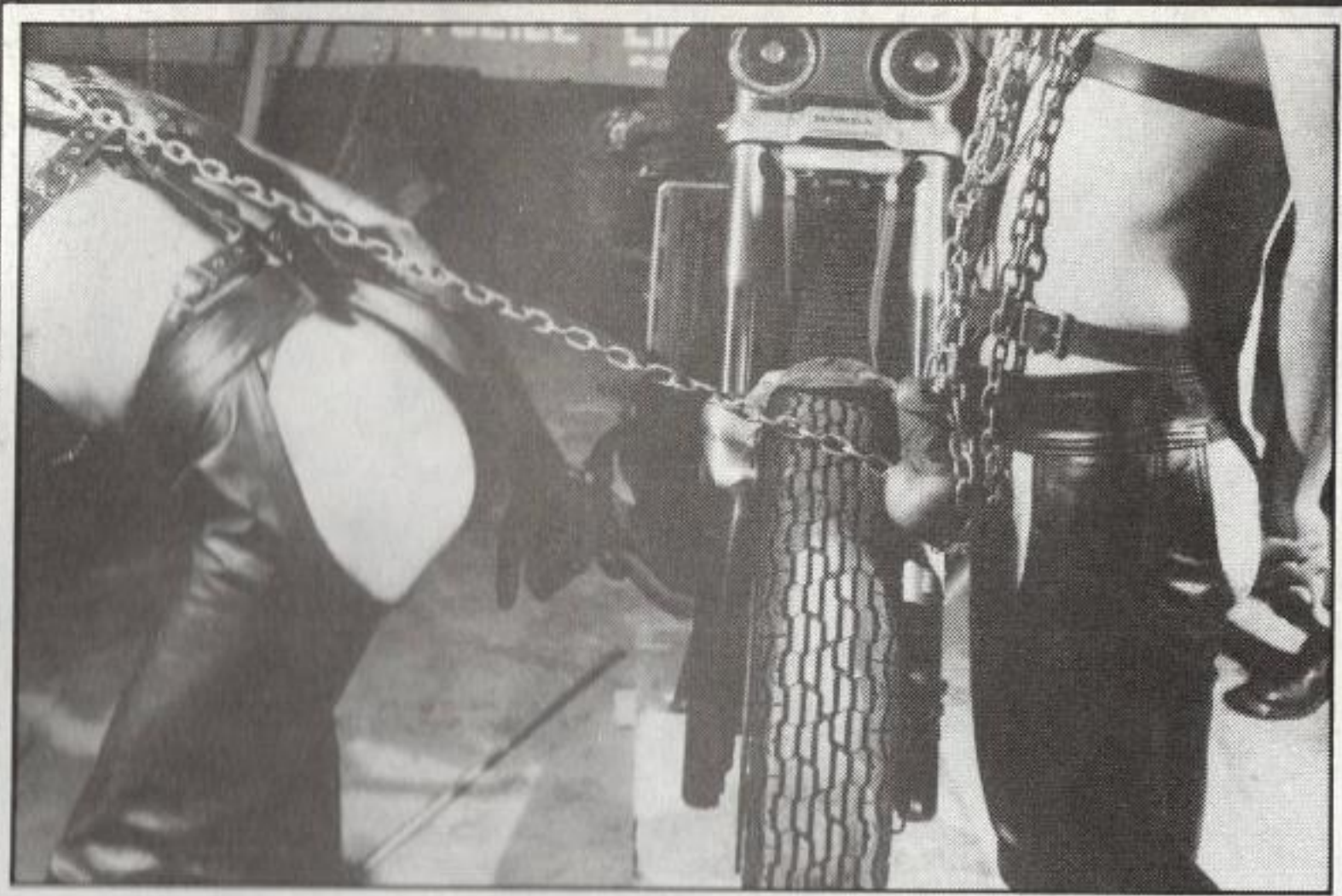
Set-up
By
David
Weinbaum



Every day my man puts his sweet ass
on the saddle of his bike and rides
to work and to the gym. When I'm
lucky, he lets me ride behind. I
get as close as I can, putting my
hard-on right up against his ass
cheeks. I reach around and
slip my gloved hands
under his balls.










DRUMMER 126
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Next time you need a tune-up, bring your bike over. We'll get out the toolbox and the three of us can take a look at your machine. It gets me stiff just to think about servicing two hot motherfuckin' biker men. Yeah, the three of us would get along just fine. □

Bruce Marcus ROUGH STUFF

The Crispo Case, Consent, and S/M Reality

In mid-October, a New York jury acquitted art dealer Andrew Crispo of charges arising from what the media described as "a sadomasochistic kidnapping." Crispo stood accused of kidnapping, unlawfully imprisoning, and forcibly sodomizing a young gay Canadian, Mark Leslie, back in 1984.

Crispo had achieved notoriety several years ago when he was implicated (but never charged) in the 1985 murder of a 26-year-old Norwegian fashion student, Eigil Vesti. Vesti's corpse, clad only in a black leather hood, was discovered in an abandoned smokehouse on wooded property in upstate New York. According to testimony by Bernard LeGeros, convicted of the murder, Vesti was shot to death on Crispo's orders after the youth was abused and tortured. Both trials were the subjects of sensational media accounts of Crispo's sexual activities. He allegedly frequented NY's Hellfire club and is reported to have made random calls to public phones near the Mineshaft and other Village locations, offering drugs and "rough sex" parties to whomever answered.

A report published shortly before the latest trial began featured several allegations of violence by Crispo, including at least one incident reported to the NY Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project. There is no single message coming out of this recent trial. For one thing, the issues in the case were not very clearly posed.

Although Leslie testified he had not consented to the brutal whipping he received, he admitted to having had dinner with Crispo after the incident occurred. The degree of consent at the time of the encounter is difficult to establish.

The jury apparently accepted the defense's argument that Leslie had willingly consented to the initial scene and everything else that transpired that evening.

You could argue, therefore, that the acquittal reaffirms the right of adults to engage in any behavior they mutually choose. But I'm not that encouraged; I'm not convinced that this is the case. The backwards notion that anyone who participates in S/M activity gets exactly what he deserves obviously played a substantial part in the jury's decision.

And Crispo is well-connected; how much influence was brought to bear on his behalf will never be known.

Of course, it's true that overt hostility to S/M on the part of prosecutors and police has led to several cases where one night's consensual play has been reinterpreted the next day as kidnapping and assault. In at least one recent incident, hospital personnel providing first aid threatened assault charges in what was clearly a consensual situation.

It's easy for us to dismiss Crispo and Company—after all, the activities he's been charged with have nothing to do with those of us in the organized S/M community. We practice Safe, Sane, Consensual S/M. But before we retire, self-assured there's nothing for us to learn here, it's worth taking a closer look at what consensuality means.

Even within our own community there have been incidents where the degree of consent has been called into question.

Some months ago, a GMSMA member complained to several people about a scene that had gone wrong. Among other things, he said that he had been held in bondage, against his will and long beyond the duration of the encounter he had bargained for. A little investigation revealed that this had not been his first time with this particular top. And when contacted, the top maintained that all that had happened was just a misunderstanding.

The safe and sane aspects of our play weren't an issue here, unlike the Crispo cases where they predominated. But safe and sane, while prerequisites, aren't enough. The degree to which the bottom had genuinely consented was obviously involved.

Is consent a one-shot bargain? Once you've consented to a scene, have you given up all your rights? And what about surrendering to another man, a turn-on for many of us, how does this relate to consent?

Our particular sexual activities demand a degree of technical expertise and substantial concentration to keep them safe, effective, and rewarding. Thus, we work at mastering the acts—the techniques of S/M, bondage, etc. But we also have to work at the relationships we form with the people

with whom we play. This is true whether the relationship is for one night or for a lifetime. Consent—even when surrendering—cannot be a one-shot bargain. It is a continual process. We can fantasize about complete surrender and abandonment of responsibility (if we're on the bottom) or about total control (if on top). But in the real world, both participants must take responsibility for the scene and for themselves.

If you're on top, learn to recognizing the difference between the plea for mercy (which often means, "I want to try a little more, sir, please") and the genuine statement that a limit has been exceeded—which usually means the end of the scene. And figure out how to help your bottom better communicate with you, both verbally and nonverbally.

Bottoms can learn how to communicate their honest feelings, not canned responses from bad pornography. Far too often, a bottom's silence is taken as assent. Martyrs may get points for silent suffering, but partners in a sexually intimate encounter usually don't.

Consent is also a factor in a top's own participation. Just because your partner begs for more—either more of the same or something more intense—doesn't mean you have to deliver. Tops have limits, too—these deserve the same degree of respect as do the limits of a bottom.

It may make us uncomfortable to deal with the Crispo case or other highly publicized incidents the media intentionally mixes up with our sexuality. But antigay violence is on the rise and so is antigay discrimination. Even in the broader gay and lesbian community there is considerable unclarity about what we do and how it differs from violence. In order to clearly answer our critics, we need to better understand ourselves. □

(The preceding is based on an article that appeared in NewsLink, the quarterly magazine published by GMSMA (Gay Male S/M Activists), 132 W. 24th St., NY, NY 10011. Bruce Marcus is a member of the GMSMA Board of Directors and an associate member of the Chicago Hellfire Club.)



THE UTAH CONNECTION



IT STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH

My boyfriend, Pete, was working late a lot of the time, setting up a new mainframe or something at the bank (I won't pretend I understand what he was doing.) He had his own key to my apartment, though, and if he wasn't too tired when he got off work, he'd stop by and maybe spend the night. But mostly I didn't see much of him during the week and got lonely. And horny.

Pete and I had the same understanding about tricking back then that we have today: it's okay as long as it's safe and doesn't keep us from being with each other. The old days of crowded bathhouses were already over by this time, and cruising on week nights was always a drag for me, so if I wanted some action I'd either do a hot j.o. club or call the sexline.

I had a little ritual for j.o. calls. I phoned Pete at his office to say hello (and, yes, to check up on him,) then took off my clothes, laid back on my bed with a jar of lube and dialed.

Which is what happened the night it started.

"Hello?"

The voice crackled, long distance.

"Hi."

"Where are you calling from?" asked the voice.

"San Francisco. Where are you?" I thought he might be up at the River or down in Santa Cruz—somewhere not so far away.

"Utah."

"Do you always call long distance

to jerk-off?"

"Yes, Sir."

I heard my cue: "Sir."

"You a cocksucker?"

"Yes, SIR!"

"Want to suck my fat dick, cock-sucker?"

"Yes, Sir!" His voice was urgent now.

"What are you wearing?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothing—WHAT?"

"Nothin', SIR!"

"You're a fuckup, aren't you, cock-sucker?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What are you good at, cock-sucker?"

"Sucking cock, Sir."

"Then get down on your fucking knees and swing on my nob, boy. Get down and suck that eight inch dick. Come on, suck it! SUCK it!"

"Yes, Sir. I'm sucking dick, Sir. Sucking your big eight inch dick, Sir."

"Feel it? Feel my fat dick ramming down your throat? FEEL IT?"

"Yes, Sir. Your big dick is choking me, Sir."

"Too fucking bad, cocksucker."

My fist was running up and down my dick. I began panting hard.

"Are you cumming, Sir?"

"Yeah! I'm cumming. Gonna cum in your mouth, gonna give you my load, gonna feed you my cum, gonna fill you up with—Ahhhhh!"

I splattered all over myself, covering my stomach and chest with my jizz. My body relaxed. I felt great.

"You still there?"

"Yeah."

"You cum?"

"No."

"What's that?"

"No, SIR."

"I should slap that ass."

"YES, SIR!" His enthusiasm doubled.

"Whip that ass good," I said. "Take off my belt and whip that ass bright red—"

"Yes, Sir!"

Story
by
**David
May**

Art
by
Otis

"But Pete still had a gleam in his eye. He pulled out of me, rolled me on my stomach, and shoved his cock

THE UTAH CONNECTION

"Whip it black and blue."
"Yes, Sir."
"Whip it black and blue, fucker. Whip your ass 'till it's bleeding, and then—"
"Yes, Sir?"
"Fuck it long and hard. Fuck it 'till you taste my cum coming up your throat."
"Yes, Sir!"
He was panting hard.
"Your dick hard, cocksucker?"
"Yes, Sir."
"You dig getting your ass whipped and fucked?"
"Yes, Sir!"
"Fucking pervert."
"Yes, S—oooooh."
"I didn't HEAR you."
"Yes, Sir," he said meekly.
"You cum?"
"And how. Hey, what's your name?"
"Joe."
"I'm Chip."
"Hi, Chip."
Just like the old days, I thought: introducing ourselves after sex.
"Can I call some time, Joe? Direct I mean."
"Sure." I gave him my number.
"All right," he said. "Talk to you later. Bye, Joe."
"Bye."
Shit, I thought after I'd hung up. What if he calls while Pete's here?
After a while I got hot again and started to jerk off a second time. My cock was rock hard and reaching up to heaven when Pete walked in. He saw the condition I was in, took off his clothes, slipped a rubber over my hard-on, and sat on it.
"Baby, you make me feel so good," he whispered as my dick filled up his hole.
That started a wrestling match, my cock still inside of him. When we were through, Pete's cum was drying with the sweat covering our chests and torsos, matting our body hair. (Pete and I are both pretty hairy.) My cock was

limp. The slimy, cum-filled rubber clung to my dick.
"I can't leave you alone anymore, Joey. That big dick of yours almost went to waste. If I hadn't come home in the nick of time—"
I started to tickle him, he tickled back and we laughed so hard we fell off the bed with a thud that woke my downstairs neighbors.
Then I forgot about Chip until he called a week later.
"Sir? It's me, Chip. In Salt Lake."
Omigod, I thought.
"Yeah?"
"Yeah. I mean, yes, SIR!"
I undid my pants, laid back and pulled out a jar of lube from under the bed. I was already half-hard.
"What do you look like, Chip?"
"I'm five ten. A hundred sixty pounds. I work out. I look okay."
"Your hair, Chip, what color is it?"
"Brown. Brown eyes, too."
"Beard? Moustache? Are you hairy?"
"Got a moustache. Not real hairy. You?"
"About your size, except I'm dark. Receding hairline. VERY hairy. Just shaved off my beard, but I'll probably grow it back. Eight inches."
"Eight, Sir?"
"Eight, Chip. Eight long fat inches of man meat. Sound like something you want, Chip?"
"Yes, Sir."
"How badly do you want it?"
"Real bad, Sir. I really need your fat dick, Sir. Please Sir."
"Beg for it."
"Yes, Sir, I—"
"On your knees, cocksucker."
"Yes, Sir."
I could hear him move his body. I had a sudden inspiration. My cock was already swelling in my hand, getting ready to explode.
"Please, Sir, Please, can I suck your cock, Sir? Please. Please let me suck it, Sir, then ram it up my asshole, Sir."

PLEASE, Sir. I need it so bad, Sir—"
I came, covered myself with spunk. I rubbed it into the hair on my chest.
"No."
"Huh? Sir?"
His voice was so confused, so hurt, I was touched. Tough shit.
"I said no. Not tonight. You want it real bad, Chip?"
"Yes, Sir—"
"Okay, cocksucker—"
"Thank you, Sir!"
"Don't interrupt me, cocksucker."
"Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir."
"You want my cock so bad, you'll have to earn it."
"Sir?"
"Tonight you sleep on the floor."
"Yes, Sir. . ." He sounded so bewildered.
"Is your hand on your dick?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Let go of it. Don't touch it until tomorrow night, not even to pee. Then you can call me. And have a dildo ready. Got it?"
"Yes, Sir."
He was turned on, breathing hard.
"Is it hard now?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Think your balls will hurt?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Good."
"Yes, Sir."
"Understand your orders, boy?"
I heard him saying, "Yes, Sir," as I hung up.
I got out my leather, looked at myself in it for the first time in over a year, and jerked off again.
That was our only problem—Pete was still pure vanilla then. He said that he was afraid of my leather, that it was threatening. So I put it away, along with my kinky side.
But now I had connected with Chip and things started to change.
The leather felt good against my skin again. The smell alone got me off.
And I looked damn good in it, too.

back inside of me. Then he gave me the sort of fucking that leaves me limp for a few days."

Damn good. I'd been working out for a few years by then and had grown a lot in my arms and chest, adding definition to my stomach and butt, since the last time I'd worn my leather. And leather always made me feel so fucking hot that I knew I had to look hot, too.

The next night, when I thought he'd call, I put on my leather again. He called sooner than I expected, though, and I wasn't ready.

"Sir?"

"Yeah?"

"It's your cocksucking worthless slave calling, Sir."

"Your balls hurt?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Call back in twenty minutes."

I hung up and finished getting ready, not really sure if he'd call again. But he did.

"Yeah?" I answered the phone.

"It's me again, Sir."

"You slept on the floor, stud?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Touch your dick?"

"No, Sir."

"Balls hurting?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You naked?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Dildo ready?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I'm in my leather, fuckface. Smell my leather?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Good boy. You want to lick my leather, lick it so it's nice and shiny?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Tough shit."

"Yes, Sir," he whined.

"Got some grease?"

"Yeah. I mean, YES, SIR!"

"Now, grease up the dildo and stick it up your hole. Feels good, doesn't it, slave? Find the spot where it feels real good. Found it? Okay, keep punching it. Keep punching it 'till you cum."

He grunted across the wires.

Moaned.

"Touching your dick?"

"No, ahhhh, Sir. OOOOh."

"Keep it up. Cocksucker. Think of my eight inches inside of you. Think of how good it feels to have my bull-sized balls slapping against your ass cheeks. Feel it? Feel it?"

Then I heard his cry of pain/pleasure as his balls poured themselves out.

"OOOOOOhh, Sir."

"You cum?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank y—"

"Fuckhead, did I say you could cum?"

"Sir? I thou—"

"You're not supposed to think, asshole. You're just supposed to do as you're told."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sor—"

"Fuck that shit," I said. "Suck my dick."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sucking your dick, Sir. Sucking your big, fat man meat down my throat, Sir. Feeling it choke me, Sir. Give it to me, Sir, please. Grab my ears and fuck my face, Sir. Use my face for a fuckhole, Sir."

I shot my load, over my shoulders and hitting the wall behind me. No lie: I shot that far.

"Okay, cocksucker."

"Sir?"

"You were bad, weren't you? You came without permission, didn't you, stud?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What's your address, boy?"

I grabbed a pen and jotted it down.

"Why do you need it, Sir?"

"I'm punishing you, fucker. Don't call again until I say you can. Then obey me to the letter."

"Yes, Sir."

I hung up and, as usual, jerked off again. This time I put on a pair of tit clamps, and pulled on them as I got close to cumming. Then Pete walked in.

"Hot men can't be left alone for

long, can they?" he said.

He stripped real fast, pulled out a rubber and slid it over his hard meat. Then he shoved it inside of me. I could have screamed, but bit down on the pillow instead. I was so close to cumming already, and his fat cock rubbing against my swollen prostate either felt so good it hurt, or hurt so good it made me cum all over both of us. Pete pulled hard on the tit clamps and I felt my balls and cock contracting as I shot my load.

I collapsed on the bed, unable to do anything but tell Pete thank you.

But Pete still had a gleam in his eye. He pulled out of me, rolled me on my stomach, and shoved his cock back inside of me. Then he gave me the sort of fucking that leaves me limp for a few days: long hard strokes pounding inside of me, harder and harder, until he finally came up my butt and into the rubber.

"What ever got you so hot," he said a few minutes later when he'd caught his breath, "is okay by me."

"It was the leather," I said. "Is leather okay with you?"

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully. "I guess it is."

Then we talked about leather and he admitted to having some fantasies about bondage and maybe getting spanked.

"But your little furry butt sticking out of those chaps was hotter than anything I'd seen in a long time," he said.

I wouldn't have believed it, but my cock was getting hard a third time. I suggested he try on the chaps. He did and I told him to bend over so I could see just how good his cute white ass looked in them. He wasn't fooled, but I still managed to fill another rubber with my cum when I returned the favor of a good fuck.

I didn't write to Chip for over a week, and when I did, I'd lost interest in him. Pete had more time for me again, and the sex (which was always

"Then we did our phone-scene. I told him what a worthless cocksucker he was and he groveled."

THE UTAH CONNECTION

good,) got wild. Pete was suddenly letting go of his inhibitions and wearing me out. But who's complaining?

When I did write to Chip, I told him he could call me the next Wednesday night, when I knew Pete would be busy with his volunteer work. I told Chip he was to be on his knees, buck naked except for a dog collar and leash, and a buttplug up his ass. After I mailed the letter I wondered if he even had a butt plug, or if he could get one in Utah at all. I figured I'd find out soon enough. As an afterthought, I enclosed a photo of myself at the Russian River the summer before.

On Wednesday afternoon I got home and found something in the mail from Utah. I knew it was from Chip, of course, and tore it open at once. Inside were two nude Polaroids of Chip. He was very handsome in the grainy photos, almost intimidating. In one, he faced the camera in his collar and leash: two big, puppy-brown eyes looked at me above the thick collar. A fat dick hung down between two enormous balls, his torso a wall of solid muscle. On his right pectoral was a tattoo of a crouching panther about to pounce. In the second photo, he was bending over with his ass to the camera, showing the butt plug firmly in place between the lightly-haired, muscular buns.

I wanted to wait until he called. But what the hell, I thought. And I got off looking at the photos as soon as I got out of my suit.

When he did call, I was ready, wearing my leather, leaning back with a jar of lube. My dick started growing as soon as the phone rang.

"Yeah."

"Sir?"

"That you, pigboy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You're a doggy-pigboy, aren't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Is that what you want, boy, being

another man's animal?"

"Yes, Sir."

His voice had a new edge to it. It was hot, but serious, not playful anymore. I thought of those soulful brown eyes and the need I saw in them.

"I got your pictures today, boy. You're a goodlooking pigboy."

"Thank you, Sir."

Then we did our phone-scene. I told him what a worthless cocksucker he was, and he groveled, licked my ass, kissed my boot and shot his load while I fucked him. Then he sucked my shitty cock clean while I pissed down his throat. Then I came.

You know, the usual stuff.

When we were done, he didn't say anything, not even "Thank you," like he usually did.

"You there, Chip?"

"Yeah. I mean, yes, Sir."

"You okay?"

"Sir?"

"Pigboy."

"Uh. I'm not calling long distance, Sir. I'm at the Folsom Hotel."

Oh, shit, I thought.

"Yeah?"

"Can I see you, Sir?"

"Chip—"

"Please, Sir."

"How long are you here for?"

"I don't know yet, Sir. Can I see you, Sir?"

I looked at the clock. It was nearly ten and Pete would be coming by soon. I looked at his pictures and felt a stirring in my groin. He turned me on.

"I have a lover, Chip."

"Is he your slave, Sir?"

I thought about that a second, then I said something that surprised me.

"No. He's my Master."

There was silence, then an "Oh" on the other end.

"He's going to be here soon, and I have to be ready for him."

"Oh."

"What about tomorrow night?" I

asked.

"No," he said. "I can't then. I'll call you, okay?"

"Sure, Chip."

"Bye."

He never did call back.

And something happened that I hadn't expected, at least not consciously: Pete did become my Master. Not all at once, of course, but bit by bit. First I topped him. Then we switched roles. Then we stopped switching roles and Pete locked a collar around my neck and threw away the key.

We moved in together soon after that, and things have only gotten better since. I never told Pete about Chip in Utah, or why I was wearing my leather that night. But we both found out who we really are because of Chip, and I've always been grateful to him for that and think of him often.

I saw Chip in the flesh for the first time recently.

We were at the Ambush. Pete was standing around shooting the shit with some friends while he held my leash and I sat on the floor with my Calistoga. I looked across the bar and saw another shirtless slave sitting on the floor, also on a leash. I nodded and he nodded back. I wondered who his Master was and would have gone over to ask him since he looked familiar. But of course I couldn't, being leashed and all.

Then I recognized him.

He'd grown a beard and developed an even more impressive physique since he'd sent me that photo. He'd also added a pair of gold tit rings that accentuated the definition of his chest and abdomen. I remembered the black panther tattooed on the right pectoral, though. And those beautiful brown eyes. The eyes weren't filled with longing, though. Not anymore. They were happy, even peaceful.

Probably like mine.

A full-page photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a black leather cap, a chain harness, studded leather armbands, and black leather gloves. He is looking upwards and to the right. The background is dark and out of focus.

**MARK OF
DISTINCTION**

MARK KLEIN
MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER 1988

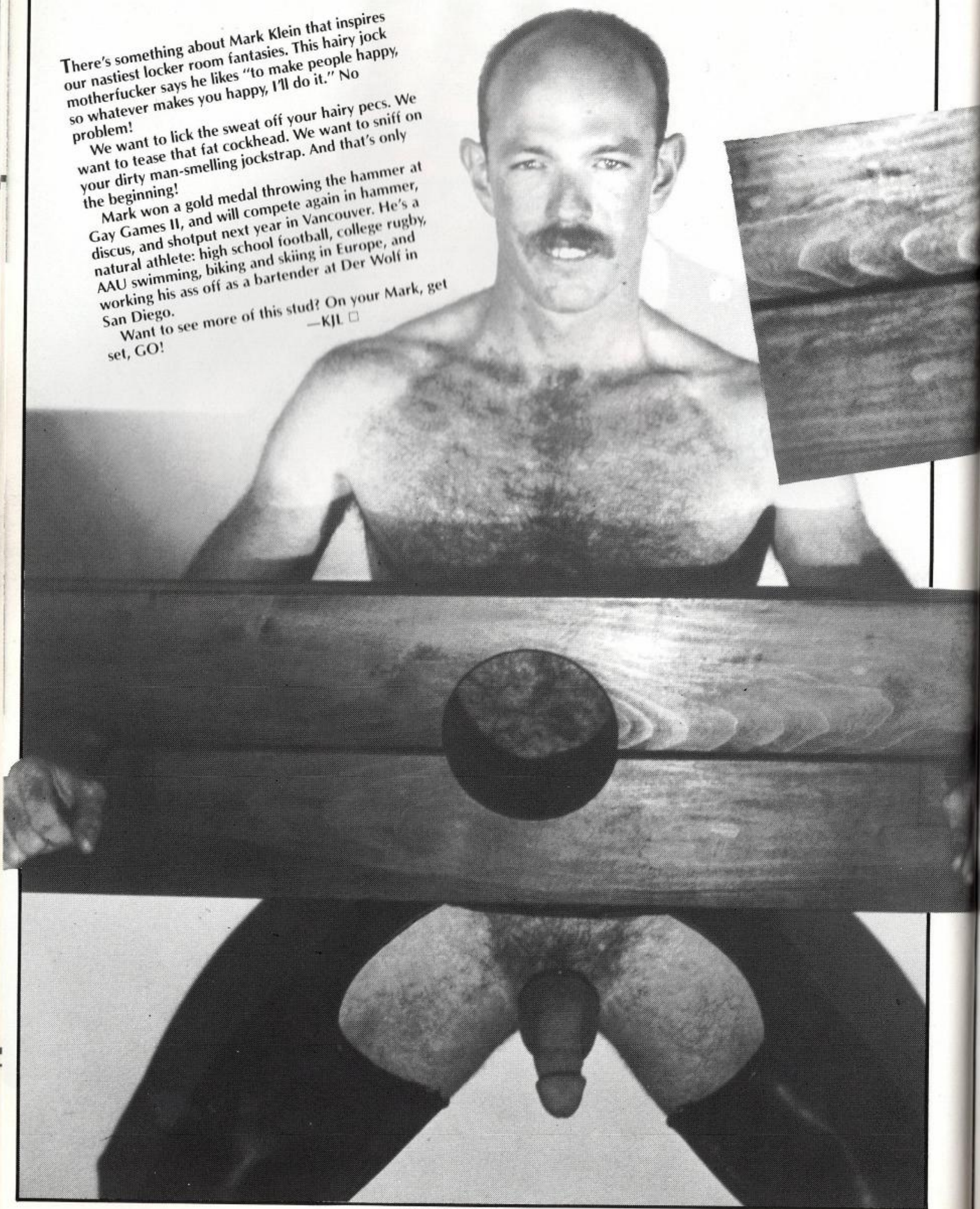
There's something about Mark Klein that inspires our nastiest locker room fantasies. This hairy jock motherfucker says he likes "to make people happy, so whatever makes you happy, I'll do it." No problem!

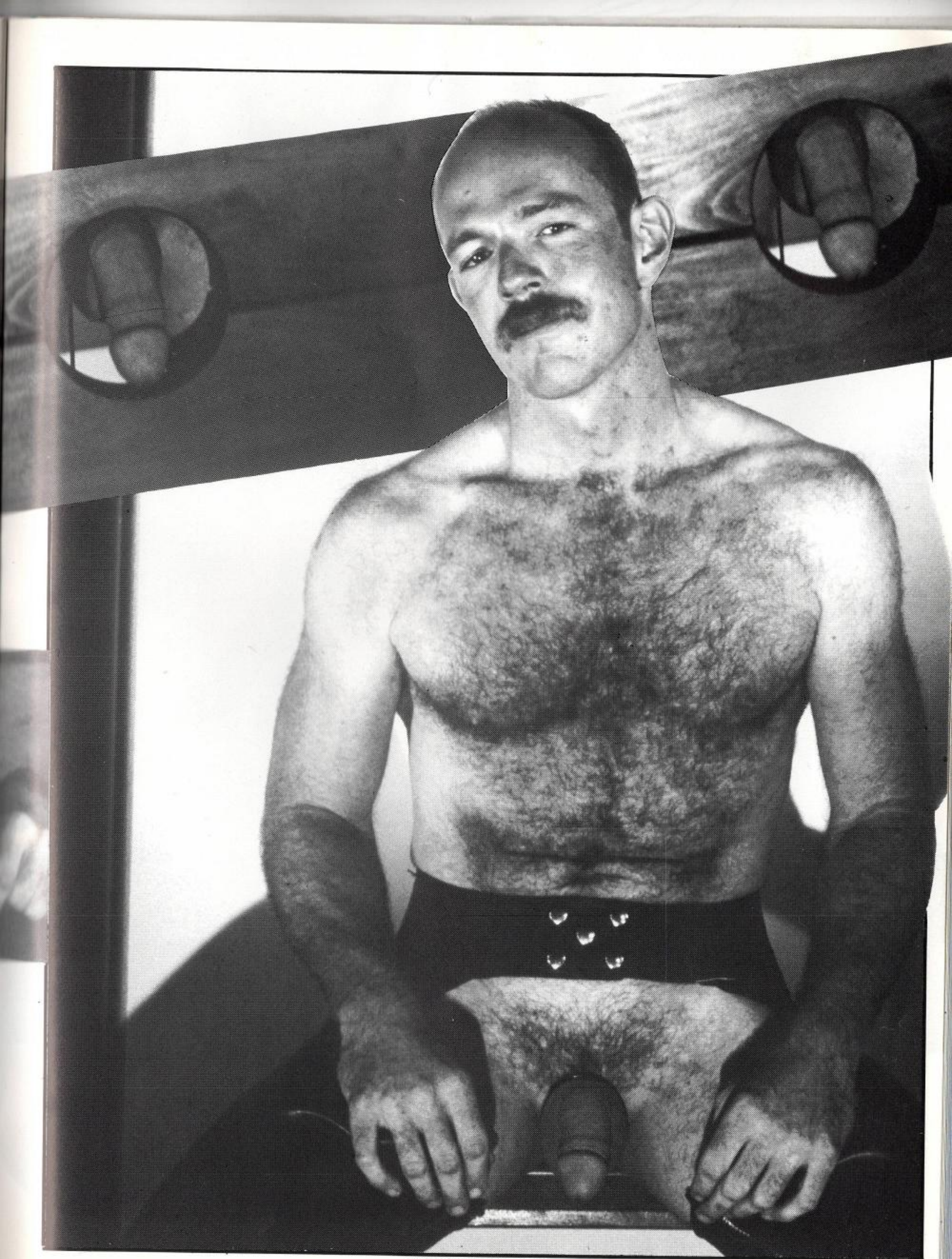
We want to lick the sweat off your hairy pecs. We want to tease that fat cockhead. We want to sniff on your dirty man-smelling jockstrap. And that's only the beginning!

Mark won a gold medal throwing the hammer at Gay Games II, and will compete again in hammer, discus, and shotput next year in Vancouver. He's a natural athlete: high school football, college rugby, AAU swimming, biking and skiing in Europe, and working his ass off as a bartender at Der Wolf in San Diego.

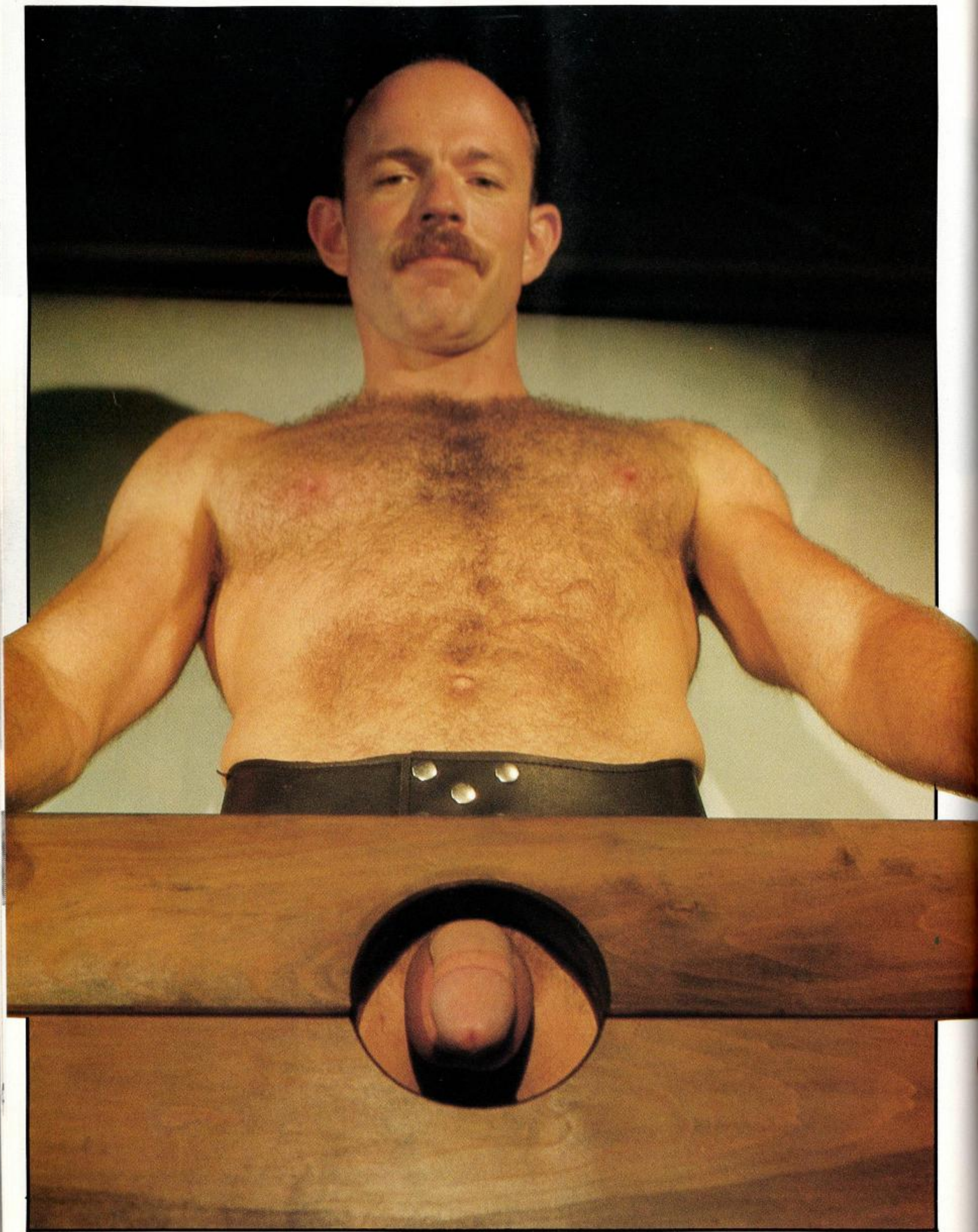
Want to see more of this stud? On your Mark, get set, GO!

—KJL □

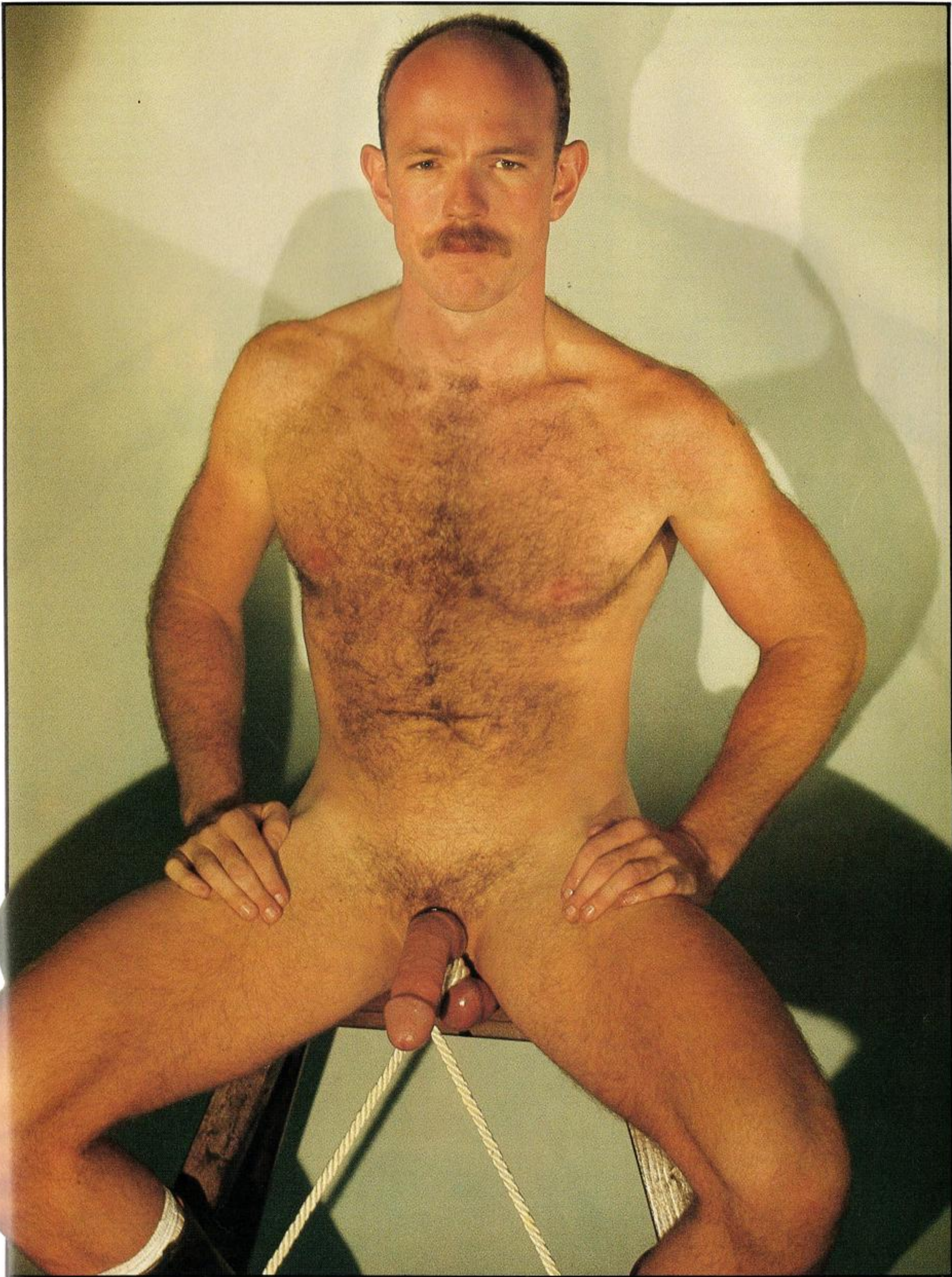




DRUMMER 126



DRUMMER 126

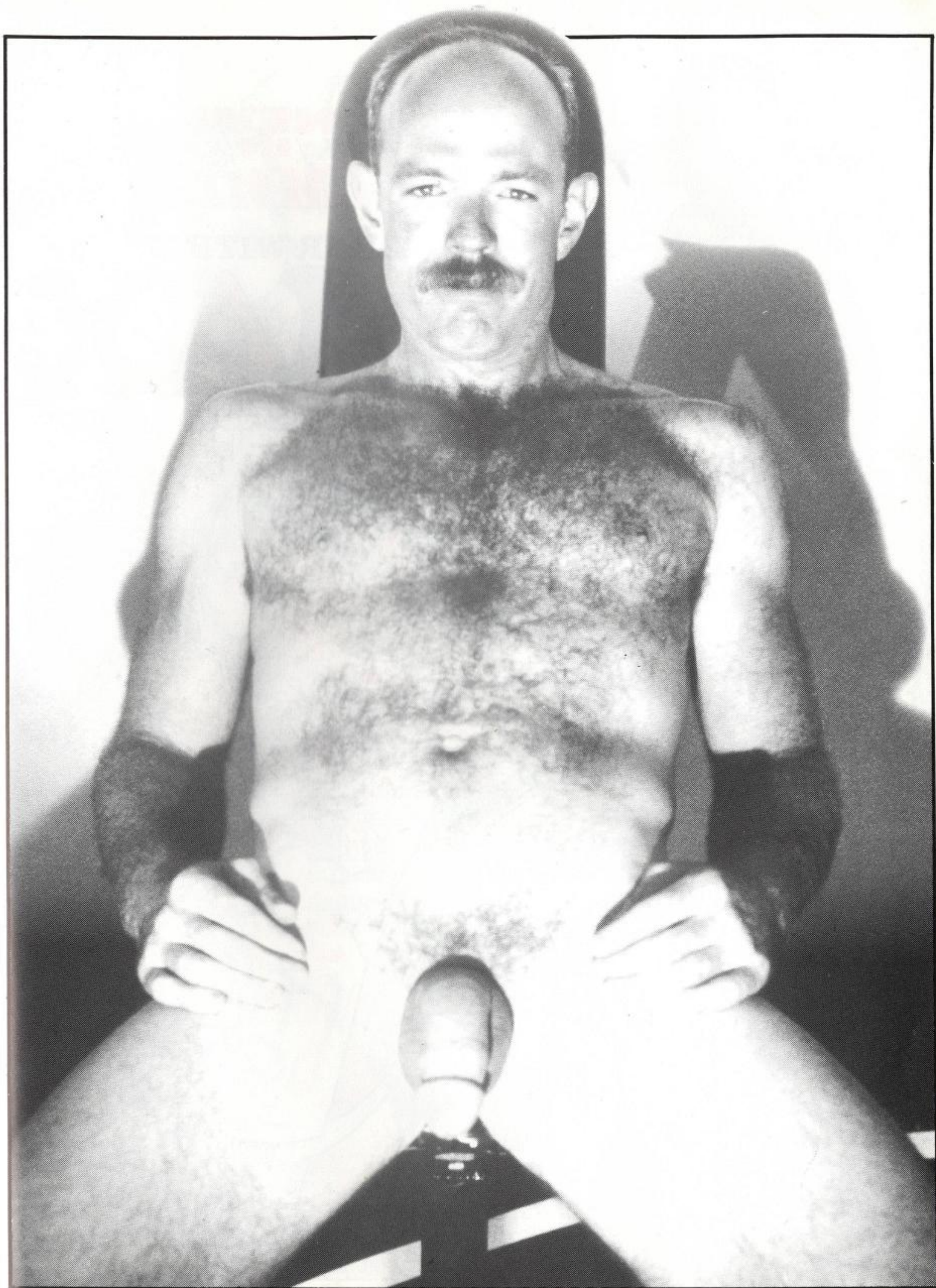


DRUMMER 126



DRUMMER 126

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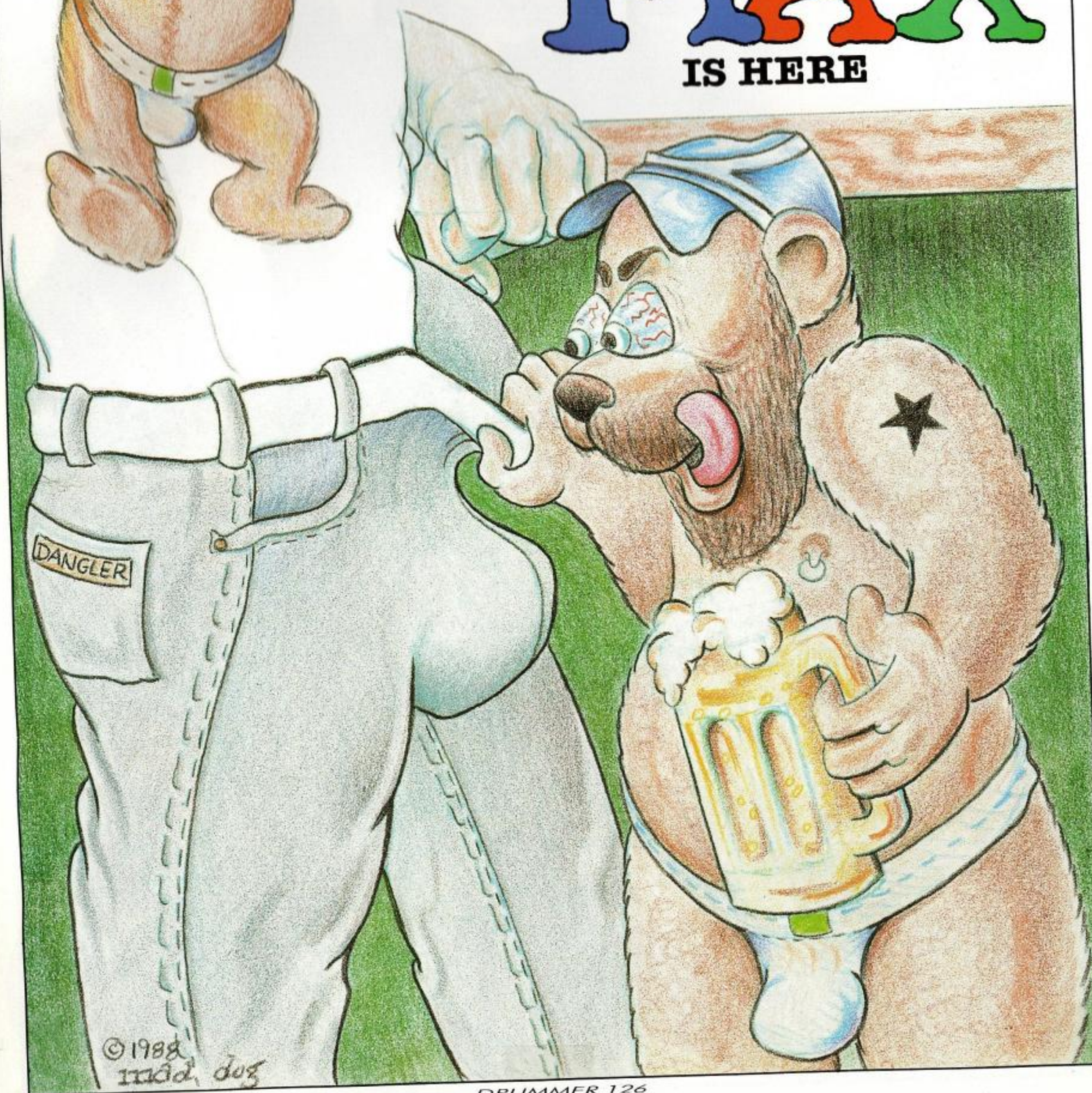


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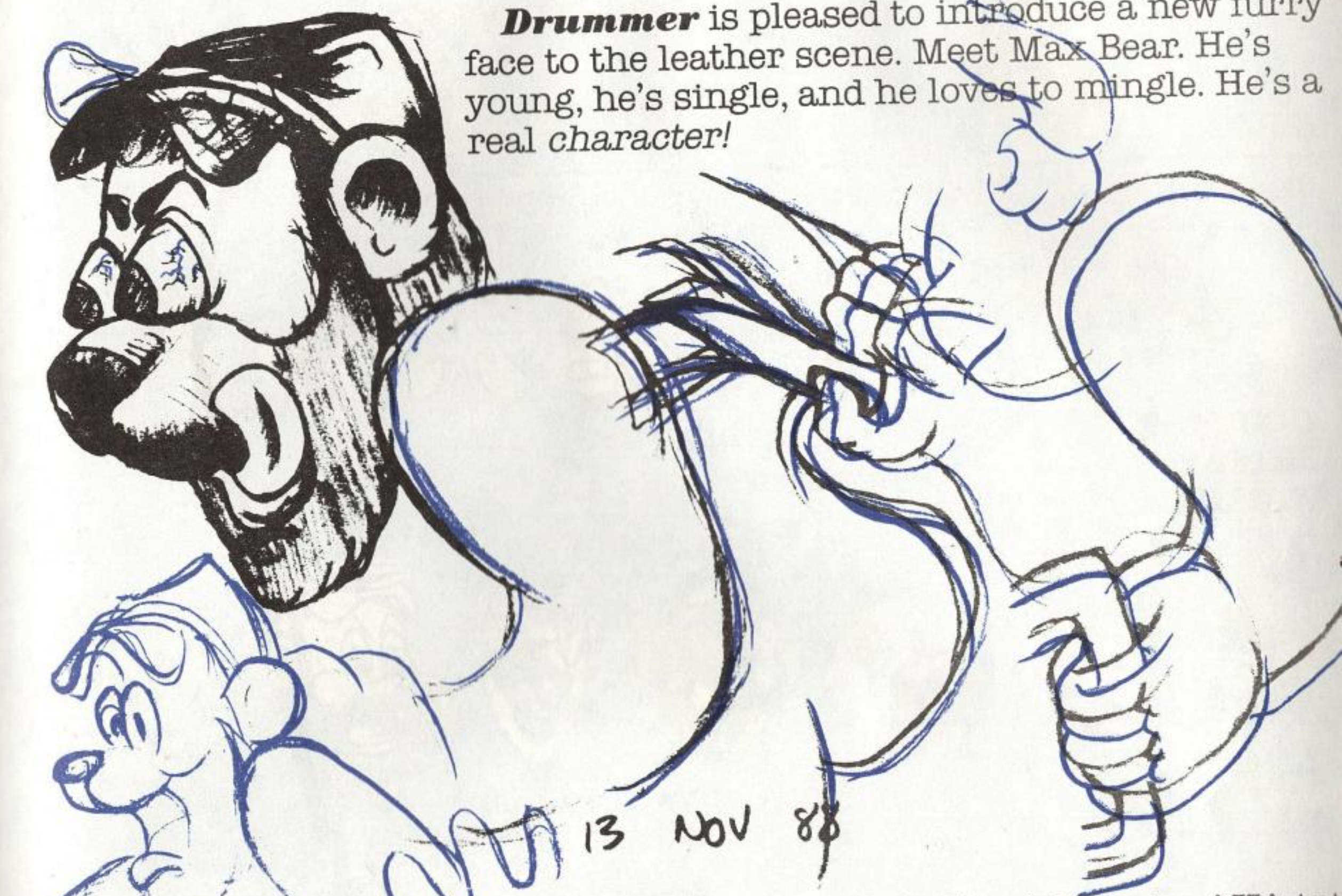
BEAR WITH US

MAX
IS HERE

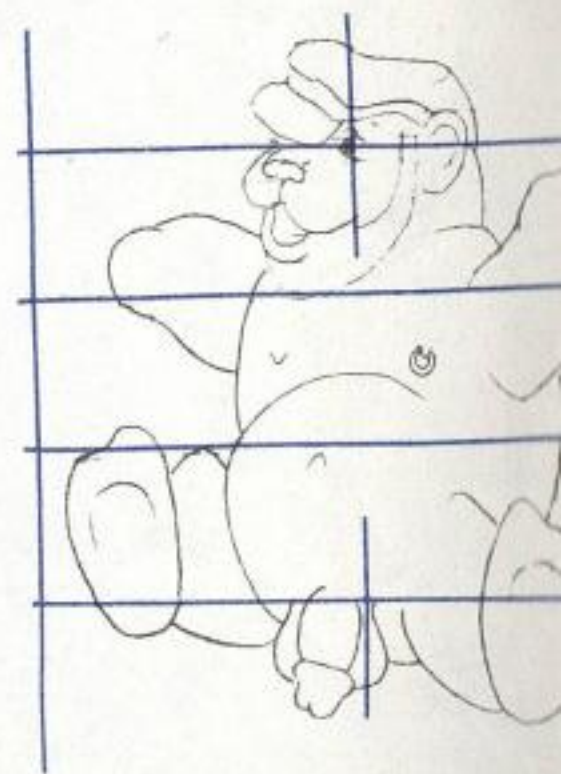


©1988
mad dog

Drummer is pleased to introduce a new furry face to the leather scene. Meet Max Bear. He's young, he's single, and he loves to mingle. He's a real character!



Max is the creation of Robert Roberts, AKA tattoo genius Mad Dog. A familiar San Francisco face for ten years, Robert has been tattooing everyone in sight for the past three. The serpent that adorns our coverman Colt Thomas' bicep is a Mad Dog design.



Since our Bear issue was such a hit, we're certain our readers will find Max unbearably adorable!



PROFILE

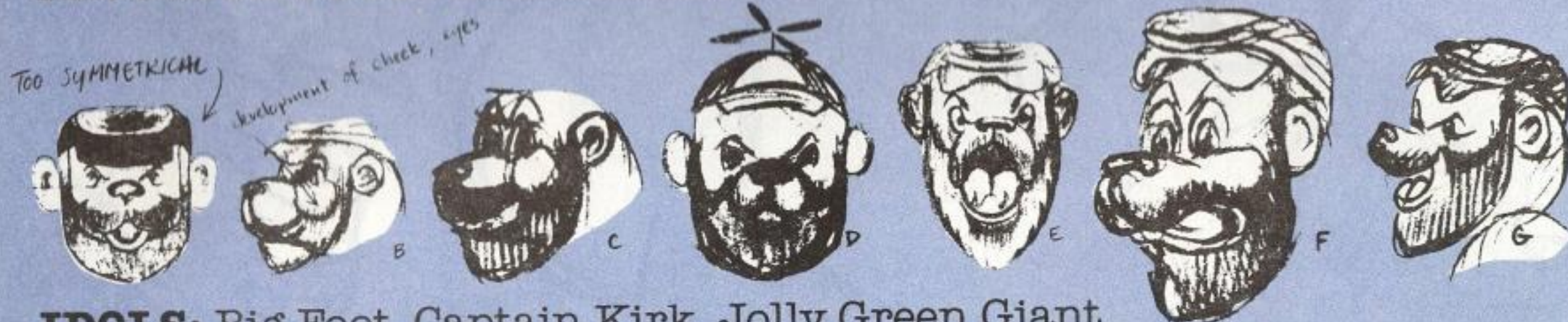
DATA: Born 20 November 1988, San Francisco
12:04 pm
Scorpio Sun, Aries Moon



OCCUPATION: Cartoon personality

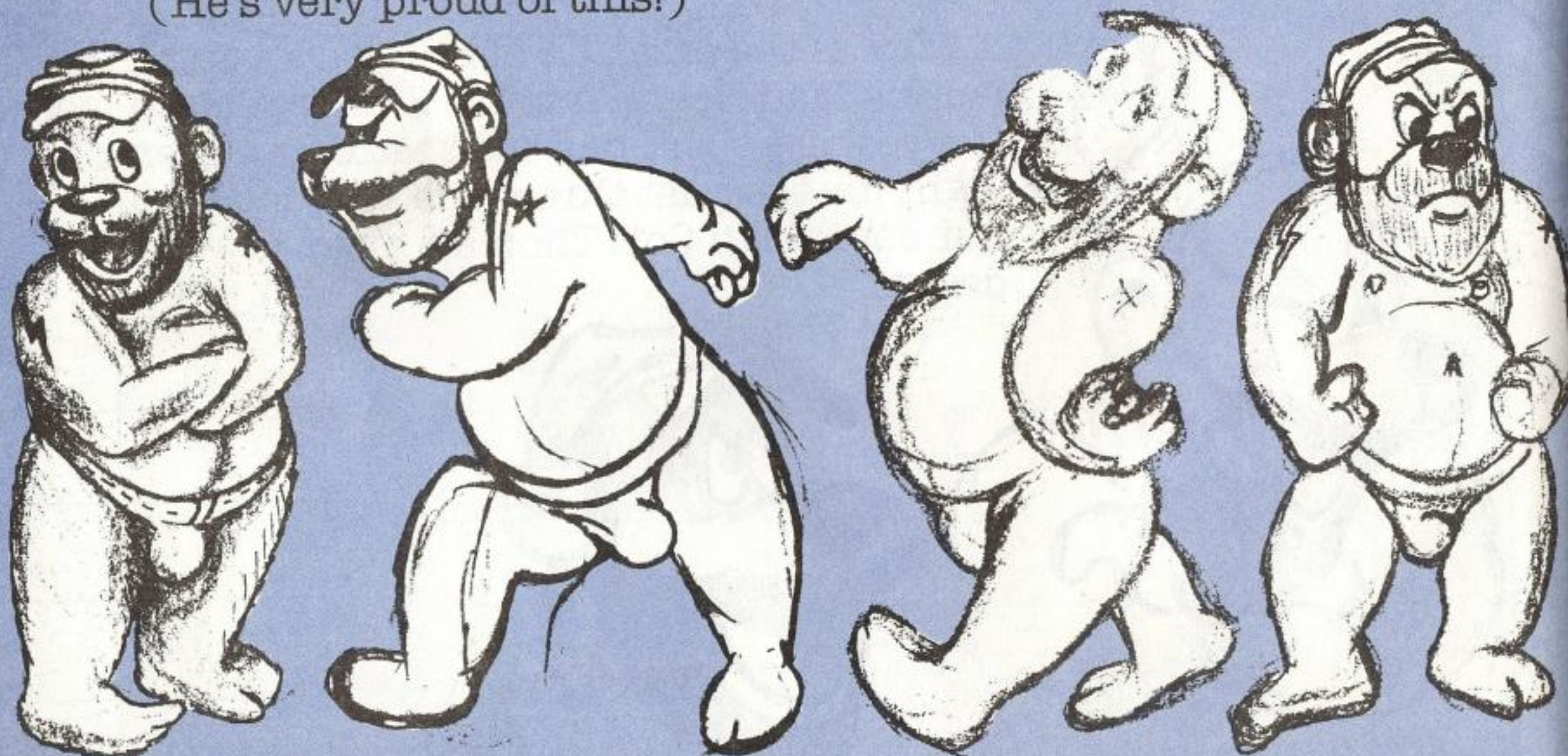
HOBBY: Freelance proctology

FAVORITE FOOD: Cookies and Beer



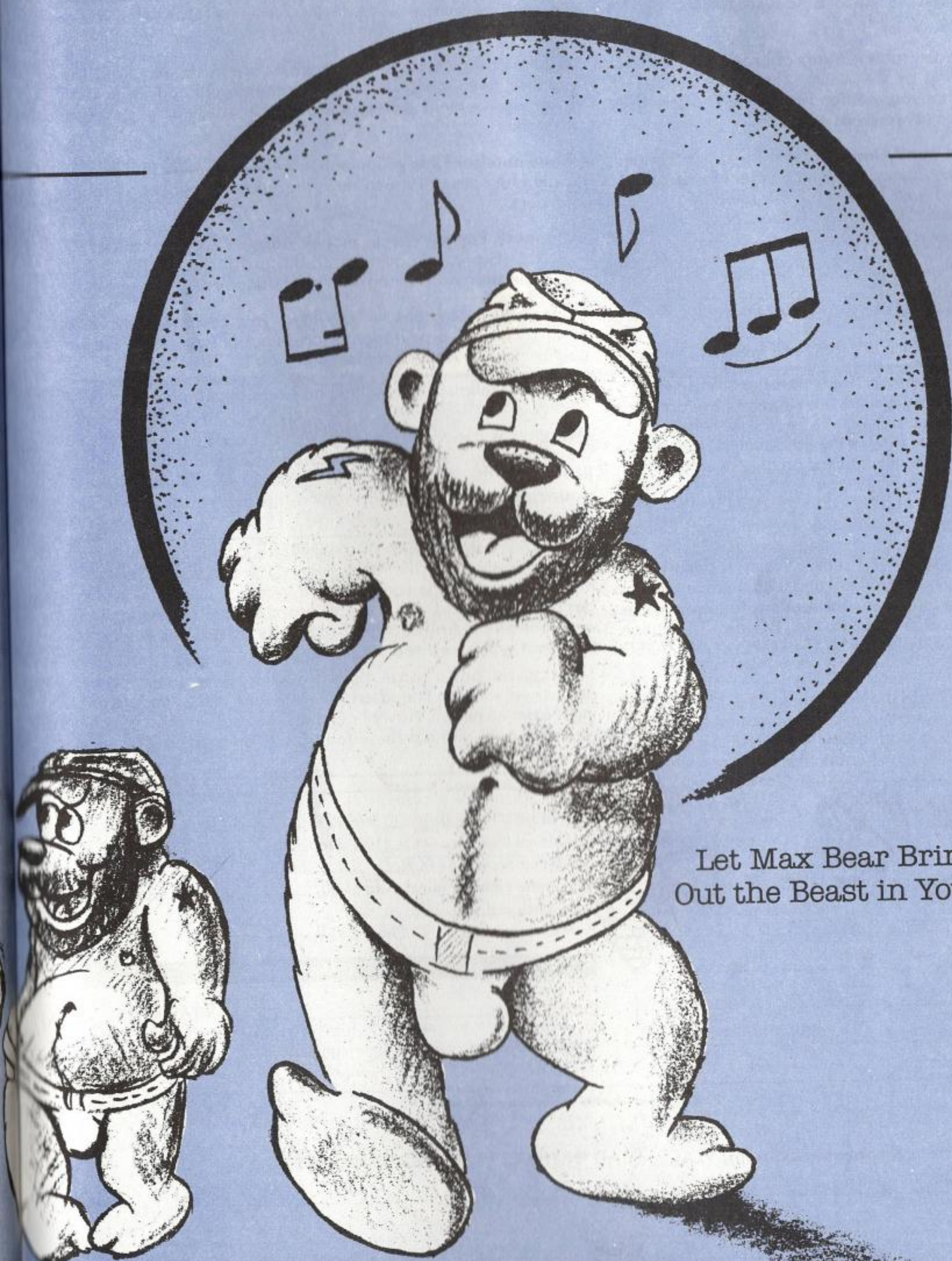
IDOLS: Big Foot, Captain Kirk, Jolly Green Giant

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Touching his toes
(He's very proud of this!)



LATEST BOOK READ: "The Wind in the Willows"

GOAL: To star in a porn film with Mel Gibson



Let Max Bear Bring
Out the Beast in You!

© 1988 mad dog

We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 (repeat, **60**) days for your ad to appear. WE MEAN IT.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them *or else*. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose seventy-five cents (75¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges,

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads *only*.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without **your** return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your **50-word** ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the **50-word limit** to allow space for everyone else's. **Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.**

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 75¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Signature: _____

(I am 21 years of age or older • Signature required on ALL ads)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum) PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

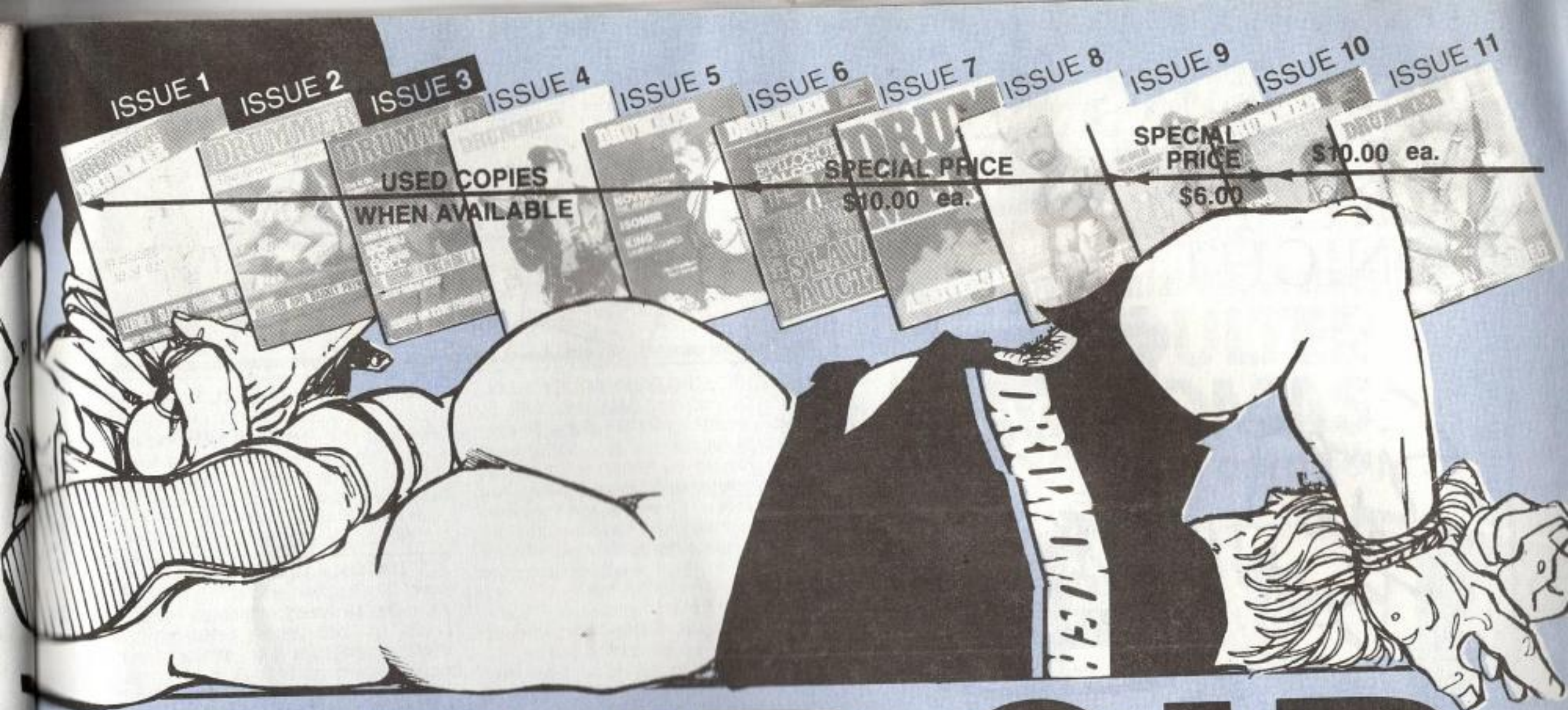
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Additional Insertions—×____(10% discount)..... _____
Box Number (Add \$1.00)..... _____
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Total Enclosed \$ _____
Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Please make checks payable to **DESMODUS, INC.**

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express



DEAR SIR:

NATIONWIDE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Aggressive bottom looking for one night of being completely controlled. Bind me, gag me, make me beg for more. You're in control (if you're man enough). Send your photo and detailed letter of intent. Box 6692.

CREWCUTS, USMC HI & TIGHTS

Flattops, haircutting, or bodyshaving turn you on? Meet others sharing these interests. Video, photos, local parties, newsletter. CLIP-PERS, Box 5871, Santa Monica, CA 90405.

LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stories! Let's tie him down; gag him; roll his nipples; frig his butt; tickle him mercilessly; then milk his dick for a finale! Straight and bi-guys who need (cock) control... punks, thugs, cops, military jocks, and businessmen. Mr. N.P., PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Box 6695LF.

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone. John, (212) 889-5477.

DISABLED?

See: Organizations heading

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, tan, W/M slave animal, 34, 5'9", 172 lbs., blond, seeks demanding, innovative, muscular, hung Black Master for workouts, S/M, CBT, paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek/French, B/D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack, PO Box 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035. Letter, phone, photo, instructions, please... (LF6406)

U.S. MUSCLE—EUROPE

See West Germany section.

CUM ON SON

Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather, jockstraps, body-hugging spandex. T/T, V/A, shaving, fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship. Dad can give or take. Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo/phone—Al, Box 1356, Mad. Sq. Sta., NY NY 10159. Box 6700LF.

GRANDAD

Horny Sicilian Bear Dad (45) with hungry bear boy (35) is looking for a Silver Bear Dad (55+) of his own. Let's get together and teach the boy a few new lessons. PO Box 2251, SF 94126.

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to: Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Box 6398LF.

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters, 28/31, bearded, tattooed and pierced, seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather, discipline, bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF.

TOP BB LEATHERMAN WANTED

by GW couple to make them beg. Top: 5'8", 153, bl/br and moustache. Likes VA, CBT, weights and FF. Bottom: 5'9", 100, br/br, curly hair and moustache. Likes to worship BBs legs, pecs and biceps with his tongue. Your picture will get ours. JDR, 107 Wood Hill Trail, Augusta, GA 30909.

JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

A new correspondence club forming designed for men into leather, bondage, toys, etc. Send a SASE to PO Box 9221 Stockton, CA 95208-1221. For fallen angels 21 and over.

LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdad, 56, 5'9", 170#, gray hair, full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has life partner, needs bright, hard working son/servant, 21-45+, to be dad's naked sex toy and to complete family. Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. Box 4733LF.

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

G/W/M, 30, 6'2", 175 lbs., well built, successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall, healthy, hung, in-shape, protective and caring Master/Dad 32-40 for lifemate and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going, creative, financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF.

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive. Interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. Me: unusual WM, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard, loner, masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004.

OPENINGS FOR SLAVES

Wiccan Master owns primary slave. Expanding household has room for 1-2 additional slaves. Serve year or longer. Low-stress, spiritual orientation. Could be ideal for HIV+ or mature slaves willing to learn, desiring obedience, submission, and opportunities for personal growth. If extremely serious and willing to make substantial changes in your life, write: Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN55408.

COUPLE SOUGHT

by lean, dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to develop, contribute to working, trusty, healthy, open, sexual relationship in live-in setting. Responsible, fun (sometimes partying hard), and stable partners/buddies, 21-40, desiring third mate committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately, please write. Will relocate. Box 6705LF.

FANTASIES BORE ME

I am a Harley rider, computer professional who lives in blue jeans, boots and leather. I'm looking for a man with similar interests to suck my dick, fuck my ass and get his dick sucked. Good man-to-man sex now, kink later. Permanent a possibility. Box 6440LF.

COMPETITIVE TYPE BBs

Opportunity for real beefy BB who needs a master to transcend routine for further muscle gain and discipline. Letter with photo to G.B.L., B.P.13809, F.75422, Paris, Cedex 09 France.

LEATHER NAZI

38, 5'8", seeks same or redneck cop-type. Heavy-duty Nazi conversation. Fucking around relationship. Geff Hewell, POB 272364, Concord, CA 94527.

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and toy submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs., Top. LF4883.

HOT AND KINKY BODYBUILDER

38, W/M, hairy and healthy BB has a big juicy hole for an aggressive man. Truckers, cop leathermen serviced to your specification. Gloved paws a real turn on. No scat speeders. J.B., PO Box 410034, San Francisco, CA 94141.

FACESITTING

Safe. No scat. Top or Bottom. Letter/Photo. PO Box 204, Station F, Toronto, Ontario Canada M4Y 2L5.

DAD SEEKS B/B SON

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., provide opportunity for full-time training return for submissive son. Possible live-in your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

CRYPT TONIGHT

Simply
the
Best!!



Dealer Inquiries Invited

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ISSUE 12

ISSUE 13

ISSUE 14

ISSUE 15

ISSUE 16

SPECIAL PRICE

\$6.00 ea

LEATHER CROTCH/HARLEY IRON

MAVERICK Motorcycle Dude needs a Hungry crotch-cannibal: My leather-cock is Screaming to be sucked into your leather-head. Reveal yourself my brother, as a Sexual-Beast/Leather-Brat: Obsessed with Lust. Plug into power flowing from my throbbing Harley engine under our 2 Hard-On leather crotches. Yeah, fucking the machine; Fucking you! I'm hunting for Part-Time sex-slaves leading to uncomplicated, but serious meetings. You are bottom, masochist, submissive. You're younger, firm bod, healthy and workwise self-sufficient. I am 50, tall, firm bod, healthy, bearded, leathered, rubbered. I'm Top, Sadist, Master, obsessed w/FETISH-SEX in codpiece leather pants, hoods, high boots (and indulge in Black-Rubber!) Those are my DRUGS and fucking Obsessions. I'll rush our senses with Devil-Gas for a Rebel-Mass. And will drill my thick cock into your hooded-head! I live in SF. No need for "medical students" (no tubes, piercing or enemas on premises). "Live-In" NOT available. You are malleable, I'm not. Apply w/photo to: WIZARD, PO Box 640033, San Francisco 94164-0033. (6897LF)

COUPLE SEEK BUTCH BOTTOM

Hot hairy masculine Sir and his boy looking for butch masculine bottom with good attitude in the right place. Must be in shape, healthy, and willing to take orders. Sir-boy both handsome, 210 lbs., 185 lbs., good hunky build, well hung. Novices welcomed, will train. Respond with photo. Boxholder, PO Box 1572, Paramount, CA 90723

MACULINE, MUSCULAR

GWM, 41, 5'9", 155, hairy chest, balding, un-cut, hung 9, versatile. Must like nipple work & have a nice hard round receptive rear. Kiss & cuddle a plus. A photo would be nice, which I shall return. Thanks. Kent. Box 6851.

GUT PUNCHING/WORK OVER

Central Ohio man, bodybuilder, very handsome, 6', 190, 28, seeks other musclemen, jocks, tough guys, 18-45, into gut punching, stomach scissors, and other abdominal feats of strength. I'm tough enough to put my gut to the test! are you? Photo/phone. Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755-9520.

HUNGRY HOLE

Hot bottom, 33, 6', 155, has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMen into heavy assplay, FF, dildoes, GR, FR, shaving, tits, Leather, toys, light bondage. S/M. Write PO Box 1245, Indianapolis, IN 46206. (LF6942)

BLOND GD/LKG FUCK BUDDY

31, 6', 190, blue eyes, moustache, thick hung dick, usually submissive. Hot, rugged, sweaty safe-sex. Truckers, travelers welcome. West of Chicago. Brad (312) 820-9088.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY BOY

Shy, passive boy/kid next door (31, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and mustache) seeks top muscular dad/big brother (30-45) that can guide both in brains (mentor) and brawn (BB). Enjoy rough sex and into leather, uniform, and western fantasies. Box 6232LF or call (303) 237-5515.

100% TOILET BOTTOM

Men living, visiting, or passing thru Seattle—I'd be honored to be used as your toilet/urinal, bootwipe, boy. Singles, groups welcome. Age, looks not relevant. Mutual filth freak OK—I'm tall 6'2", brn/blu, stach, 200 lbs., 37 yrs. boy. Anxious to feed Sir(s). Write: Box 6840LF.

READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative Master. Rugged attractive early fifties. Offers trim slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility. S/M you have only read or fantasized about becomes reality. Descriptive letter receives application. Become exceptional slave once and for all! Tom, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123. (5760LF)

DADDY HAS EVERYTHING

except 20s-30s. companionable, cute or BB, live-in (NYC) slaveboy/son. Need sane, successful top, commitment, belonging, new HOME, dedicated life of sex service without sleaze, loneliness, or futility? Full, frank application with photo(s) now. Lifetime opportunity, fulfilling lifestyle. Start a new life this new year! Box 6324LF

MASOCHIST/SLAVE

SIR, WM, 34, 5'10", 165#, needs to suffer pain, torture & to provide total toilet service for Master. slave needs bondage, piercing, hair removal, whipping, permanent marking, fisting, dildoes, CBT & training in ass worship & total obedience. please give this worthless piece of shit a chance. SIR. Box 6839LF

300# GWM SADIST MASTER 48

wants toilet slave with thin waist. Remove shirt for inspection photo. Permanent possession open now! Be submissive and obedient. Send limits, details and fantasy. Bondage-Pain-Love. Spend 25¢ sending what you have today for results. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55433. PS: I hope you have a very "Happy New Year".

SON WANTED

Executive Dad, 50 years young, 6' tall, 195 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks submissive son. Into light S&M, bondage, and long-term, loving relationship. Letter and photo appreciated. PO Box 75414, Seattle, WA 98125.

HOT TOP SAN DIEGO

Handsome, hairy WM 33, 5'10", 180, great pecs and tough nipples. In shape mind and body. Seeks same in hot masculine bottom. Mild to intense safe scenes. Not interested in sniveling cocksuckers. Send photo, details and desires to Occupant, PO Box 16532, San Diego, CA 92116. (Box 6836LF)

NYC/CAN TRAVEL

WM, 35, 205, 6'1", beard, husky, attractive, seeks younger, verbal, in-shape man into using piss to degrade and dominate some homo, turning his mouth into your urinal and him into your on-call pet cocksucker, foot-kisser, asslicker, serving boy. No wimps, queens, pigs, drunks, fats. Send details/pic. Box 6224LF

LONGJOHN/UNIONSUIT GUYS

Looking for guys into unionsuits, longjohns and underwear. 39, 5'11", 175 lbs, into most underwear/uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 WBarry, Chicago, IL 60657.

DOWN UNDER LEATHERMAN

Hot Australian male, 33, 6'2", 180 lbs. Lives in country beach-house with well equipped Dungeon in Sydney, invites other Top-Men (USA only) to try to dominate this master of bondage, shaving, and heavy SM. To broaden his experiences, by written fantasy, photos, phone or in person. (Macintosh user) Box 6732LF. (International Postage required).

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COPS ONLY

You protect—I serve. W/M 27, masculine, healthy, discrete. No fakes or bullshit. Photo appreciated, returned. G. Stanka, Box 2642, 8033 Sunset, LA, CA 90046

GOT AN ACCENT?

Want a blowjob? SF area, but I like mail. Pref. skinny guys, smooth dark skin. Box Alpha.

BOY/SLAVE

Good looking eager to please hot hung Daddy/Master. 1-519-749-0881.

SLAVE BOY

5'8", 140, 28 smooth looking for fit top to train this eager novice. Relocation possible. San Diego, Mark 619-284-1839.

BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs., trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair/eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional/retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

GENTLE MASTER

50s, tall, slender, bald, glasses, educated, seeks thin, quality-type live-in slave capable of obedience, giving and receiving love in Los Angeles. Send detailed letter, photo, and phone now to Box LF 6309. All applications answered. Box 6309LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/week-end training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36, 5'11", 210 lbs., blue/blond, demanding—leather, Levis, boots, whips, bondage, pain, service, suffering and servitude. Hank, (612) 690-4167. (LF6457)

ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD/TOP

36, looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for laid-back to heavy encounters. Big brawny blond/USMC/cop/BB, pro-wrestlers, footballers a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the postage. Send photo/phone. Occ., PO Box 91181, Henderson, NV 89009.

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

in shape (5'11", 175 lbs., 42" c, 31" w), size (8" cut) and attitude, seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So, get it off now to this 43-year-old Tom's man at Box 6683LF

BONDAGE & TICKLE TORTURE

Seek ticklish guys (tops and bottoms) for begging, pleading, hysterical laughter. Box 6813.

PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot, GWM, in good health, 33, 5'10", 160, blond/blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into S/M, Leather, safe raunch and lots more. Willing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271-5352.

SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular, trim, well-built master 36, 6'1", 150, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary, weekend, who is trim, under 35, well built. Limitation accepted, but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 195, New Hope, PA 18938 (LF6453)

LEATHERED BOOTED MASTER

Tall tough top needed with equipment and toys for intense control bondage verbal physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man visit friendship. Box 6523

I SUBMIT

Top-like body, slave mind. I need to be shackled, trained by the right master. Chief interest is your abuse, control; secondary interests: leather, VA, CBT, bondage, body-punching. One-nighters OK, prefer relationship where you'll make me your slave, dog, punching bag—your desire. Me: 6'2", 190, 35. You: 25-45, facial hair, non-fat or fem. Texas. Box 6896LF

HORNY PHOTO FREAK

gets his nuts off on your dirty photos. Anything goes, the raunchier the better. Solos, duos, gangs, cum shots, piss, you name it. Let's swap and get it on, or I'll come and photograph your scene for you. Box 2251, SF 94126.

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W/M, 42, 5'9", 150 lbs., beard, pierced, seeks in-shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching, vacuum pumping. Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S, etc. Safe Sex. Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write anytime. Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137. (LF6508)

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old, 6'2", 195, blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy/houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25, intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex, send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF.

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

SHIT FREAK

Looking for a fellow shit eater and dirty ass sniffer for monogamous living together relationship. Let's keep our noses up each other's filthy assholes and eat each other's shit. If you're as turned on by shit and raunch as I am, are ready for a one-to-one relationship, and are committed to staying healthy, let's get acquainted. NYC relocation necessary. Am 40, 165, average build, masculine. Box 6800.

LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 45, 5'8", 145, Br Hair, Blue Eyes, who loves wearing black leather. Looking for young white male with dark hair and facial hair, in shape, who loves to wear black leather all the time. Looking for permanent relationship. Write ED, PO Box 192, Three Bridges, NJ 08887 (LF6899)

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____
Signature _____

I realize these cards do contain nudity and it is alright to
mail them to me at the address above.

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HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch baby's hot writhing male cunt pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash-twat welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

This middle-aged farmer is looking for an upbeat, aggressive partner into motorcycles, leathers, boots, tight butts, muscles, hard work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits, and REAL bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian, hard physique, HIV-negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149

RUBBER/RAUNCH/CIGARS

Cigar-smoking, foulmouthed rubber raunch pig WM, 43, 5'10", 160, beard, uncut, seeks other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in the Boston, MA area. Uninhibited raunch including piss, shit, fun drugs, booze, leather, uniforms, lots of smoke & rubber, CBT/T, enemas, catheterization, Satanism, etc. Box 6438LF

EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER

who is also bottom into FF, dildoes & leather would like to hear from any other AFA, NCS or bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge & limits. Washington state. Box 6116LF

MOTORCYCLE/MOUNTED COPS

Looking for dominant guys who are into motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, leather, uniforms, bondage and cop workovers. Need info on how to get genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 8204, Richmond, VA 23226. (LF6366)

BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, auditioning healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30, anxious to please and train for BB competition for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application. Box 6356LF

PROPERTY

Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11", 160, secure, healthy, rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental/physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER

Looking for one special man to build life together. I'm honest, hardworking, responsible, strong, successful, understanding, masculine. 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuilder. Background: college, Air Force, construction, crane heavy equipment operator, trucking. Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being outdoors, raising/training horses/dogs, wearing leather, good friends. Box 6550LF

TRAINING & GUIDANCE

First the blue hankie right, then the red hankie right, now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right tit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling. Is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and guidance sought. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033

LARGE MASSIVE HANDS

with thick fleshy fingers wanted by masculine WM, 6'2", 190#, 35, hung, big nuts, hairy legs, good build, healthy, bearded, triperced, seeking equal same for mutual assplay, punch-fucking, hole expansion. Open to sincere, mutual relationship. Check me out for quality. Box 6855

SON/SLAVE WANTED

to serve Master Daddy, 6', 170#, 45, HIV-Neg. Daddy offers love, discipline, SM, BD, WS, commitment. Son is 18-30, slim, smooth, loving, submissive, excellent cocksucker, needs to serve and be OWNED. Relocate San Diego. Serious slaves call (619) 224-1706 or send application letter with photo to Box 6872

RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR HIRE

6'2", 185 lbs., youthful, goodlooking, masculine. Navy vet, no vices, disease free, sensible, intelligent, middle-aged, horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You, owner of sizable, operating ranch farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor, slave training and discrete, lasting relationship. Modest pay required. Box 6816LF

HOT/READY TO PLEASE, SIR!

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leathermen. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym—Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624LF. Hot talk, call Rob anytime. 312-472-5664

HANDSOME BUTCH LEATHERGOD

Heavy duty Nordic bodybuilder Top stud pees, hung pierced pussy ripper, throbbing manhole enlarger, encased in bulging cod-piece, tan staved for exhibition. My ripped manhandler body needs a mature well-positioned hungry fuckmouth, pissface, boot-licker, muscleslave, pigman to suck worship juice. Tough hard action, letter, phone, photo required. Box 6835LF

DAD SEEKS SON

40 yr old into B/B seeks son to coach in daily workouts and wrestling training with some bondage and leather sex. Good home and lots of training & discipline to right young man. Will help you reach your full potential physically, mentally and sexually. Write w/ photo, phone to Box 6832LF

TORONTO GUY

5'8", 150 lbs., 34 years old, bearded, versatile, seeks man-to-man sex, raunchy and rough with the right guy. Like beards, jockstraps, wrestling, leather. J.D. verbal, spit, tri-slapping and ass-bellings—big bearded men specially welcome to write. Box 6830LF

DUNGEON WAITING FOR LEATHERMEN

Top and bottom. Top couple with full dungeon equipped loft in Village (NYC) waiting to provide pleasure to hot leathermen and kinky guys into safe sane activity. Private sessions or party times. Several gatherings every month. Write 2nd floor, 183 Christopher St., New York, NY 10014. We carry on in Mineshall tradition.

HUNKY FOOT MAN

Tattooed weightlifter is nosing out Foot Men into Feetsoxgymshoesthicktoedsweatodors jockscrowdroughpunchesdomination orderstrainingleatherbootsroughsubmission. Box 3338LF

CHEESE CADET

30, 5'6", 135, blond, 6" cut, seeks uncuts only, 30 plus. Vanilla to extreme kink. Southern Connecticut. Box 6877

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES FOR BOSTON MUSCLE BOY STABLE

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM 6'2", 175 lbs., working man into hot intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, S/M, heavy Assbeating, Assplay and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities. to PO Box 683, Ogden UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter, phone and photo. Box 6829LF

PETERBILT AT LARGE

Hairy and horny trucker seeks good buddies for safe man-to-man action and a warm bed. I drive Interstates 5 thru 95, north, south and all places in between. I like greasy levis, leathers, boots, horses, bikes, trains, trucks and the men who ride them. I like to pitch and catch. If you can help a trucker unload, please send me your phone number and the best time to call. Got a photo? Got a buddy? All are welcome. Write to Reb L, PO Box 64094, Sunnyvale, CA 94088-4094

SONS GET OFF ON DADDY

From wronged sons' kinky wrath, this stud-serving Daddy won't flinch. Hot ass & stiff nipples primed for a boot, thrust or pinch. Bound naked & gagged to stifle the screams, caused by condom-capped cock pounding his throat & hot-waxed hole's seams. For anything goes fun, call Bob (305) 274-4773 (Miami) after midnight.

YOUNG, HUNKY SLAVEDOGS

wanted by two safesex Masters to worship their masculine bodies. Earn that privilege with heavy VA, spankings, TT, CBT. Be a real slave to us individually or together in hot threesome. Photo essential with respectful plea to serve. Master George (52, 6'2", 190, NJ). Master Jim (42, 6', 185, PA). Box 6879

MANHOLE SPECIALIST

Long Beach, FF Top, white, 47, good-looking, 5'9", 155 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, seeks white 21-40, good-looking, masculine, in-shape, FF Bottom, for long, safe butt sessions. Will be traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FF Bottoms Nationwide. PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or call (213) 438-0917. Married & bisexual also welcome to apply.

BRUTAL MASTERS

Slave is looking for very heavy scenes with one or several Masters. Bondage, torture, heavy flogging, hoods, electrocution, immobilization, piss, cigarettes. Pig slave is 29 and likes to be punched and kicked by both blacks and whites. Box 6492LF. (International Postage required).

SMOKER'S COCKSUCKER

to service macho bikers, truckers & rednecks. Smoke Marlboro, Camels or cigars while this cute little cum/piss boy does his job. A man needs a cocksucker to dump a load into. Poppers, beer, piss, sweat, tattoos, VA, BJ lineups, foulmouths, hung dicks, beards. Bring me to my knees full time for groups of bikers, truckers or one-on-one. You'll cum, Buddy! Box 6347

HOT COPS/UNIFORMS

Handsome airline pilot, 34, 5'11", 168 lbs., 8" cut, thick, with skintight CHP/LAPD uniforms seeks similar men. Worship my tool, zipper, boots. Phone/photo. Box 6852

WHERE IS MY PIMP?

This white boy needs you, Sir. Please write Box 6886.

HAIRY BEARDED MAN

in transition from top to bottom, seeks nationwide contacts with Masters who can handle a strong cocky guy needing domination. I'm masculine, 6'3", 200 lbs. and prefer macho hairy non-smokers into VA, leather, humiliation, bondage, spit. Also like blue collar guys and short, built daddies. Safe sex only. Box 6246LF

HEY, ARE YOU "FUNNY"?

If you love to suck cock and write comedy material, we'll travel. Box 6887

YOU ARE SPECIAL & UNIQUE

a for-real, for-life sexslave-houseboy, smooth & trim, young (any age), & healthy, sensual & sexy, true to yourself & others, totally committed & devoted to serving, servicing & loving two 8 1/2 years monogamous Masters, 40, 6'2", 170 and 57, 6'10", 165. Masters Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. yes, boy, there is a tomorrow it's today. Box 6702LF

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes, into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrocution, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

LITTLE MEN WANTED

under 4' tall. Hot, hairy, beer-bellied, Italian Dad, 5'9" looking for anything goes sex with hot men of small stature with big ideas. Photos, letters, and whatever else necessary to lead to meetings. Box 2251, SF, CA 94126

BASEBALL PLAYER WANTED

WM, 5'9", 150, 33 seeks All-American baseball player 33+. Pro, semi-pro, or minor leaguer who needs a Guy Friday or personal assistant. I understand the importance of discretion in your life. Not out to make trouble. I just need a baseball playin' buddy. Box 6926



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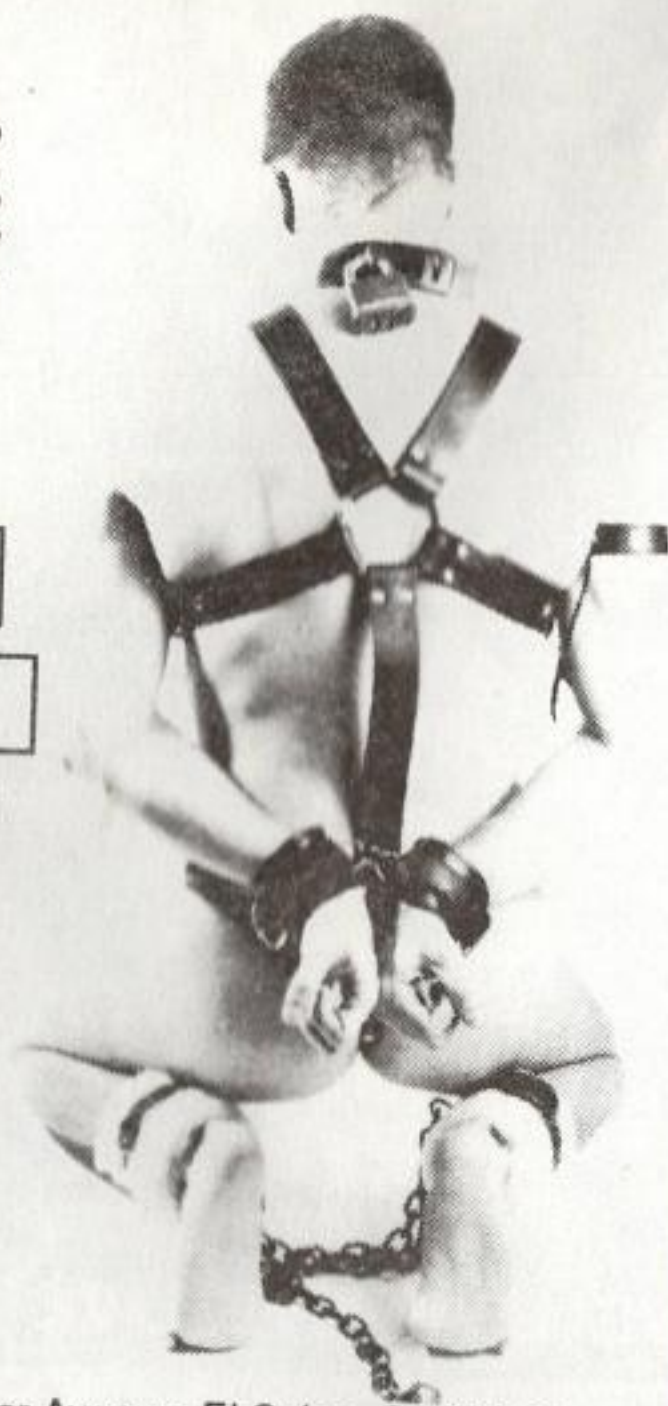
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ISSUE 36

TOP SON

Submissive Dad wanted by hot, short, straight-acting son. You: 30-48, protective, masculine, strong-bodied, quiet kind of guy who needs to completely satisfy son's needs. Your cut dick, natural, heavy low-hangers, receptive ass and throat are for son's use/abuse. Son: young 40, demanding, playful, imaginative. Let's clamp those nipples/pull, twist, slap those Daddy balls. Not spoiled yet, son has expectations of a Dad who knows his son can do no wrong. Plusses: tall, muscular. Detailed applications to Box 6927.

STREET WISE AND HOT FOR SEX

look for same. Long hours, alone, groups. Substance, sexual, sensual. No roles, no attitudes, no limits. Can travel. Box 6919.

i am a muscle slave

willing to submit to a handsome Master to 45 yrs for verbal abuse, bondage, hoods, gags, t.t., C&B work & whippings (safe sex only). Slave is 38, 165, 5'10", very handsome bodybuilder with brown hair, eyes, moustache & smooth body. Master SIR, i await your letter & photo so i may begin to serve you. Box 6917

ENGLISH TOURIST

Ex-military guy, 5'11", 177 lbs, 52, touring states in '89. Wants to experience American scene. Would like to meet masters willing to share gear and slave or will submit to your orders and punishment. Box 6913. International Postage Required.

COUNTRY COUSIN

Place your ad now. Send photo, \$10.00 now. Box 130872, Houston, Texas 77219

FUN & ADVENTURE

Creative and humiliating public/private games/challenges followed by appropriately predefined rewards/punishments per quality of performance. Slim, safe, intelligent Top Guy 20-40 sought by tall, handsome, W/M, 36, open-minded, inexperienced. Boxholder, Box 981, Portland, Oregon 97207.

SHIT

Hot WM, 30s, 175, 7", construction type, seeks hot slim, younger slave type shit buddy with big hole, huge turds for mutual fucking, sucking, smearing, fists & toys. Serious hot pigs only. Rocky Mountain area. Picture, photo gets mine. Box 6911

WANTED: SLAVE/BOY

Small, fairly young with strong desire to serve. Permanent position. 24 hr control. Master: White, 50, 6', 175 lbs, businessman, demanding, kinky, loner, homebody. To apply, complete detailed resume/life history & photo a must. J.A.C., 2372 Ingleside Avenue, Macon, Georgia 31204

GERMAN SLAVE BOY

45, 6'3", 180, boyish slim, hairless, shaved pubic area, visiting USA, Canada, January-February '89 is to serve as naked houseboy to a group of big Black Masters and rapists 18 to 45 for 3 or 4 days. Boy is to be gang raped often, spanked, kept naked in house, car, outdoors where possible, rented, auctioned, exhibited, hooded, blindfolded. Never has permission to cum but needs to be forced to play with his peepee and keep it always very close to cumming. Boy will pay per day. No scat, piss, heavy pain, unsafe, please. Boy can travel anywhere. Will send nude pics any position as ordered. Send detailed orders with phone. Boy will respond all letters. International postage required. Box 6928

BLAST THOSE ABS!

Want to toughen that gut? Want to challenge those abs to see how much they can take? Partner sought for two-day to week-long, gut-screaming, get-those-abs-in-shape workouts. Building abdominal endurance and toughness will require hundreds of sit-ups, leg raises, crunches, scissors, gut punches, medicine ball work, and a willingness to push each other until our abs scream for mercy—and then to push even harder. By day two, our abs will be so sore that everything from taking a run to taking a shit will feel like a major abdominal workout. Our abs will take all we can dish out, or we'll be doing paddle push-ups or having our balls flicked until we beg for more gut work. Let's push our abs to new levels of endurance and toughness. If interested, get down right now and give me 100 sit-ups (200 would be better—make those abs hurt!). If you don't finish, don't write. If you're worried about throwing up from too much ab work, or about how sore your gut might be the second day, don't write. If you do finish, and want more, if you believe abdominal toughness is the measure of the man, and if you believe your abs were meant to test your willpower, write and suggest a workout. Chuck, PO Box 1093, Minneapolis, MN 55458

EXECUTIVE SEEKS SLAVE

Handsome, very muscular, dark haired executive, 35, 6'1", 180, (9" thick) is looking for a high quality slave who wants to be completely trained to be an executive assistant and to service this very HOT Dominant Top. If your body is not in shape now—it better have very good potential. If you are intelligent, loving, affectionate, obedient, and very willing to learn, you have a big advantage. You will be trained to socialize in powerful circles and you will live as a Prince as long as you serve me devotedly. You would live with me, travel with me, work with me and play with me. You would be my companion, my valet/slave and my executive right arm. I will relocate you if you succeed in convincing me that you are completely qualified. Send your detailed application (with photos and phone #) to PO Box 3697, Minneapolis, MN. 55403.

40 AND OVER

Masochist/slave seeks experienced 40 and over Sadistic/Topmen in Ala, Tenn, GA, & VA for overnight and weekend rituals of pain and pleasure. Box 6918

FEED ME HOT SHIT

Shit eater (my own) needs tall, masculine, endowed Top to feed my hungry mouth and fill my gut with big loads of hot, hard turds followed by recycled Bud. Am HIV negative, you must be same. Cops, bodybuilders, cigars a plus. Near I-95 in DC Metro area. Box 6910

BONDAGE, LEATHER, BOOTS

Dutch, goodlooking, versatile, leatherclad bootlicker, 33, 5'10", blond, ready to travel and meet intelligent leather Master for safe, imaginative, heavy bondage scenes, hoods, gags, VA, TT. Playroom? Dungeon? Photo and international postage required. Box 6912

BOYSTUD REDUCED TO SLUT!

Do fantasies of humiliating arrogant smooth boystuds turn you on? Punk mohawk turned into slut, swim team captain in panties, cute gymnast meets brass knuckles, crying boystuds as pissholes, bootlickers, pets and toilets, etc. Let's exchange written fantasies. Box 6905. Canadian Postage Required. Paul



DEADLY SERIOUS, GENUINE

41, seeks individual or cult who is willing to grant the ultimate wish, offering myself for total sexual torture, surrender, sacrifice. Prefer inverted suspension. Age, race, looks unimportant. Also will do same for similar minded individuals. PO Box A3704, Chicago, IL 60690

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE REQUIRED

Hard work, strict rules, real training, strict discipline, secure, healthy, safe living. Solid building for future offered by established Master in quiet smaller city atmosphere. Respectful application to: Mr. Jensen, Box 454, Fargo, ND 58107

SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 26, novice, smooth body, 8" uncult cock, seeks muscular Top for discipline. Enclose photo with letter. PO Box 330774, Miami, FL 33233-0724

EXPERIENCED COCK WORSHIP

You: 35 years old or younger, in good shape and cut, tight stomach a plus, can give verbal abuse with long staying power. Me: 33 years old, hunky, masculine and handsome to worship your cock. If you're a man who gets the message then call Jon, Miami, Florida Keys (305) 451-6056. No phone sex. Leave message on machine if I'm out.

HEY YOU

You son of a bitch sitting up there around pretty flowers while I cringe in darkness and the pain of prison. 28 year old black male, lustful, frustrated, intelligent, sure of myself seeking millionaires to access the poetry of me. Mike Brighon, 85C335, Box 975, Cox-sackie, NY 12051-0008

SOMETHING TO SURRENDER

Truly masculine submissive with straight lifestyle, healthy, goodlooks, seeks truly dominant man with mean streak who knows the value of owning someone and feels it's his right. I'm 5'9", 165, Italian, dark hair/eyes, moustache, 31. I'm humble, inexperienced but ready to have you make me give it up. Boxholder, PO 104, Queens, NY 11426

EXPERIENCED DADDY/MASTER

accepting respectful applications. Versatile, good looking, Dominant Top Man. Smooth, slender build, 40s, respects/expands limits, all scenes, all applicants considered. No restrictions. Mr. Cook, #8, 791 Wedgewood Dr., Columbus, OH 43228

40-60 YRS. SERIOUS ONLY

Tall, bootied, 6", 190, 36, hot 8", in shape (into what, "most don't"), dig levis, leather, sweat, pain, tit work, oil wrestling, aroma, endurance, long sessions, etc. I like what you do. Top or bottom? Real men only. No fats or fems! Truckin' south, let's get it on. Jim, PO Box 53-0992, Miami, FL 33153 (6974LF)

WANTED: TRUCKER'S BOY

47 yr old trucker seeks young boy to train for ownership. Learn trucking from the bottom. Permanent only, no bullshit. Will provide what you need. Weekends—(209) 298-6527 Box 6057LF

WILD BOTTOM

WM, 43, assussy needs assplowing from hung, in-shape Tops, 28-40 yrs. Into domination, VA, spanking, TT, C&BT, groups, shaving. Love big cocks. No scat, FF, damage. Me: 5'5", 130 lbs, beard, submissive. Hank (312) 989-4236, Box 25182, Chicago, IL 60625. (6973LF)

SERIOUS B&D BOTTOM WANTED

Submission scenes, bondage, verbal abuse, frat hazing, military discipline, light S&M. Bottom is muscular WM, 25-35, enthusiastic, spirited. Positives: college jocks, construction workers, intelligence, correct attitude. Negatives: raunch, drugs, BBs, excessive hair. Possible relationship or Master/slave. Top is 41, 5'8", 160, HIV-neg, clean shaven. Descriptive letter w/photo, phone. (6971LF)

EXPERIENCED TRAINER

wants tall, muscular men for Viking warrior/slave training. Weekend or one-day sessions. Safe sex or no sex. Financial aid available for qualified trainees. Box 6969

SON WANTS HAIRY DADDY

Novice son, 27, wants hairy Daddy, 45-60 and physically fit, for training in B/D, spanking, shaving, etc. Write with photo and letter. Box 6966

BONDAGE MASTER WANTED

GWM, 6', 170 lbs., 33, attractive, intelligent, is looking for a position as bondage slave. Into leather, rubber, (semi-)permanent bondage, incarceration, etc. Please write to: Box 6965

SUBMISSIVE SUGAR DADDY

Scandinavian WM, 43, 6', 175 lbs., short blond hair, blue eyes, no facial hair, smooth athletic body, hot ass, working out regularly; into S/M, TT, whipping; often in the US; seeks sadistic Master BB 18 to 30, any race (black or PR +), not under 5'10", with smooth muscular body, exteme short or long hair +, tattooed +, straight +; reply if possible with photo and phone; Box 6963 (International Postage required)

JAKE THE PLUMBER

Bearded natural man, 35, 5'11", 170, blue eyes, intense, seeking similar blue collar, bears, bikers and brutus with big balls and backbone. Call (401) 521-4378, leave address on machine.

HANGMAN'S NOOSE IS TURN ON

34 year old GWM needs correspondence from Tops/bottoms into leather/levis, uniforms western gear who get off fantasizing about bondage and S/M scenes around hangings/lynchings. Call (206) 322-7854. Let's talk. Or write Box 6961

BOY/SLAVE/DOG

W/M Master, 40, 6', 8", nice balls and muscular into L/L, B/D, S/M, TT, shaving, prolonged ass play, toys, FF, safe & sane. I require a slave to serve my every need. You must be dedicated to this lifestyle, 18 to 30, must be in good physical shape and into complete submission. Must be into having your ass disciplined and limits expanded. Send photo and fantasy with application. Box 6959

CAPTURED AND TORTURED!

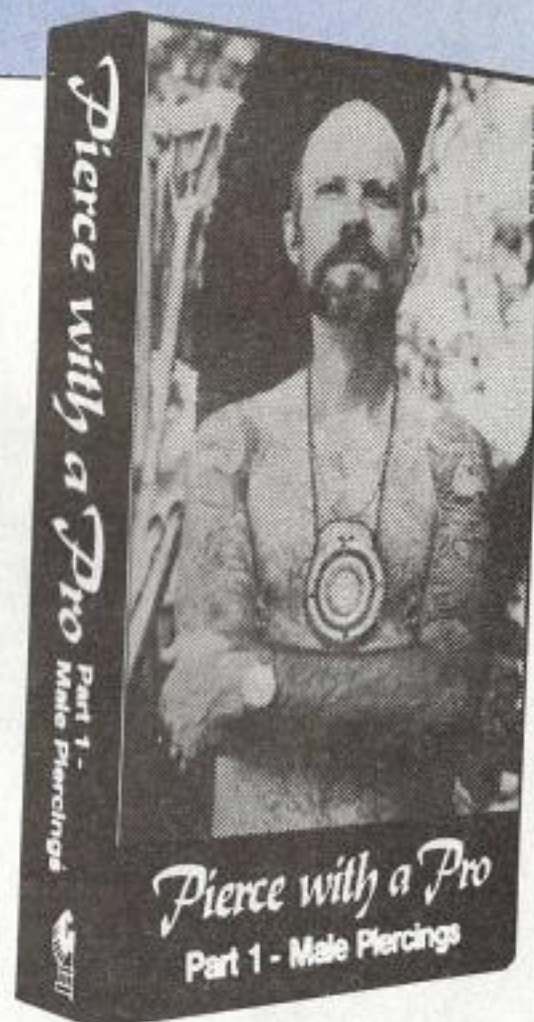
Are you young, in-shape, imaginative, and searching for dick dripping adventures? WM, 30s, lean, muscular, masculine, versatile, seeks others for historical torture fantasies, challenges, in safe, sane, discreet, injury free atmosphere. Let's live those movie scenes, writhing, sweating, groaning, toughing it out! Send ideas, limits, photo. Box 6129LF

MASTER SOUGHT

who will train a novice slave: 32, very slim, submissive, obedient, eager to learn and please. Can travel to US for extended training. Serious replies only. (International Postage Required) Box 6980

Hot New Video For Piercing Fans!

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Here's the video you've been waiting for. Detailed, step-by-step, live demonstrations of 9 male piercings. Gorgeous color plus an interview with internationally renowned Master Piercer, Jim Ward. VHS, Beta and PAL formats, \$69.95 postpaid in U.S.A. (California residents add \$4.54 Sales Tax; overseas orders add \$7.00 for shipping.)



GAUNTLET

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Los Angeles, California 90069



DIAL-A-DADDY
For Discipline & Training

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LEATHER
MUSCLEMEN
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San Francisco, CA 94101

MEN-MEN & MORE MEN

Must be over 18 yrs. old



GROUP PHYSICALS

Exchange accounts. Researcher investigating group physicals (military, team, school, prison), strip searches, short arm inspections, and hazing experiences. Also interested in participating. Box 6950

LIVE-IN SLAVE

wanted by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is WM, 43, 6'3", 210, Bl/Gr, moustache, hung, and experienced. Immediate relocation to New England necessary. Assistance with relocation necessary. If you are not serious, do not waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 4425LF

SATANIC SLAVE

Hot, 29, goodlooking, tight body needs sadistic satanic Father to tie me to cross and offer me in hell. Into whipping, piss, scat, BD, SM, heavy ass play. Satanists, please write with descriptive letter. Box 6949

WANT TO HAVE TINY DICK

Goodlooking, 35 yrs, heavy masochist/slave searching for kinky doctor or medical expert to surgically make my small endowment even smaller. Have been counselled, am very serious. Not a fantasy ad. Will pay costs, sign releases. Live in LA, but can travel to you. Anyone who can "connect" me will get finder's fee. Can be done as a scene but not necessary. Please, serious only reply. Box 6948

AM A DICK

9" long cut cock, big grade A egg size hairless floppy balls hang 4-5" low. A display piece on 5'10", 135 lbs., youthful, smooth skinned, Nautilus trim, tight, defined, independent non-smoker, masculine, military-Mohawk short-hair, healthy HIV-neg. Multiple climax-able, imaginative & open. Into 3x+ J/O everyday, safe creative rec sex, cock worship, performance & show, slave scenes, ceremonies, milkings, slow tease, C&B devices, CBT, confessions, hypno-sex, exhibitionism, shaving, fantasies, porno, art, computers. ISO: same-size well hung sexgoons, gods, dickheads, dorks under 165 lbs. & photo-penpals. Write: Dick, PO Box 11336, Alexandria, VA 22312

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVING

Novice, GWM, 37, 6'2", 220 lbs., dark hair, beard, moustache. Seeks others into haircuts/headshaving for correspondence, photo exchange and mutual scenes. PO Box 54123, Philadelphia, PA 19105

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/BOY

Master 33 6' 170 beard mustache. Slave 18-30 5'9" or shorter lean & tight assed. Start as a bootlicking dog/slave work hard to earn position as daddys boy. Your goal in life should be earning your master/daddys approval. Limits respected (safe). Photo-phone. In Chicago. Box 6772LF

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 40, 6'2", 175 lbs. brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039 (6231LF)

NASTY DAD - RAUNCH BOY

Hot professional, 42, wants pigboy 18+ who worships the taste and stink of Dad's feet, uncut dick, sweaty manhole, pits. Live-in legal relationship possible. Call (415) 550-1751. Visitel compatible.

SEEKING MASTER FARMER

Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois to serve as serf for Master au natural, housed, live with and work as farm inhabitant, self sustaining. Box 6982

SCAT NOVICE

Clean shaven WM, 32, 5'11", 170, seeks other healthy, adventurous man under 35 for safe experimentation. Must be HIV-neg, clean & trim. Am primarily bottom. Uncut & hung a plus. W/S okay. Box 6983

SWISS TOPMAN COMING TO USA

Muscular, darkhaired, bearded, early 50s, 5'11", 160, good shape, perfect health wants to meet masculine, hairy, kinky leathermen, 28 to 50 for extensive assplay, titwork, optional FF, scat and mainly raunchy long rimming sessions. Write with photo also if visiting Switzerland. Boris Rahm, Hardstr. 58, Basle Switzerland. (5048LF)

THE OUTER LIMITS

Interested in fantasy stories or photos of young males or females of legal age who, after being tortured sufficiently and forcibly raped, have their wrists bound, and are hoisted aloft with a noose around their necks. After they stop kicking, what would you do? If you have a horrible, macabre, bizarre story you want to share, tell it anonymously before you check out: use gloves, typewriter, confess, and send a photo(s) if you like. Offer good until June 1989. Box 6953

ALABAMA

LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44, 5'8", 165, seeks men into leather, bondage, rubber, light-medium SM, CBT, TT, WS and raunch. Versatile. Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone. Box 6430LF

ARIZONA

NEW TO LEATHER

Help me discover leather/sex, belted, greek, french, Top/bottom, gentle/strong. Goodlooking W/M, 30, masculine, good shape/works out, professional, educated, good fun. Box 6920

LEATHER SLAVE BOY

28, 6'3", 220#, black/hazel, clean shaven, short hair, butch, needs someone to train, discipline and use. S/M and B/D, leather, rubber and dildoes. Clean me out with an enema. Torture me. No experience. (602) 389-6936. Box 6956

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

SILICON VALLEY MASOCHIST

seeks SF bay area sadist with black leather boots needing licking and who truly enjoys whipping the back, ass, belly, and legs and spreading, weighting, stretching, and squeezing the balls of his partner. M is mid 40s, neg, tall, WM. S must be 30-50 neg WM. Not into FF, scat, WS, piercing, drugs, damage, unsafe sex. Am seeking long-term relationship with levi torture Master. Box 6957

MASTER, 26; SLAVE, 45

Both blond GWMs, invite GWM or Bi couples, single slaves for depraved sleaze S&M sessions in our SF dungeon. Safe sex only; no blood, FF, lasting marks, etc. Bondage, butt-whipping, domination, humiliation and degradation our specialties. No facial hair, heavy drugs. Send interests, method of contact and photo to Box 6945. All letters with photos answered, all photos returned

BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

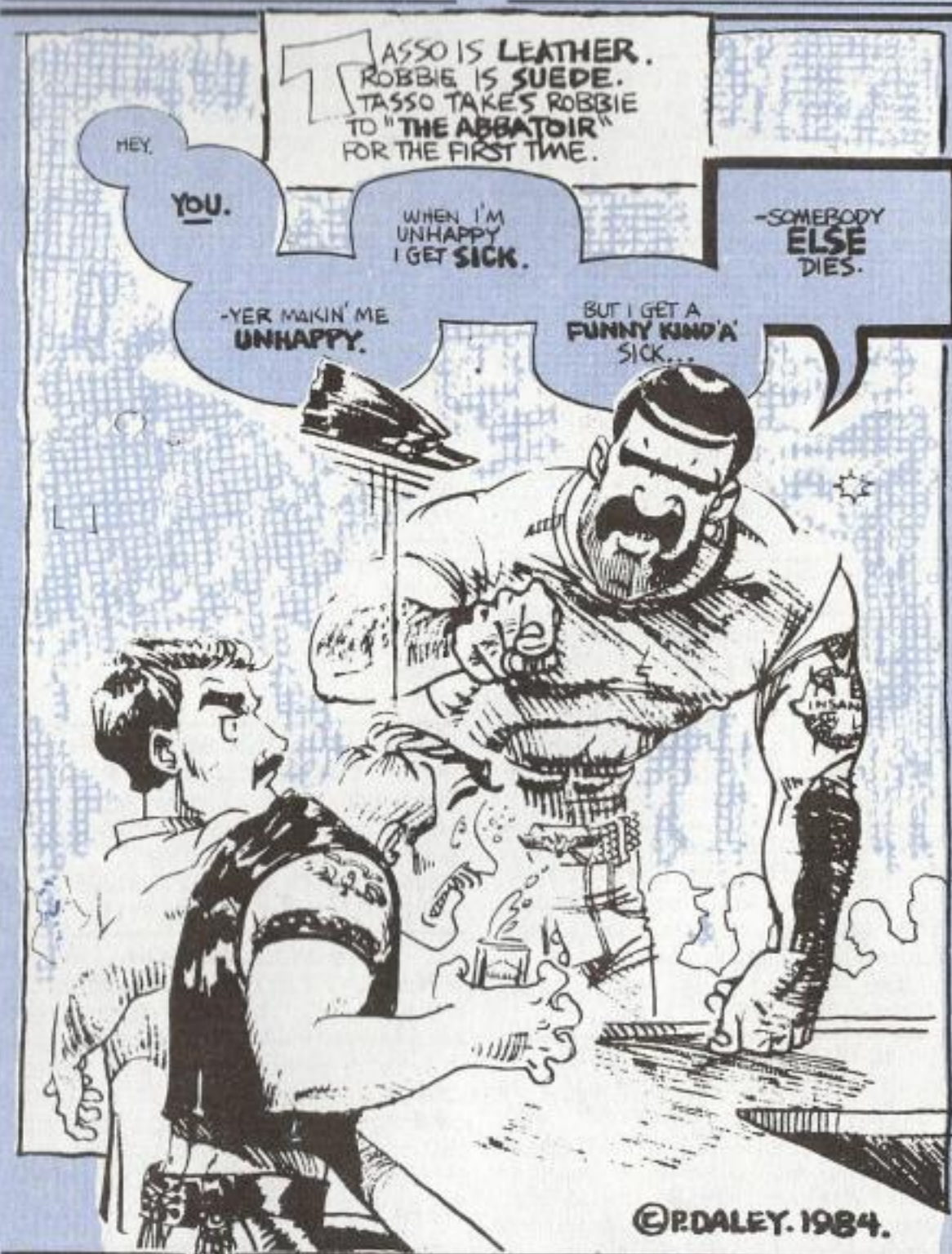
Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, fat, long dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10", brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

JUDGE/JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 6'0" tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes, military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sir! All scenes/people considered. Box 6310LF

HAIRY SF TRANSSEXUAL

Small, submissive female-to-male transsexual (bearded, muscular, masculine, with pussy instead of cock/balls) wants big, dominant bear for occasional/regular meetings, or relationship. I'm intelligent, employed, HIV-negative, clean, natural (without addictions, adornments/jewelry, scents/deodorants); seeking same. No scat, W/S, torture: just safe-sex, bondage. Box 6783LF



DOMINANT SON SOUGHT

By Military Man/Submissive Dad. Am W/M, 40, 6', 180 lbs. Looking for younger man who wants to dominate man in uniform. White only, cleancut preferred. Box 6756

RUBBER

I've got new rubber shirt and jeans and want to meet buddies with similar interests. Box 6758

"MANHORSE" SEEKS RIDER

on back or in cart. Goodlooking 33, 5'10", 140#, eager to respond to reins, whip, and spurs. MRC, Box 1256, Rocklin 95677

WANTED/SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY

GWM Couple: Moving to Russian River or Coastal area. 1st Leather Daddy Top ONLY, 38, 6'1", chubby. Cut thick 7". 2nd Versatile Levi Type 43, 5'8" Cut 5 1/2", 150 lbs. Wanted: man/boy, versatile with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is Always Horny and Nicely Hung—Age 21-29 ONLY. Into Jockstraps, Gym Gear, Safe & Sane Light B&D, Titwork, Toys, Tongue Bath, Assplay, Massages, Kissing & Cuddling, and also into leather or levis a must. Write: Sirs: Phone & Photo & Letters, for a Permanent Position & possible Relocation. Box 6408LF



SMELLY COCKS DIRTY ASSHOLES

EXCITE ME. Healthy GWM really enjoys dirty sex with hot guys. Especially turned on to smelly un-cut dicks. Love the aroma of fragrant shitholes. Squat over me and let me sniff & slurp you clean. Make me tell you how it smells! Phone # & horny letter. Box 6371LF. Hurry!

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

2 LEATHERMEN/ARIANS!

Hot! Hung! Built! We are versatile: 6', 160, 7 1/2", 23, big hands/6'3", 175, 9 1/2", huge hands. 35. Into leather games, bondage, prolonged assplay (dildoes, fucking, FFA), safe sex. You: similar tastes and characteristics. Photo with letter gets our asap. PO Box 14574, San Francisco, CA 94114-0574 or Box 6631LF

SADISTIC BALL TORTURE

23-year-old punk wants sadistic leatherman to tie me down and put me through the manhood ritual of brutally torturing my nuts till I talk/submit—and then going farther! I'm 6'1", 155#, blond, athletic, 7.5" with nuts of steel! Photo. PO Box 2748, Sunnyvale, CA 94087. Box 6776LF

1988 LEATHERDADDY

Western State Titleholder is searching Nationwide for that special boy. My boy seeks a monogamous longterm relationship with Dad in his 40s. My boy is 20-30s, and like his Dad is creative, intelligent, intimate, sensitive, HIV Neg., substance-free, physically attractive, loving, caring, human being who believes in himself and lives his dreams. If you have the wings of a young eagle and the courage to soar with me, then apply proudly to take your rightful place by my side. Send photo and personal resume to S.I.R., PO Box 1616, Guerneville, Calif. 95446. Box 6766LF

BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple, top 35, 5'6", 170, blond/hazel. Bottom 35, 6'2", 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather, FF, dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather, FF, dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. (209) 576-2260. (LF6319)

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425)

OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 32 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, tattooed, seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me, if you can cage me, you can keep me. (Hairy preferred.) Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (LF5439)

SUCK MY FAT DICK

No talk, no games, no friendship, no relationship, no bullshit, no excuses, no nothing except your mouth on my dick till I'm done. Box 6990

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine, white, 30-year-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS

If your place is at your master's feet, licking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air, then you might qualify to be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT, ball weights, whipping, paddling, and WS. I am seeking a tall, trim, muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced, rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter, and phone to Box 4988LF

SAN RAMON VALLEY

Who's out there? Clean-cut, versatile GWM, 35, wants to meet other attractive, leather-oriented guys in the 580/680 area. Open to friendship, hot j/o, bondage, 3-ways, and more. Younger and/or inexperienced guys are welcome. Send photo (preferred), description, and interests. Box 6561LF

TONGUE BATH/TOILET

For smelly facesitters over 40. Shit, piss, toe jam. Looks not important. Blacks/overweight OK. Photo/phone please to PO Box 34-7125, San Francisco, CA 94134-7125

I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nice looking office type, 42, seeks contact with younger, aggressive, blue collar worker. If you would enjoy making me tongue clean your sweaty pits/balls and sniff your ripe asshole, write Chuck. PO Box 51201, Palo Alto, CA 94303. Safe only.

ASS WORSHIP

Squat your hole over my face and let me clean it for you. Goodlooking husky GWM, 33, seeking man who enjoys guy down in front of him cleaning his feet, pits, balls and especially his ass. Sit on my chair and let me tongue-bathe you. T/T, W/S, V/A too. Box 6622LF

MASCULINE, REAL

Hot, masculine, real pervert, 40 yrs, 6', 180#, bl/bl, masculine, sexual, friendly, inquisitive Top (it's what works) looking for similar to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor, big buddy, friend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 6626LF

NORTH BAY DADDY

Leather/levis Masculine early 50's, 190 lbs., good body, pierced tits, HIV-NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced, versatile Top prefer 50/50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping-canoeing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF

63-YR-OLD GRANDDAD

seeks submissives of all ages who will suck, rim, drink, & submit to V/A, B/D, G/S & Raunch. Any combination, all fantasies, provided the ultimate goal is to sexually please this dirty old man! Box 5943LF

HIV POS BOY WANTED

HIV+, W/M, 44, 5'11", 170#, mustache, bald, swimmer's build, leather/military mindset, demanding but understanding, sensitive, caring, non-bar. You: trim, mustache, need leader, support. Discipline? employed, quiet, well-behaved, passive, respectful. Light leather play. No drugs, FFA, headtrips, power plays. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101

EXPLORE WITH DADDY

Tanned, hairy Daddy seeks special San Francisco boy for imaginative action involving fantasy play, tit work, light bondage, foot service, sensuality, mutuality, affection, and safe sex. Daddy is healthy, 48, 5'9", 160 lbs., mustache, HIV+. Boy must be intelligent and have trim body. Reply now, son! Box 6799

PLAYROOM FOR RENT

South-of-Market Bondage Playroom for rent, \$100, minimum/use. (415) 621-6294.

BIG HAIRY OLDER DOG LOVER

seeks pups. 53, 6'1", 240#, white, circumcised, very hairy chest to ass. Need pups (black, white, asian) to age 4 (dog years) to collar, leash, strip, and feed my cock, balls, tits. Possibilities: verbal abuse, spanking, piss showers, cum dumps (mine/yours), praise/petting when you're good. NO ASSFUCKING. Inexperienced/curious? Mated? Straight? Fine. Prefer continuing contact; open to friendship/social activities. Call Master, (415) 533-8162 (Oakland). NO JERKOFF CALLS.

LOOKING

Was S.O.M., into FF, WS, GP, FR A/P, leather, fantasies, "trips," older rugged men, the Slot, Hothouse, toys, playroom creativity, sensuality, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with—WM 5'6", 155, brn/brn, uncut 6", hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service, trip music. Box 6554LF

HEY BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life, then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (916) 391-9755.

BONDAGE SLAVE

Into long-term bondage, confinement, sensory deprivation, captivity & punishment. Into the severest, lightest, most inescapable prolonged leather bondage. Plan to move to San Francisco in May 1989. I'm 45, 5'11", 175 lbs. Box 6786

ALWAYS READY FOR IT

Hot young Black bottom wants to service tough Tops. Fuck me hard and make me suck your hard throbbing cock for hours. Share me with your friends. Enjoy leather, hoods, toys, partying, groups and more. If you're man enough, write w/photo & phone to Box 6676LF

WM SEEKS DADDY-MASTER

35, 5'10", 140 lbs., bl/bl, smooth. Primarily relationship-oriented. Enjoy collars, CBT/TT, boot/leather service. Looking for educated/stable man to serve—hopefully on a long-term basis. SF Photo appreciated, all answered. Box 6679LF

TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar-chompin' lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6318LF

LOVING SM

Somewhat experienced bottom seeks depths of trust with older, experienced Top, for SM, bondage. I'm not much into role-playing, but if the relationship works, we could explore the REALITY of Master/slave, Owner/property. 26, 5'10", 200, attractive, muscular, bearded. Your looks negotiable with admitted bias toward Daddy Bears. Box 6904

BAY AREA AND SO CAL

WM 40, trim, attractive, masculine, very Montgomery Street, bottom, hairy, professional, fun, kinky looking for HOT guys 20 to 40, under 5 ft, slender, cocky, who enjoy all night sessions fisting, TT and whips on fun substances. Letter and photo to Box 6320LF

SADISTIC MASTER CENTRAL VALLEY

WM, 37, seeks willing slaves for S/M, B/D, C/B T, W/S, etc. Live-in houseboy/slave a possibility. Know how to work with and expand your limits. Apply Box 6890

HANDSOME WHITE MASTER SEEKS SLAVES

Two openings in my stable, one Black, one White. Beginners OK, will train with others. Interracial specialties. You may write with pictures and qualifications for application. Box 6888

PADDLES AND CANES

Count the strokes you get from the strong right arm of this 44 year old, GWM, 5'9", 150 lbs. Send your reasons for needing discipline, description, photo if possible to Steven. Box 6859

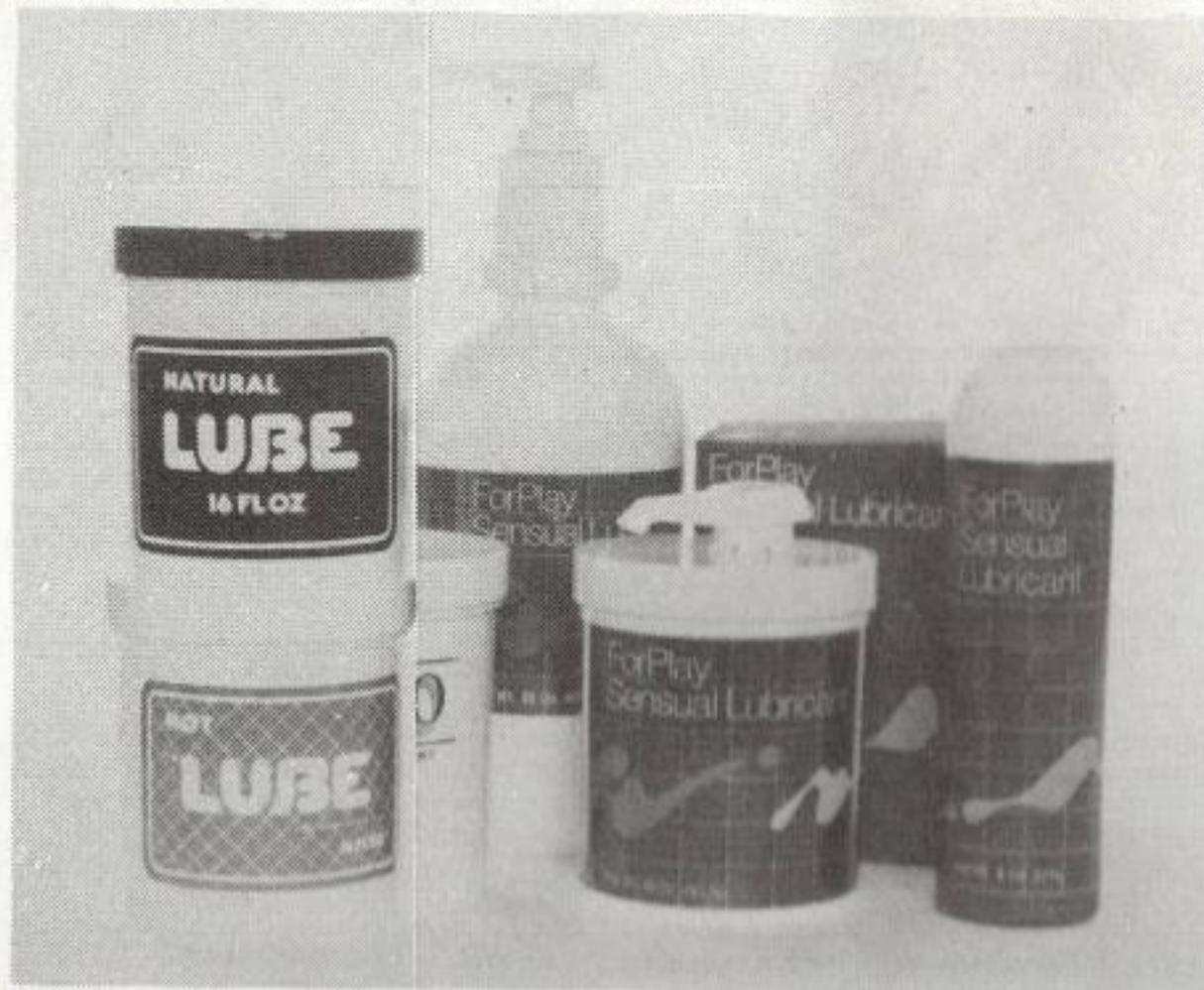
COCK, BALL, TIT TORTURE

using clamps, weights, vices, electricity, wax, Ben Gay, sandpaper while spread eagled and gagged. Muscular torturer 25, 6'4", 230 W/M awaits muscular guinea pigs to 30. Got the Balls? Prove it. Nude photo, phone. Box 6870

LIKE TO PUMP YOUR MEAT?

So do I. GWM, 44, 5'9", 150, brown-brown, good looking, hairy bod, looking for others into vacuum pumps. Interested? Write! Box 6860

BETTER THAN DRUGSTORE QUALITY AT DIRECT-SOURCE PRICES!



FORPLAY WITH NONOXYNOL 9!

ForPlay Sensual Lubricant is a water-soluble, greaseless, nonstaining gel. It is also colorless, odorless and gentle—nonirritating even on the most sensitive skin. This special lubricant is compatible with natural and synthetic materials. ForPlay's extensive laboratory testing and quality meet the highest pharmaceutical standards. Guaranteed.

LUBE

The all-time favorite in two sizes. Biodegradable, odorless, tasteless and water-soluble 100% food-grade ingredients, no additives. 16 oz. 5.95, 2 oz. 2/4.95. Specify HOT, ULTRA or NATURAL.

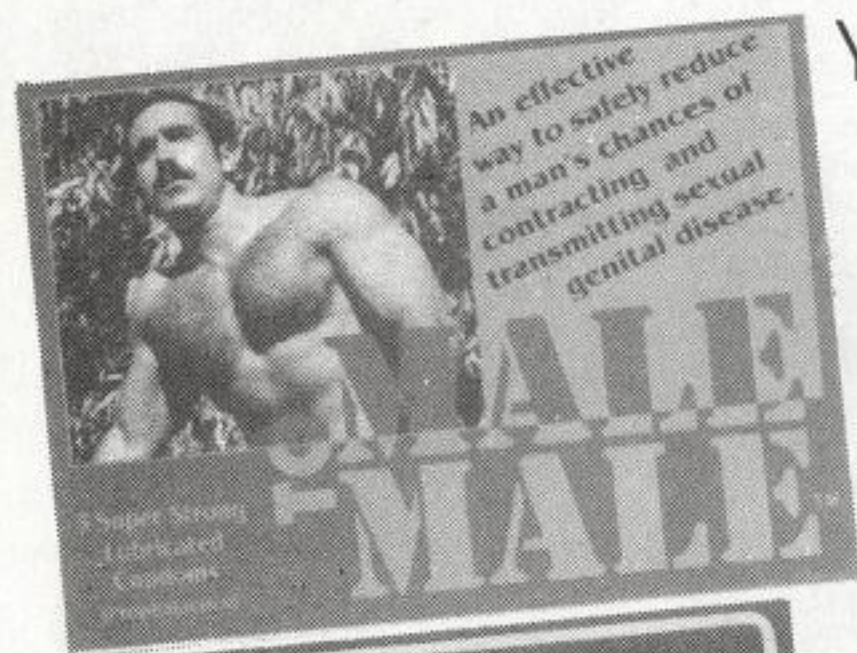
SHAFT

The purest ingredients, the slickest of lubricants. Removes easily with soap and water. 16 oz. 5.95, 2 oz. 2/4.95.



BUTTPLUG keeps his hole filled. This solid dildo is crafted to insert and stay in place until it is removed. Make him conscious of his position during the day... or during the night. *Regular 8.95 Extra-thick 9.95

FORPLAY 2 OZ. 3.50 / 8 OZ. 7.50 / 16 OZ. 12.50
ELBOW GREASE 4 OZ. 3.95 / 15 OZ. 7.50



YOUR CHOICE: 12/\$4

MALE TO MALE

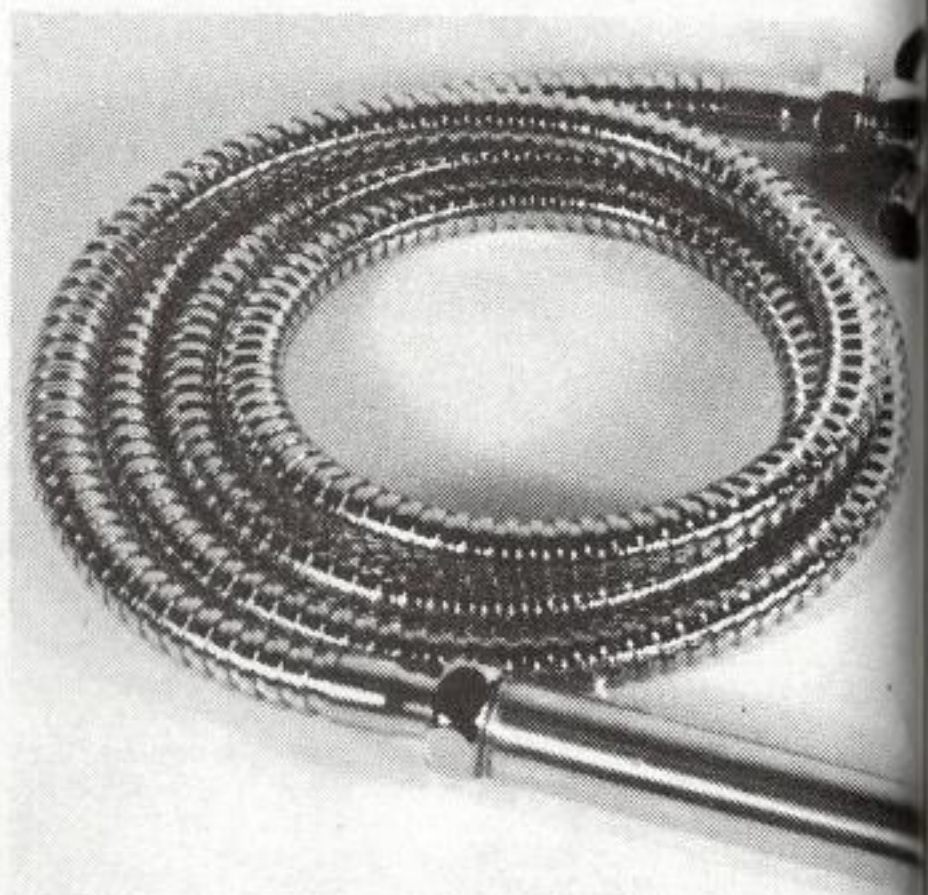
An effective way of safely reducing chances of contracting and transmitting sexual genital disease. Three super-strong lubricated prophylactics designed for male-to-male relationships. Packed three to a package. Twelve (four packages) for only \$4.

PROTEX PLUS

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HAIRY, HOT, HORNY

WM 27, 6', hirsute bondage Top seeks willing bodybuilders who want their hands cuffed, balls stretched and nipples clipped. Will explore fantasies. Send photo/phone/letter. Box 6880.

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

sought by retired GWM for San Francisco apartment. You're 18-40, White or Oriental, drug/smoke-free, submissive, obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 6123LF

LOVER/MASTER NEEDED

GWM, 25, 6', 165 lbs, blond, blue, goodlooking, hung, college boy, French active, Greek passive, HIV-negative, seeks dominant man. Non-smoker. Uninhibited. Vanilla to SM. My interests include Country Western dancing, Opera, Books, Music, Movies, Working Out. Sex. Box 6924

ASS SLAVE

Expert ass sucker. Novice pig slave needs training. Into all ass raunch, especially farts, food, stretched holes, shit smearing. Need Tops, bottoms and combinations for heavy duty ass sucking service. I need dirty ass, verbal abuse, shitty cock. 41, attractive, built, obedient. Please Sir, send #. Box 6682LF.

YOUNG TOP WANTED

Me: 37, 5'6", 150, W/M, hairy, goodlooking professional. You: 25-35, smooth, creative into B&D, C&BT, hoods, light S/M in bedroom, friend/lover out. Photo & letter gets mine. Box 6933

WORTHY MAN SEEKS SAME

Clean-cut, masculine, regular guy with nicely-defined 5'8", 140 lb. body, into leather, levis, B/D, would be proud to serve and satisfy very masculine, well-built, taller man capable of dominating and deserving of respect. No fat, drugs, drunks, or unsafe sex. Please write Boxholder, 6166 Merced #194, Oakland, CA 94611

BUTCH LEATHER BUDDY

Central CA masculine stud seeks guys who can't get enough and can keep pace. Like: working out leather fantasies, light bondage, pec & muscle work, video, safe play, uninhibited horny talk and attitude. You must be butch, in shape, confident, clever and nasty to be on par. Photo. Box 6908.

SMALL FISTED MASTER

W/M, 39, seeks small-fisted hairy fist-Master for steady connection. Baldness a plus. (415) 285-5449.

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdkg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S. #237, 2215-R Market St. San Francisco, CA 94114.

HOT FUCK

Slim, "All-American" boy seeks muscular mature Man to fuck and play with my tits and ass. Boy is 24, 5'11", 160 lbs. Safe Only. No Drugs. Photo appreciated. Box 6946

EASTBAY BUDDIES 38/42

We're hot-n-horny for bearded burly men, truckers, bikers, leathermen, uniforms, for no-holds-barred outdoor sex. If you have a foul mouth and good imagination, we're into balls, pits, tits, dicks and ass. SAFE. RICK, 484 Lakepark, #190, Oakland, CA 94610

TOP OR BOTTOM

WM, 29, muscular, professional, seeks others into strip searches, medical scenes, enemas, spankings, shaving or ? All scenes considered. PO 5541, Sacramento, CA 95817

SF LEATHERBUDDY

Professional, 38, 6'4"-150/BB, pierced, non-smoker, HIV-negative, serious/considerate/conventional, monogamous, versatile, into adventurous/intimate leathersex, seeks regular buddy with similar characteristics/values. Box 6962

MOAN WHILE I FUCK YOUR ASS

Interests include: bondage, red hot ass and anything from a lean body to big muscle. I'm SF Daddy, 41, 6'4" and 175 lbs. Good photo required. Phone # optional. Box 6931LF

BOOTED BIKER TO FUCK HIM

Country boy needs fucking by booted biker. Boy is 32 years old, 5'7", 150 lbs., clean-cut. Call or write. Tel: (415) 543-3407. Box 6939

TOILET TOPS

W/M, 46, 5'10", 200lb, nice ass, HIV-neg, seeks hungry bottoms to feed direct. Have Top friend, 43, slim, available for double dumps. Box 6952.

X-NAVY BOY 29 NEEDS DADDY

40+ to show me he knows what he wants and how to get it. I play hard and safe. Teach me a thing or two, Dad? Bob, 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland, CA 94610

SMALL MASTER WATNED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master. Into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

PISS TOP WANTED

Attractive, muscular, hairy, hung, rugged looking Italian, late 20s, looking for a big dickd GWM piss Top that wants his dick serviced and piss drained down my throat and up my ass. Also into SM, CBT, TT, catheters, etc. Serious only, please write: PO Box 40725, San Francisco, CA 94140-0725.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT WHITE MASTER/TOP/DADDY

wanted by white slave bottom, 37, 5'11", 200 lbs, husky, hairy, brown hair, hazel eyes, moustache. Am into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, being G/P, F A/P (front/rear), S/M, B/D, W/S, toys, tit play. Sincere only, Sir. Send orders & info to Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067. (LF5349)

LONG THICK CIGARS/COCKS

Muscular WM, 28, 5'8", 150 lbs., wants Cigar-smoking top into leather/uniforms, bondage, and rough, rough sex. I want it hot, sweaty and abusive. We'll both scream with pleasure. You should be white, 25-45, and experienced (mustache preferred). Call (818) 889-5475 or send letter w/photo. Box 6777LF.

PISS SLAVES WANTED

Goodlooking Top wants to meet slim slave bottoms into beer, weed, fantasies, safe sex. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs, br/bl, good shape. Write Bill, Box 6891. Pix?

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, Ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11pm-9am. (818) 843-5428. Burbank. Box 6767LF.

DOCTOR NEEDED

W/M, 5'11", 165, 41, slender, needs Good Doctor to give me a nude physical examination. Especially my genital and rectal areas. Must be as realistic and complete as possible. Box 6741.

SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine. I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest; looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy, (714) 220-0513 (6566LF).

WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex-slaves, to service my 9"X7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique. Experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220#, dk hr & eyes, mstch & hry. Have live-in, full-time, KEPT, positions avail. Serious slaves lking for a serious commitment, should send application, w/photo & phone to Marcus. Box 6728LF.

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (213) 285-3327

WHIPMASTER

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903).

BAKERSFIELD/KERN CNTY BOYS

Sought by big brother/Daddy 31, 6', 190 lbs, br/hzl, moustache & masculine, educated & professional HIV-. Looking for hot All-American white boy, 18-28, for possible relationship. Must be submissive in bedroom but has own mind out of it. Boy must have great ass and love to be fucked. No fats, drugs, sissies or barflies. Write Boxholder, PO Box 748, Bakersfield, CA 93303

PWA IN VALLEY

You responded to my ad "HIV POS SEEKS KINKYBUDDY", but I lost your number. Give me a call. Randy (213) 271-5352.

ARE YOU A FIST FUCKER?

WM/43/6'/160#, hot/deep/wide asshole seeks sensual top or versatile fist fuckers for long erotic sessions. Palm Springs (619) 321-2819

SEEK STUD SADISTIC TOPS

I'm blond, butch, young 36 yrs, healthy, dancer/swimmer build, leather-levi type and a heavy, extra kinky masochistic big cheezy dick and shit hole worshiper. Whip my ass, torture my weenie and tits. V/A, humiliation, etc. 3 ways OK with your buddy or bottom. Garrick (213) 871-0053 evenings before 10:00 or weekends. No J/O calls.

EXHIBITIONIST

33, Bi/W/M, horny and sexy; hung and hot; built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w/other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S/M, B/D, W/S, imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079. (No J/O calls) Box 6562.

MASCULINE YOUNGER BROTHER

Very masculine big brother, W/M, 42, 6'1", 250#, dominant, very possessive, wants younger brother to take under the wing. Lil' brother must be 25-35, G/W/M, masculine, muscular Marine-type guy. Big guys are a big plus. Living in Pomona-Ontario also an asset. Letter-photo to: Tom, 12475 Central Avenue, #154, Chino, CA 91710 714/597-8095. Box 6560LF

SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA, bondage, boots, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at, "Puppy," Box 148, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

HOT SURFER STUD

Blond bodybuilder, 29, 6', 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apt. 644, West Hollywood 90069.

SUBSERVIENT BLONDE JOCK

30, wants long-term relationship with dominant man 28-45. I'm goodlooking, muscle-bound, educated, masculine, employed, honest. Ready to share my life with one MAN who is as caring and loving as I am, but knows who's boss when it counts. Serious. PO 16813, San Diego, CA 92116.

HEAVY B&D & HARD SPANKING

Submissive W/M 29 into: tight, elaborate restraint/imprisonment. Leather, ropes, chains, irons, masks, hoods, racks, stocks, suspension. Classic and ritualistic torture/punishment scenes. Medieval, Inquisition, etc. Hard bare butt spanking: strap, crop, cat-o-nine, hardwood paddle, cane, Birch, etc. Strict, merciless! No sex, just discipline! Meet or correspond. Box 6806.

ESCAPED PRISONER NEEDS CAPTURING

San Diego Area GWM 31 6'1" 170 needs shackling, handcuffing, confinement, humiliation. Will become guard's prisoner and slave if I don't escape. Looking for long term confinement/relationship. I'm HIV neg and clean, same a must. Send detailed letter/photo. Occupant, Box 1652, Solana Beach, 92075. Box 6838LF.

WEEKEND SLAVE AVAILABLE

Sincere, will-built young man seeks experienced Top who desires occasional, unlimited use of clean-cut, healthy slave. Can travel. Nude photo available for your inspection. Serious only. Box 6964.

SISSY SLAVES

Hot Top into slim and nasty slaves into panties, lingerie, B/D, W/S, shaving, wine, weed, fantasies, safe sex. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs, brn hr./blue eyes, good shape. Write Bill, Box 6951. Pix?

BIG BEEFY BUNS!

I got 'em. Muscular, studly boy 27, 5'8", 165, brown/hazel. Moving San Diego Spring '89. Seeks hairy, muscular, Dominant Man for hot times and more. Box 6987



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CARD NO. _____ EXP. ____/____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
SIGNATURE _____

(I am over 21 years of age)



TURTLENECK DAD/COP

Son: 28, 5'9", Bl/Bl, 135 lbs. Dad/Cop: 35-55, over 6' tall, Black/White/Mexican, 185-220 lbs. moustache, hairy chest and body. Must like to wear turtleneck shirts/sweaters, leathers, and skin tight leather gloves. Must be loving and be able to talk dirty during sex and make his son feel like a lady. Photo and letter (dirty) to Box 291894, LA 90029.

COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT

by successful, trim-bearded, hunky San Diego W/M 42, masculine, loner, 5'10", 165, 8". Son: to 5'11", slim, 7 1/2" plus, 22-37, Levi/Leather w/boots to bring Dad to his knees for discipline/humiliation, heavy cock-ball-body-boot service. W/S, dog training possible! Should like cuddling, affection, smoke, poppers. Write w/pic if possible & phone. Box 6932LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

White male slave, young, tall and muscular into bondage, discipline, masochism, and related activities seeks Master with equipment and playroom in Los Angeles county. Send phone number and interests. Box 6914

PRIMO ASS

Wholesome, muscular WM, 30s, craves to explore his submissive fantasies of being spanked and dildoe fucked. Muscular friendly stud needed as steady. Tim Hunt, 1187 Coast Village Road, #1-134, Santa Barbara, CA 93108-2794

COLORADO

FIT TO BE TIED!

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. (303) 288-4109 or Box 6780LF

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

for lite bondage and spanking. I'm GWM, 51, versatile, tennis, run, hike, travel. No S/M. (303) 972-4177

COLORADO SPRINGS SLAVE

anxious to serve Master in immediate area. Novice, enthusiastic, obedient and willing to learn and expand. Call Don (719) 473-8433.

CONNECTICUT

FISTING BUDDY WANTED

WM, 5'10", 170 lbs., muscular, versatile, seeks similar for mutual safe/sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37, Riverside, CT 06878. (203) 856-2053. 9-9:30 a.m., M-F.

LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s

Bear, trucker type, self-employed carpenter, WM, 5'4", 160, 36, bearded hairy, pierced cock. Into levis, recycled beer, sweat, catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax, cock modification, electricity. Right stud will try? Blue collar, bearded blonds a plus. 06776 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF.

HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM, 47, 6'4", 200 lbs., into tit, ass and CBT workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard safe sex. HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter. PO Box 95, East Glastonbury, CT 06025. Box 6632LF.

DELAWARE

THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated. Box 6326LF

DC-METRO

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9 1/2 Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

SLAVEBOY WANTED

Intelligent, caring GWM, 30, 6'1", 185 seeks young (18-28), handsome, well-built boy to be my bondage slaveboy and companion. I seek a boy to serve me and to submit to my discipline and leadership, but who will also be respected as a companion. Send photo, address, phone and letter. If accepted, will receive ticket to my Washington, D.C., home.

FLORIDA

BONDAGE DUDE

5'10", 175, 27, 8" cut, looking for young men (18-35) into bondage. Possible long-term relationship with guy who really knows how to fuck around in bed, make me pig wild. I've got a collection of leather toys/gear for restraint, submission & discipline. Hood, gags, etc. How about you? Ft. Lauderdale area. Box 6496LF

BIG MASCULINE MAN WANTED

active well experienced white slave desires strong rugged hairy muscled dark complexion to dark men—in tight well-worn levis, fatigues, uniforms, leather—for hot funky sex, W/S, B/D, S/M, G/F, rim. Provide your hot sweaty body, I'll do the rest. 305-324-5754.

BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando—27 y.o., 5'10", 195 lbs., GWM, chubby, bearded, shy, inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy/tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548LF.



BONDAGE, LEATHER, RUBBER

Muscular White male, bk hair, br eyes, 5'8", 155 lbs., versatile, short or long term, hoods, rope, chains, etc. Wish to hear from and meet for sessions. Send descriptive letter. Box 6985.

GEORGIA

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688. (LF6894).

ATLANTA AREA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber, bondage, dildoes, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022, Decatur, Georgia 30032 (5774LF).

OBEDIENT BOY(S) WANTED

By hairy, husky Dad, 5'8". You're 21-35, trim, with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection, understanding, abuse, humiliation, as needed. No pain. Part time or more. Photo appreciated, application: Manservant, PO Box 52946, Atlanta, GA 30355. Box 6727LF.

TWO TOPS

require burly butch for basics plus FF, WS, marathon sessions in playroom with sling, 35; stocky, beard, hairy, balding, 41; slender, beard, hung. Must be versatile, well-hung. No ego jerks or royalty. Couples, high times OK. Letter, photo, phone to #821, 1579F Monroe Drive, Atlanta GA 30324. (404) 892-1581. (6572LF).

ATLANTA LEATHERMAN

GWM, 37, 5'8", 145 lbs., good-looking, pierced, bearded, professional. Experience limited. Prefer to be Top, but versatile. Into light S&M, TT, BD, porn, leather, cockrings, chaps, harnesses, uniforms, dildoes. Safe only. Let's get together in my playroom. Photo appreciated. Box 6901.

DIAPER DISCIPLINE

GWM, 32 needs Daddy to enforce diaper training and discipline, humiliation, enemas, catheters, infantilism, rubber. PO Box 951, Augusta, GA 30903.

OBEDIENT BOYS

Will consider applicants 18-25 WM. Training, discipline enforced. All medical precautions. Photo, written request, phone #. Join the survivors. Box 6981.

HAWAII

KINKY PLAYMATES/FRIENDS

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Me: smooth, 5'10", 160 lbs., uncut in-shape top. You: height/weight proportionate, 21-45 in greater Honolulu area. Beginners welcome. Send letter/photo (no photo/no reply) to: Box 6473LF.

ILLINOIS

HORSE WANTED

6'1 1/2", 205 lbs., 60 yr. Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyset slave bottom to carry me piggyback, on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. Box 6617LF.

BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Hot GWM BB 180#, 5'9", brown beard, 8" thick, big balls, into-FF, large dildoes, balls, leather, vacuum pumps, body worship. Wanted: similar daddy type MEN (not boys), experienced, hairy, hung, versatile. I have equipped playroom. Letter & photo to: Deek, 3161 N. Halsted #2, Chicago, IL 60657. Box 6765LF.

BONDING AGAIN

43, 5'11", 185, handsome, well-built, articulate, would like to meet leather brothers for companionship, social, and possibly more. Write J.R.J., 707 56th #508, Champaign, IL 61820. Box 6778LF.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTERS/TOPS

Suck, fuck (condoms), V/A, shaving, wax, dildos, enemas, spit, piss, shit, toys, uniforms, leather, slings. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave WM, 31, 5'10", blond, smooth. Need limits respected and expanded. Sir, please pick your pleasure and write a letter. Photo, phone preferred. Any ideas? Box 6630LF.

CHICAGO LEATHER/BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Willing to explore all raunch and medium pain. FF top, but would like to be converted to bottom. Also receptive to companionship and traditional sex scenes. Am 25, 6', 185, hairy, brown hair, blue eyes, clean-cut. Send photo. Box 6685LF.

BLUE COLLAR BUDDY

Chicago/Rockford, GWM, 34, short, bottom/mutual, mustache. Into dirty work clothes, boots, gear, coveralls, unionsuits, jockstraps, rubber, cigars, trucks, tits, condoms, & lots more! SAFESEX only! Also serious bondage, hoods, ace bandages, duct tape, creative kink. Like real men, macho scenes, beerguts, beard/mustaches, grease, grime & grunge! Box 6841LF.

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 40/41 seek to meet hot couples to share our sling-equipped playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). Only into watching, being watched (no contact). Interests: jocks, leather/levi, uniforms, Dad/son couples. Hairy a plus. No kinky, far out scenes. Box-holders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, 60641 Box 6846LF.

DILDO A BEARDED BEAR

Ever wanted to make a big guy take your dildoes? Burly, balding, beer-bellied, builtwal (6', 215#, 48) wants hard use and abuse from dominant, aggressive men. Any age, race, size. Degrade and humiliate me while you expand my limits and stretch my manhole. VA, TT, FF (Indiana to Tennessee preferred) Box 6694LF.

S&M PROFESSIONAL

Handsome, clean-cut appearance & 3-piece suit conceal bound nipples and shaved, pierced donkeydick of versatile, hung satyr seeking heavy action. Box 578672, Chicago 60657-8672.

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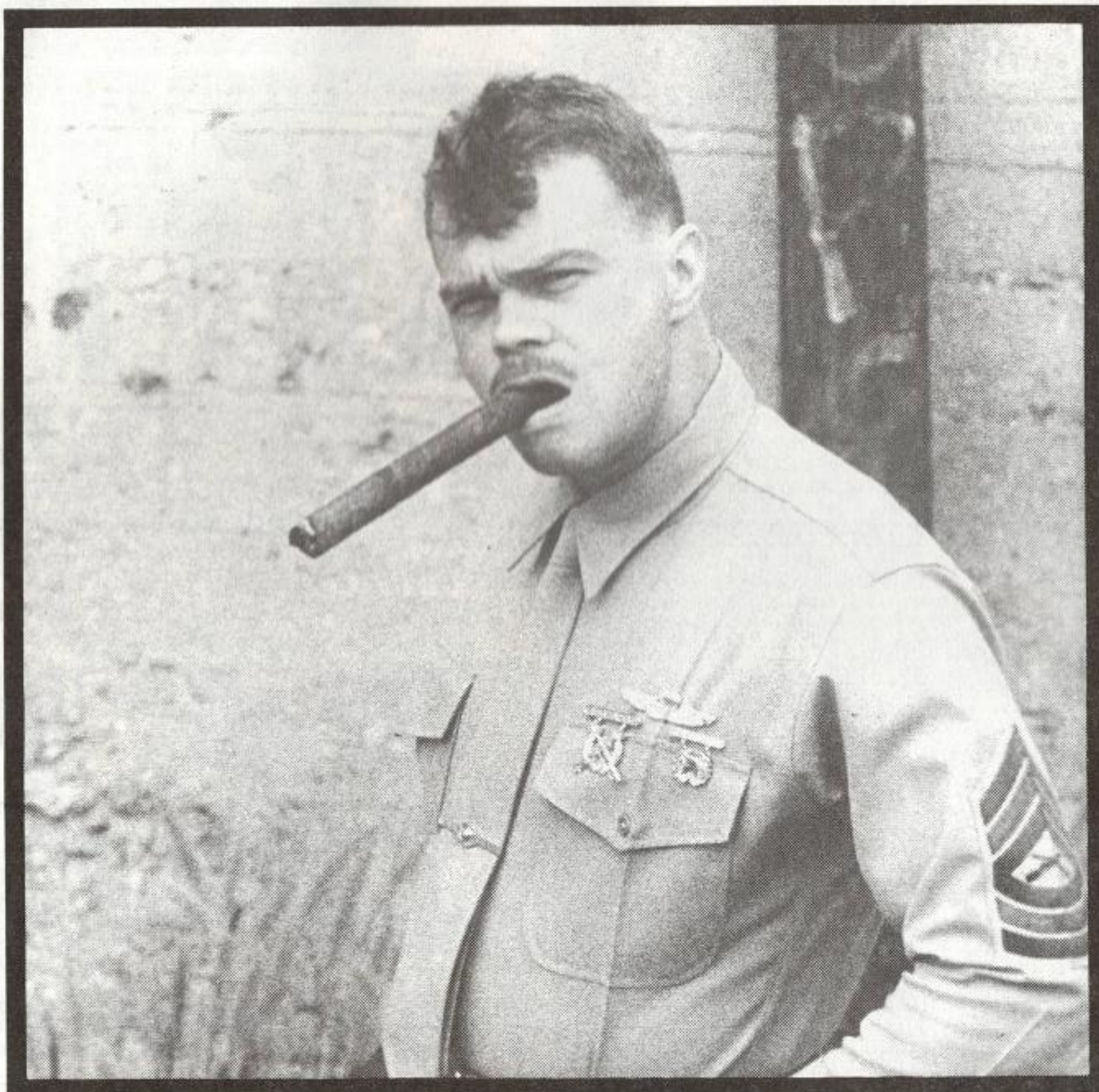
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HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

White, handsome, 30s bottom son has wet mouth, big tits, and tight pussyhole. Needs a White Hispanic Daddy Top(s). Son is a slut whore and wants to be used as such by Daddy(s) and his friends. Love to be gang banged. Call (312) 338-5528.(LF6898)

DOG SLAVE WANTED

Master, 38, experienced, attractive, 6'2", blond, 190 lbs. bearded, seeking collared, boot licking dogslave, 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax, shaving, tit work, C/B torture, whippings assured. Affection, social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone, letter to: PO Box 148434, Chicago, IL 60614. (LF6935)

MASTERS NEEDED

GWM slave, 26, 180 lbs, 6', 7 1/2" cut, seeking muscled, hung, cigar smoking Masters 25-40 for initiation into SM, BD, TT, C/BT, hoods, VA, shaving. Expand my limits Sir, while I worship your body and fulfill your needs. NW Chicago subs. Phone, photo and orders to Box 6938LF.

SLIM, SMOOTH AND READY

Chicago area GWM seeks couples and pairs who want to share hot times and fantasy scenes with versatile man who is 41, 5'9", 150 lbs. Interests should include some of the following: Levis, jockstraps, Speedos, and bikinis for voyeurism, playful wrestling, massages and light bondage leading into titwork, tonguebaths, sweaty j/o sessions and prolonged French and Greek action. Photo and phone gets first response but all considered. Box 6967

INDIANA

V/A ASS BEATING

Daddies, plusses—cigars, chaw, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt razor strop, hard strokes. Dick-suckers: you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful assbeatings floggings, CB/T, bondage. Daddy or dicksucker, write for intense, painful Power sex. Male ritual. Box 6233LF.

HOT SEX

sought with horny college jock, construction, blue collar or BB types by hot blond, 35, 5'7", 135, mostly bottom. Into most scenes, mild to wild. I'm also an I.U. student and artist seeking models to photograph for my artwork. John, PO Box 5903, Bloomington, IN 47408. (6552LF)

SADIST MASTER

looking for muscular man who likes bondage, asswork, TT shaving. Indianapolis area

IOWA

URBAN ABORIGINAL

Leather Dad new to Iowa City: bearded, ringed, 40, 5'8", 145 ... questing for action with men boys masculine others ... deep FF as yoga; bondage, TT, nutcrushing meditations ... Safe & sane & sincere in my needs: pursuits ... All answered considered. Now is the time. Box 5413LF.

ATTN: TRUCKERS/BIKERS/COPS

Slave 31, 6'3", 171, 8" to service Goodlooking, Well built, Well hung Truckers, Bikers or Cops while passing through Des Moines, Iowa (180-135). A real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass to Hot Macho Truckers,

Bikers or Cops. Leather, Cigars, Beer, Piss, Sweat, Poppers, Semis, Bikes and Badges a turn-on for a gang of bikers, Truckers, or for HOT one-on-one action (safe sex only). For information and telephone number, send name, address, and a photo to: Lee, PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines, Iowa 50309.

KANSAS

FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes. WS, FF, 69, scat. I'm top and bottom, 33, attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer clean-shaven. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458LF.

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master Daddy, 37, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good builds. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502

KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF.

MAINE

SADIST

Sane experienced gay white male master, 45, seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M, B&D, torture sessions, tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fistfucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send pix. Location, southern Maine. Box 6431LF.

MARYLAND

PART TIME MASTER NEEDED

By slave bottom with lover who doesn't like to dominate this 34, 6', 175 Baltimore WM. Need to serve and service leather-clad or uniformed master (his dick, boots, body) as he demands. Not into FF, scat, shaving. Photo appreciated and returned with mine, Sir. Box 6625LF.

WRESTLING/BONDAGE

East Cst WM, 6'3", 36, needs challenge from a bruising BB/ bully who isn't afraid to punish his opponent. The match: no rules, no timeouts, no mercy. Then: real ropes, real toys, real head-games. Itchin' to taunt, torment & teach somebody a major lesson in respect? Box 6696LF.

HEAVY NIPPLE ACTION

Masculine, muscular, 37, 6'2", 170, versatile inspired Tit Torture addict. It's like having two extra dicks! Prefer them on muscled pecs overlooking washboard abs. Photo and phone a must. Live east coast—travel nationwide and Canada. Possibility—pierce my tits ... anyone experienced? Box 6704LF.

BOOT SLAVE AVAILABLE

to service you and your friends. Slave craves total abuse. Bondage, discipline, humiliation. All aspects of safe kink desired. Let me be your boot and shoe slave, Sir! Box 6947

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

by submissive bottom for heavy ass beating, CBT, VA, TT, Dildos, Fantasy or reality scenes. Give me an order and I will obey. GWM 38. Also into cuffs, spread-eagled, willing to try new things. You—tough, masculine, nasty. Box 6773LF.

SLAVE - PET - SON

wanted fulltime by hot hairy uncut couple. Master is 31, 5'10", dark hair/moustache, 175 lbs. His lover is 28, 6'1", 195 lbs., dark hair/beard. Both UNCUT, HAIRY. Into all scenes and have well-equipped playroom with sling. Facial/body hair preferred. Both men will demand love, respect, and obedience from their property. (617) 282-7196. Tops welcome. Box 6690LF.

SLAVE WANTED

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT, T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to: Box 6372LF.

LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn Levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 1021, Framingham, MA 01701-1021

NEW ENGLAND SON

WM, 5'9", 160 lbs., full beard, blond hair, very attractive, masculine, educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father-Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent, and intelligent, heavy into Leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6559LF.

SLAVE DOG

Novice slave wishes to be claimed by strong handsome owner. Need training, discipline, humiliation. Please, Sir, make me your dog, your maid, your property. Your slave is 34, 5'9", 155, attractive, intelligent. Please safe and sane only. Your slave does not drink, drug, smoke. Desire same. Box 6929LF.

FUCK BUDDY WANTED

Hot, butch, well-built, clean-cut, healthy GWM wants same for safe, wet dirty fun. Roles or mutual. Blond, blue, 30, 165, 5'11", 7 cut. Uncuts, novices welcome. Your scene fantasy to: Occupant. PO Box 642, East Taunton, MA 02718.

MICHIGAN

HOT MASTER

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

SON SEEKS DADDY

24-yr-old WM, 145 lbs, 5'8", attractive, seeks the guidings, discipline and affection of his daddy. Son's interests include light to heavy bondage, TT, CBT, toys w/lots of assplay, safe sex, spankings, shaving?, rubber? Son needs muscular dad who is under 45 and has same interests. Box 6832LF.

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

Well trained bottom seeks experienced Master-Top. Pain, fantasy, exhibitionism, 3 ways. Reply w/pic. Box 6889.

EMERGENCY-DESPERATE NEED

Wanted: Master into kidnapping a slave from home to take back and keep as hostage slave into severe torture S/M & B/D sex acts. Must wear very skin tight jeans & leather in presence of me. Age 21-45-49. Only serious who will kidnap & rape & torture me write: Brad Jackson, PO Box 665, 24050 N. Shore Drive, Lot 9, Rema Trailer Park, Edwardsburg, Michigan 49112

MINNESOTA

WANT TO RENT DUNGEON

Playroom in Twin Cities area. Top from North, bottom from south of state. Need place to play in cities every 8-10 weeks. Box 6941

HOT SWEATY ACTION

Hot, attractive, versatile bodybuilder Top, 31, 6'3", 195 lbs., seeks similarly well-built, attractive and active Top to age 40 into TT, VA, WS, S/M, sucking and fucking. Have hot active bottom available, 36, 5'9", 145 lbs. Barry, 2473 West 7th Street, #110, St. Paul, Minn 55116

MISSISSIPPI

MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US

Balding, bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for mature, sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold: mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather-bikined yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies. Join me for smoke/drug-free weekend of leathered togetherness. POB 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534-0172. (LF6386)

MISSOURI

2 TOPS-HUNG-HOT-HORNY

Looking for bottom into rough, active, verbal sessions in our well equipped "playroom" with sling, restraints, mirrors and lots of toys. Turn-ons bondage, discipline, cock/tit ball work, fisting, W/S. Both 40s, 5'10", 170 lbs., attractive, tested neg. Dig young son/BB type. PO Box 3931, Springfield, Missouri 65808. JO letters answered. Box 6565 LF.

LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS

GWM, 37, 5'10", 160#, brown hair, clean shaven; hairy body; trim, healthy and hot; needs buddy daddy; mutual fantasies; only masculine, legitimate men who love man sex need respond; I want to learn from a safe, hot dude what my limits are. Box 6697LF.

FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES

wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT, SM, WS. Dungeons a plus. I'm HIV positive, 5'9", 150 lbs, muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin, Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753. Box 6681LF.

LEATHERMAN

Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 6', hung, 190, 39 y.o. Box 6468LF.



SIR! EAGER BOOT/LOAFER LICKER
wants GWM to please. Oral, no anal, safe sex.
Limits respected mutually! PO Box 16736, St.
Louis, Missouri 63105

MONTANA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I'm 48, trim, athletic, honest, intelligent. Strict but sensitive. You need discipline, bondage, spanking, padding. Prefer young, well-built, especially bodybuilder, football player, cowboy. Must have intelligence, sense of humor. I can also be Dad or Big Brother. Honest letter & photo to Frank Anderson, Box 3754, Bozeman, MT 59722

NEVADA

COMING TO RENO/SPARKS?

Dad seeks son, I'm 6'4", 180, brown/hazel, masculine, into leather, domination, bondage. You are under 30, submissive. Permanent relationship possible. PO Box 3118, Sparks, Nevada 89432. (702) 355-8998

NEW JERSEY

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imagina-

tive and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769)

NJ DRUMMERS

Tattooed, pierced, boot-wearing, cigar-chewing closet leatherman loves hats, hoods, gloves, chains, and tape. Am alone, bored, and getting fat. Desire communication with other amateur NJ Drummers. No pros, please. Interests include bondage, discipline, endurance, exhibitionism, photography. Privacy respected, same expected. Call Boots McCoy (201) 279-6450, Tuesdays. Or write Box 6779LF.

MASTER

looking for slaves or bottoms who are into hot wax, TT, CBT, sucking, fucking, getting shaved, hoods, FF, dildoes and especially long ass play. Novice welcome. Letter, pictures and phone number to Master Ron, 302A East Beach Avenue, Brigantine, NJ 08203. Box 6977LF.

NEW MEXICO

HAIRY LEATHER BEAR

GWM, 39, 5'11", 210 lbs, black hair, full beard, hairy-as-hell, into leather sex. Feel, smell, sight and taste of leather. Not into kinky, rough sex. MTG, PO Box 35104, Albuquerque, NM 87176.

NEW YORK

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 28, 28 Ninth Avenue, New York City, NY 10014 (downstairs). Meets every Sunday from 3PM to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thursday from 8PM to 3AM and parties on 'til ??? FREE CLOTHES CHECK AND SODA BAR. BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE MEMBERSHIP. For more information, stop by, write or phone (212) 733-3144

ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, masculine, aware, sensitive, adventurous, into B/D, S/M, spanking, safe Gr. A, Fr. p, ass play, toys. You any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St, NYC, NY 10011.

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

Well trained bottom seeks experienced Master Top. Pain, fantasy, exhibitionism, 3 ways. Reply w pic. Box 6889

GANG RAPE

WM, 37, 5'9" asspussy needs rough asspounding and mouthstuffing rape, piss, V/A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin, B/D, Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

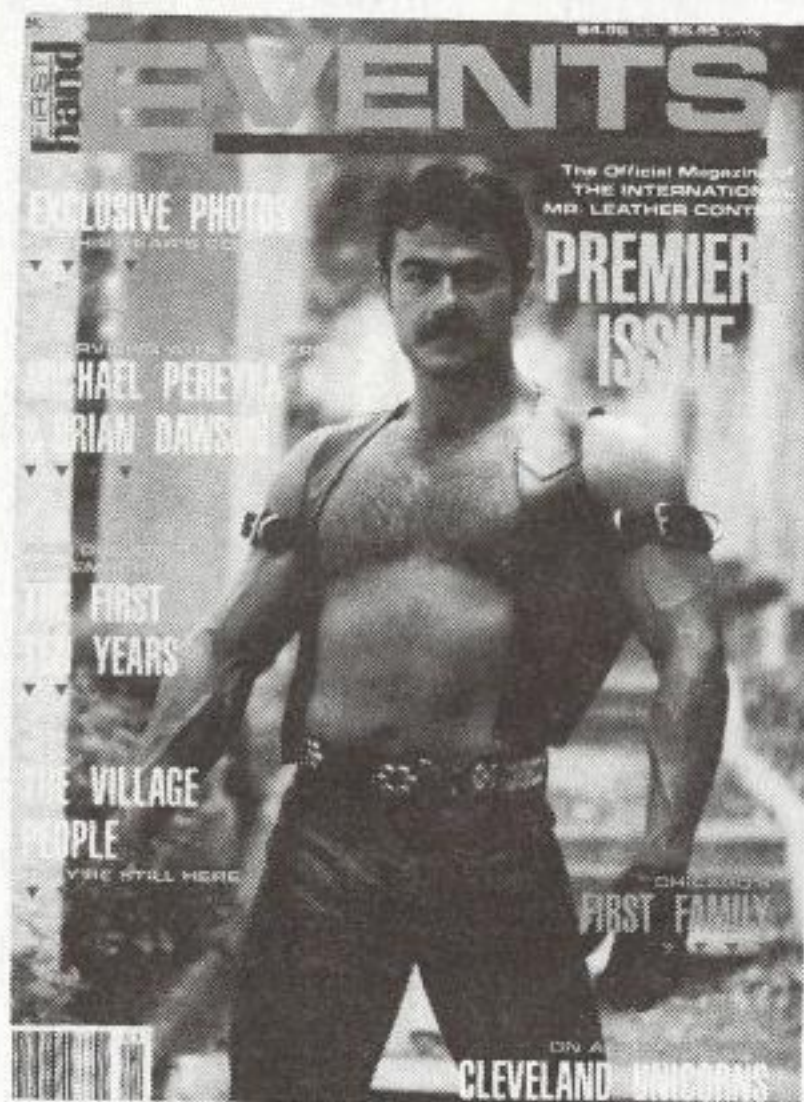
Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But, this healthy 41, W/M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7", 135 lbs., bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c.b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L.L. mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to over-weights, inexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning (212) 255-3138, 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159 with photo, phone, description. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

STOCKY BUTCH SLAVE

Italian, 33, 5'9", 210, solid, very masculine, cut, healthy, humpy, seeks dominant, beer belly chunky brute, cut & hung, into dominating a dog collared slave. No hangups. Smoke, poppers, anything else, a-ok. Photo phone to Box 6506LF.

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190, seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF



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PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love water-sports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Lennie, Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W. 24th St., NYC, NY 10011 (LF6389) or call (212) 367-7484.

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (212) 629-1990

MASOCHISTS WANTED

32 YO sadist has insatiable appetite for seeing welts and bruises while listening to screams and moans coming through a gag. Call (212) 777-2632, but keep it short.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

to train him for service in relationship centered on Master's cock, with Master's pleasure, comfort, convenience to come first. Perhaps a deeper relationship will follow. Slave is Irish, 34, 6', 190#, NYC & upstate. Non-live-in, on call or scheduled to start. Box 6842LF

BANG THIS BONDAGE NOVICE

Some fuseburners soulkissing, titnibbling, cockchewing, ballmassages, hoiespanking. WM, 37, 5'11", 160, beard, muscular, versatile desires lean, solid, captivating, trusted, virile, condbuddy. Box 6881.

HOT NORTHERN EUROPEAN TOP

Exceptionally handsome, tall, blond, muscled, hot nipples, young, hung, sadist stud seeks sexy masculine muscular hung hunks to torture (tits, cock and balls, body), to command, to service me. No live-in, work to regular sessions, possible ownership. Phone and photo must. Box 110, New York, NY 10464 (6984LF)

TITWORK

I work my tits, you work yours. I work your tits, you work mine. Me: all-over average (37). You: similar (30-55). Box 6986

UPSTATE LEATHERMAN

Hot, leatherclad, booted man into the smell, taste, and feel of black leather, seeks same. Masculine, handsome, white, 36, 6ft, 165, blonde, mustache, good build. Full black leather, jacket, chaps, gloves, boots, uniforms, muscles, like SM/BD, safe action only. Poughkeepsie area. Letter, phone, photo to Box 6845LF.

DADDY NEEDS USE

Sturdy WM 38 needs hot arrogant sadistic cock studs, jocks, bikers, mechanics, red-necks to work over/use me. Muscled hung U-C shit stomping ball busting WM 18-20s have me as total bootlick, toilet, punchbag, suck machine, fuckhole. Filthy boots/levis, leather forced buddy use a +. Box 6844LF

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, clean-shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

HOT SON/BOTTOM NEEDED

by hot Daddy: Top, 47, 88, athletic, 5'10", 170, masculine, sensitive, for serious, lasting relationship. Into S/M, B/D, all assplay (safe). Gr A, spanking. You: any race, good body, serious about relationship and commitment. Photo/Phone (must) to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NY, NY 10011. Box 6771LF

STRICT DISCIPLINE

Men will be men and therefore, on occasion, require firm, no-nonsense discipline to improve their behavior, strengthen their character, or break their bad habits. Agree? If so, then write this 6'2", mustached, serious white male with your ideas/experiences. Lives upstate—does some traveling. Photo. Box 6768LF

WANTED: GENUINELY DOMINANT

GWM wants to meet genuinely dominant (but understanding/not sadistic) man who doesn't need to prove his dominance by strutting in leather. Safe sex only. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Box 6991

LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough, 30, 5'8", slim, defined, 135 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes, thick slash. Wants: slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45. Who craves prolonged oral service in action—both in Total Leather Police uniforms. Light V.A.B. D-TT pot & poppers SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA. Box 6557LF

BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BERKSHIRES. Pierced, bearded Leatherman, mid-thirties, 6'4", 200 lbs., handsome and in good shape, into sensual and/or heavy tit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6620LF

BIG TOUGH MUSCLE SON WANTED

by New York City Daddy. Live in with secure stable sadistic GWM, 40 and take CBT, pec and nipple work, gut punching, and stand on abs. Use your powerful muscles to serve dad's every need and train for competition. Ph. Ph a must for this hairy bear with good build. Box 4717LF

SPANKING WANTED

GWM will grope fully dressed man (25-young 65). You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. If my place, no parking problem. But write to Box 660, 132 W. 24 St., NYC 10011.

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BIG BRUNO

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 for
 Leather



THE REAL THING

Master, 38, has opening for slave-trainee under 35. First, collar and leash. Later, cuffs, chains, heavy B D. Ultimately shaving, piercing and chastity belt. You can keep your day job, but you will still be my property. True commitment offered, mutual respect assured. Photo, phone, sincere only. Box 6678LF

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phones. Tel: 1-718-SM-80-408. Dave, PO Box 150 634, Brooklyn, New York 11215 or Box 6687LF

FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine, and works out, seeks tall big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing, foot, and other explosive fantasies. Call Hank, blwn 8 pm-12 mid, to meet in NYC (NO phone) at (212) 675-7352. Box 6688LF

WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman, 6ft., 175lbs., 37 yrs. old, full beard and stach, pierced tits and dick, needs Master, Lover or playmate on a regular basis, heavy into rubber, latex, leather, sports gear and uniforms, water sports, verbal abuse, shaving, diapers, used rubbers, hot kinky sex. Tell me what turns you on and let's give it a try. Box 6699LF

FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good-looking, WM, 33, 6'3", 165 lbs., brown hair, eyes, mustache, into leather, FF, TT, dildoes, looking for a Top or versatile, hot attractive man under 48 for good times and more. Answer with photo for fast reply. Box 6706LF

ALBANY AREA

Hot, arrogant bodybuilder 25-40 wanted by submissive son little brother (novice-24). You are hot, superior to most men, know it, and flaunt it. You are arrogant, macho, and very straight acting and you enjoy this magazine w/o letting it take over your life. I am of average looks and build (6'1", 185) with a lot of potential looking for someone to give me the discipline I need. Please, Sir, develop my mind and mold my body to your level of perfection while I service your every need. Uniforms, cops, gym teachers, boots, Italian, Latin, a plus. Monogamy and HIV negative a must. Enclose phone, photo, all expectations. Box 6882

18 TO ?

Hot men sought by photographer to appear in pix and video. ALL types. 18 to ? Here's your chance to show off your best. Tony C. Photography (212) TU1-1437.

FISTING BUDDY WANTED

Experienced, WM, 35, 6", 160 lbs. in shape hot, leather Top, looking for buddy for all-night, deep FF. Mutual and other scenes possible with the right person. Photo gets faster reply. Box 6922

SLICK HAND/WILD HOLE

NYC FF expert, 38, 155, 5'10", smooth gym bod with playroom & sling seeks trim, horny, clean-cut local fist buddy 20-35, to 160 lbs. into intense body worship, JO, oil, smoke, aroma and great safe mutual hole action, open to repeat workouts. Serious student OK. PO Box 3035, New York, NY 10185.

A CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER

Bottom passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgeable Master(s). Young acting and thinking 45, educated. It blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and S M arts. Needs to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure. Age and appearance secondary to ability. Based NYC, travel WNY often, other areas occasionally. Phone and photo helpful. Box 6930LF

INITIATE A PREPPY!

Collegiate, clean-shaven, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs, reddish-blond, cut, Joe-College look. Dirty talk, assplay, spanking, nipples are a turn-on. Show me how a real man jerks off. Photo required. Tell me how you'd show me a safe, hot, masculine time! Box 8501, FDR Station, NYC 10150. (6936LF)

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Kissing, licking, sucking, rimming, sweating, pits, nipple stretching, 69. Total oral—no Greek, no condoms. W M pig; 46, 6'1", 185, 6" cut, grey hair & beard, bear hairy, big nipples. You must be a bearded mutual pig, 35+, & into nipples. Need a steady fuck buddy lover. Box 6499 LF

PASSIVE/SUBMISSIVE ON L.I.

37, blond, blue, 5'10", 165, good build seeks dominant person for fun, friendship or relationship only on LI NE Queens. Call (718) 454-2354

BEGINNER WANTS TO SERVE

Young looking (25, 5'8", 135 lbs.) Sicilian, attractive, black, hair, brown eyes, eyebrow type moustache. Obedient and willing to explore limits. Interested in bondage. Not into S M, F F toys, pain. Write with photo only, to 1102 Kensington Ave., Suite 107, Buffalo, NY 14215

HANDSOME MASCUIE TOP

seeks handsome masculine bottom into total submission, service, bondage, pain and loyalty for possible relationship. Write Sir, 512 E. 5th St. #12, NYC 10009. No phone, no photo, no deal. Box 6975LF

HANDSOME GUY

Creative & masculine leatherman, late twenties, 6'1", 175, dark blond, blue eyes, stach looking for other guys into leather and mutual FF. Stach a plus. Send letter & picture. No picture, no answer. Box 6979LF

BIG DICK BLACK STALLION

wants obedient well-mannered whiteboy all my OWN! Stud's 29, 6'3", 175, healthy, smooth, muscled, mustache, sensible, educated. Not into pain, FF, etc., but quiet, dominant, horny for white pussy! Want committed caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksucker I can love, horsefuck (safely). Deal honestly with our feelings, needs. You: attractive, understanding, stable, clean, reliable, satisfy a black man. Sincere only! No drugs, bullshit. KNOW what you want, or don't waste my time. PO Box 1555, NYC 10011.

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking, choking, and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a j/o letter. Phone number a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another Leatherman. Box 4840LF

MARRIED LEATHER TOPMAN

Daddy, 50, 6'3", 250 lbs., beard, hairy, tattoos, big gut, cigar smoker, 6-pack drinker, fat cut meat, big hangers, polar bear into C BT, foreskin, TT, WS, gloved FF. Especially like competition BBs and bubble butts. Looking for a true bottom for weekly workouts. Photo with letter. Box 6834LF

ANIMALS

WM, 33, 5'10", 165 lbs, very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced novice in scene, returnable photo letter gets same. Box 6726 LF

HUMBLE SERVANT

Submissive, 28, begs for the chance to tirelessly serve a young guy who is naturally dominant, abusive, selfish, arrogant, difficult and controlling. You know who you are and what you need. Box 6, 132 West 24th Street, NY, NY 10011

NORTH CAROLINA

PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

OHIO

INTENSE

ME: Gwm, 40, 5'10", 162, Bn, Bn, Dominant, Sadistic, Master, Moustache, Thinning Hair, Independent, Masculine, Hairy, you: gwm, submissive, masochistic, slave, younger, shorter, hot slim or hunky body, bubble butt, masculine, blond, swimmer, student, jock, bodybuilder, construction, farm or blue-collar punk, but open to others. DRESS: Leather, Levis, Uniforms, Cowboy. INTEREST: SM, CBT, Bondage, Discipline, Hot Wax, Spanking, Ass Beating, Whipping, Flogging, Electro-torture, Constriction, Spit, Sweat, TOOLS: Whips, Belts, Paddles, Straps, Canes, Cuffs, Restraints, Ropes, Chains, Gags, Blindfolds, Hoods, Clamps, Candles, Generators, Violet Wands, Cattle Prods, Rawhide, Collars, Brushes. CONDITIONS: Me: Drug Free, you: non-abuser, Safe, Sane, Consensual, Brutal Prolonged, Intense. RESPOND: SIR, PO Box 0821, Cincinnati, OH 45210. Box 6837LF

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops, 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF shaving, enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body. Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH Box 5514LF

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy GWM, 41, PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114 (LF6895).

HUNKY OHIO DADDY

Handsome W/M, 40s, 6'3", beard, hot, hairy. Seeks bottoms to discipline, caress, and use your body to explore our sexual fantasies. If you're W/M bottom fat/slim, novice/older/bi/couples send a letter with photo. PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (6063LF)

BODY/MIND/SPIRIT

Balance is important! Submissive in bed, egalitarian in life. Imaginative, playful novice. GWM, 36, 6'2", 210 lbs., looking for equally sensitive, intelligent GWM to "show me the ropes". Into fantasy, ass/feet worship. Safe sex only. Friendship, romance possible. Reply to Box 6960

NOVICE SEEKING TRAINER

Assertive Master wanted for intense sensual dominance and prolonged erotic sessions. Age, looks unimportant. I'm new to scene, 5'10", 160#, 27, blond/blue. Photo/phone necessary. Columbus. Box 6954

OREGON

MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink. Just healthy leather sex, boot-licking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot/leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

CIGARS AND SWEAT

Uncut, bearded dude, hung thick with big balls, lookin' for mature, hairy hunk into man-to-man action; C&B/big nipple work, long, slow, smokin' sessions (no anal or kink). Beard/uncut are musts. Just natural, laid-back, let 'em hang sex. Bare-ass leather men welcome. Box 6618LF

LEATHER DADDY/DADDY BEAR

35 y.o. bearded attractive WM wants leather Daddy or Daddy bear for morning or afternoon sessions of manly safe sex, playing with tits, ass, balls, and mind. Box 6937LF

PORTLAND TV SLAVE-MAID

Extraordinary white male Portland State graduate student, 35, 5'11", 160, hazel, bleached blond, hung, seeks engineer-booted Leather-Master who will keep me in long wigs, filled bras, skirts, high-heels, chains, cages or cells, discipline, for Life. Can work as beautician, waitress, etc. Box 6976LF

PENNSYLVANIA

ASS-EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater, seeks tops, bottoms for regular action weekends & possible evenings in Philadelphia area. Pluses clean and shaved & stretched holes, uncut. Into arm pits, tit play, W/S, FF. Race not important, photo and serious minded answered first. No fats or fems. Box 6902LF

CIGAR SMOKIN' BEARDED DUDES

Italian cigar stud in Erie area offers hot throat and tight ass to hairy, bearded, husky dudes, 35-60 for ongoing encounters. Talk dirty to me man, and blow that stogie smoke in my face. Letter with photo guarantees the same. T. Marino, PO Box 8034, Erie, PA 16505



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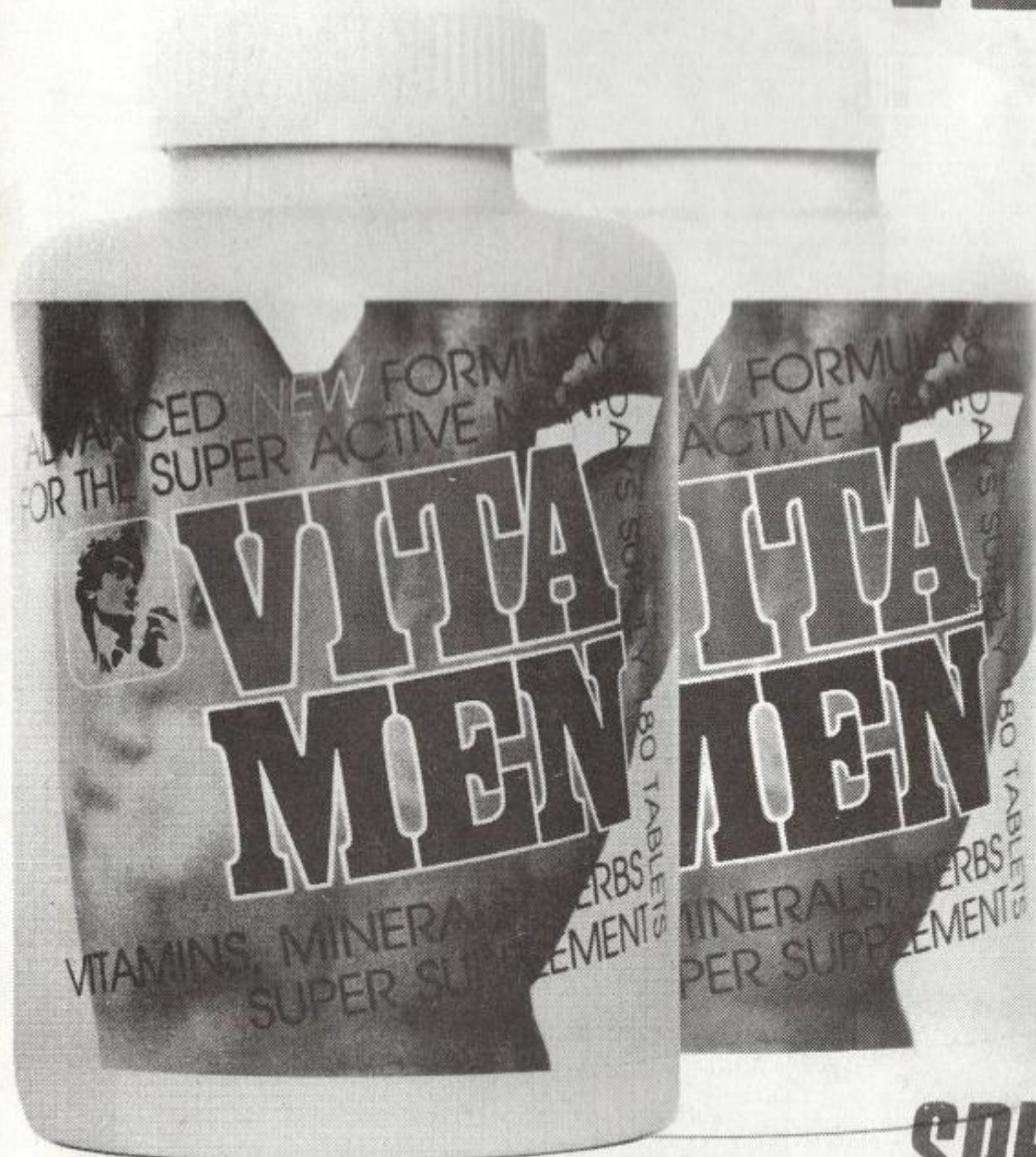
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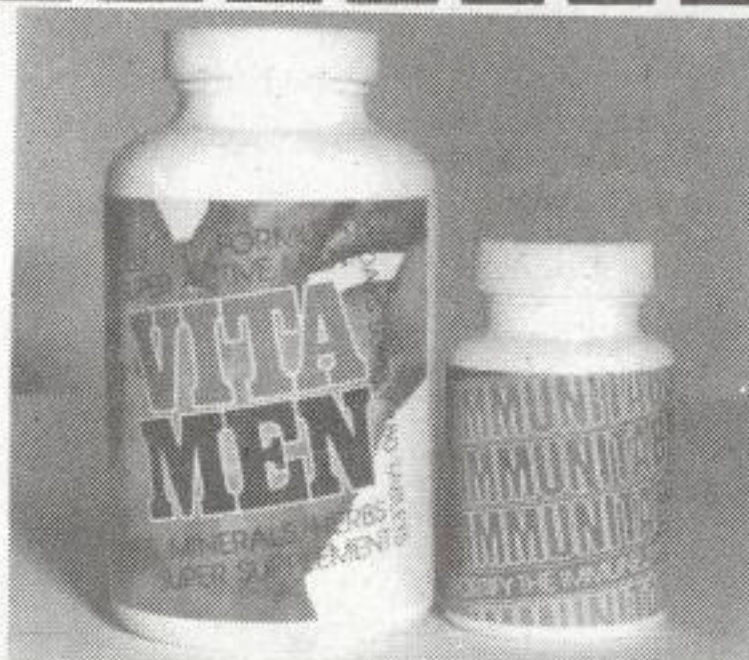
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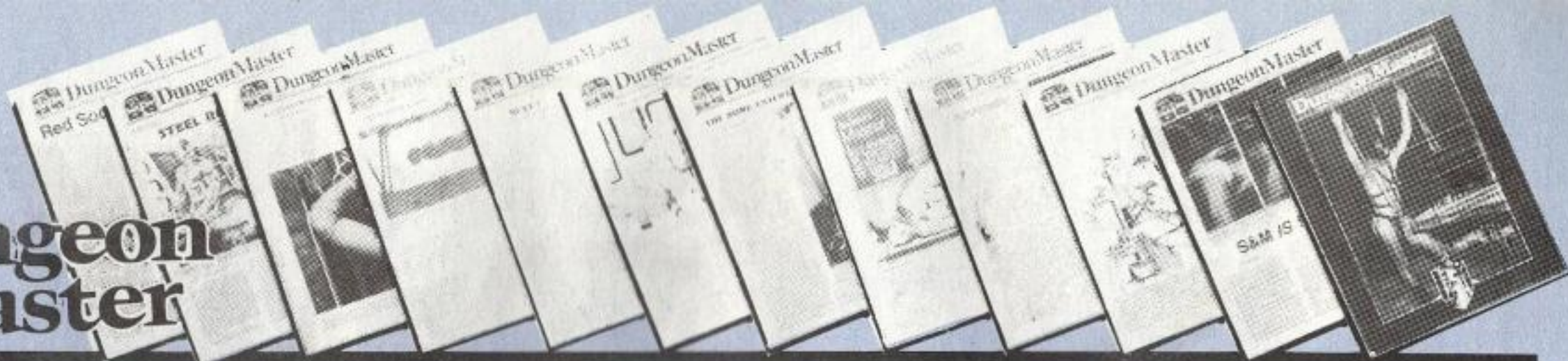
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MASTER DAD NEEDED

Master Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit cock play, obeying, pleasing, demanding Master, Sir. I need teacher, to be naked, expand my limits, train me. Hard-working, good-looking. Box 6342LF

HUGE BUNS

400 lbs. or over. Any age to 75. I will lick your huge smooth buns. Send nude photo. Box 6862.

SOUTH CAROLINA

ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS

WM, 24, clean & healthy seeks tops masters to serve their oral and other needs. I enjoy sucking a big cock, hairy balls and a hairy ass. I am looking for men who will give me orders and teach me the way serve him best. I would also enjoy learning more about FF, WS and BD. Any dominant men who are interested please write with photo, phone to: KM, PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. Dominant couples & groups also welcome. No drugs or pain. Box 6698LF

SOUTH DAKOTA

NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33. Needs patient Top to teach Light S. M. TT, CBT, Light Bondage, Spanking. Like Top in full leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen, SD 57402-0994. 605-225-0375. Leave message. Travel Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO OK. Box 6674LF

TENNESSEE

YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot, cruel, master-daddy, trim executive, mid-fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490LF

MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

For weekend occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170, br. br. professional. Submit picture, phone to: Sir, POB 21561, Chattanooga, TN 37421. Box 6549LF

SEEKING BOTTOM/COMPANION

Mostly top wants mostly bottom for moderate to heavy SM, kink, passion, pain in Nashville. Top is 35, 5'9", 175#, professional, beard, very hairy, intense, caring, enjoys leather bonds, straps, whips. Desires sexual bottom slave, but in other respects, partner companion, willing to explore, experiment and expand limits. Box 6833LF

REAL MEN GET REAL SERVICE

White male, 6'1", 220, 6'1" uncut, needs Masters to serve. W B truckers bikers, hairy a plus. Mid-Tenn on I40 between Nashville-Knoxville. Have play room, lite to heavy SM, FF, W S, domination and much more. Only REAL MEN call. No j.o. bullshit. Travelers

welcome. Have place to park big rigs. Call (615) 528-5128. John (Perm Master slave possible). (6943LF)

TEXAS

SLING ROOM VACANCY

Urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny leatherman, 30, 5'9", 150, dark hair eyes, hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock, and hungry hole seeking dominant stud, under 40 for long, slow buttstretching, bondage, light S. M. and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom or yours. Box 6675LF

NAKED RANCH STUD

willing to work outdoors naked to be stable, breed, enslaved. Hitched to plow as work horse. Keep naked in barn or hay loft as work horse. Contact this fall Steven Paladino, POB 130, Carrizo Springs, Texas 78834. Ph 512-876-3263. Box 6781LF

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION KINK

GWM, 50, 5'9", 145, excellent health. Seeks qualified doctor, medic to invade bladder, ass. Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, fists. Testicular manipulation. Aroma okay. No permanent damage. Your examining room, Dallas but will travel. Your description of self, qualifications, scene gets mine. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6686LF

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

LOOKING FOR DADDY MASTER

GWM, 26, 5'10", 163, brown hair blue-grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient looking for Drummer Daddy Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

WANTED: DADDY

GWM, 6, 150#, BR BR 38 seeks man 30-45 who seeks loyal son. You must be strong, confident, yet flexible. 713-526-6188

EX SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER

Renown mature Texas DADDY MASTER seeks slave, to serve established GM S. M. family for permanent total commitment, in leather, uniform and bondage. Ethnic acceptable. Must be, under 27, excellent build, well endowed, experienced and intensely amenable to all areas of S. M. Reply with revealing photos and submissive letter to: COL M.J.N., POB 36768, Houston, Texas 77236

EXPERTS ONLY

GWM, 6, 172, Bl.Bu, hairy, with hot receptive ass, hunting for a masculine, adventurous, well-hung Top for mutual satisfaction. Not a submissive, but a participant. Bored by blue prints. Party favors welcome. Reply: PO Box 571771, Houston, TX 77257-1771

VERMONT

HOT HOLE NEEDS FILLING

38, 200 lb, hot, shaved hole needs hot young fist or foot. Can accommodate anything you have and that means toys, too. Also have big shaved tits that need a lot of work. Can get awful thirsty. Kit, Box 886, Bradford, VT 05033

VIRGINIA

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bl. W. male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me. Br hair, hazel eyes, 220, football player's build. You 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF

2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE SON

GWM, 33, 5'10", 165, 10, uncut cock. GWM, 30, 6'1", 180, 8, cut cock. Seek slave son for training. Anything goes. We demand, you provide. Photo, phone. David Miller, Box 5306, Portsmouth, VA 23703

EXPANSION WANTED

One 5'4", 130 WM, 40s, seeks experienced Daddy Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving, receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, please send detailed lesson plans to: Training, PO Box 13428, Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555)

RED NECK DAD

Bl WM, 38, 6', 195, brown hair beard, good-looking, seeks thin, extremely affectionate, stable son, 20s-30s. Call Wolf (703) 527-2716

WASHINGTON

VERSATILE LEATHERMAN

34, 5'7", 130, smooth body, short hair, no hair, clean shaven, into enemas, shaving, dildoes, spanking, humiliation, B&D, C&B torture, blindfolded, WS and a lot of other kink things. 100 Greg, PO Box 71003, Seattle WA 98107. Non-smoker only. (6680LF)

WEST VIRGINIA

MILITARY BOY SLAVE

Sir, boy serious WM, 25, ex-Army, 5'6", 140 lbs, military haircut, shaved. Needs discipline, humiliation, punishment, to serve Master(s) needs desires without question. Will obey all Master(s) tri-state: Charlestown, W. VA, Leesburg, Virginia, Hagerstown, MD. Sir, this boy slaves mind and body given for your total domination and pleasure. Box 6970LF

WISCONSIN

SUBMIT

Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application. Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness. Box 4876LF

BOTTOM NEEDS LESSONS

GWM, 35, 6', 180 bottom looking for right top leatherman to teach him the ropes. Education needed in fisting, litwork, bondage and submission. Milwaukee. Box 6782LF

YOUNG MASTER WANTS SLAVE

Me, 23 Hot & Hung, wants hot and together young bottom into B&D, C&B, TT, hoods, gags, light S&M and extended bondage. Muscles, Masochism & Intelligence. Mandatory, photo helpful. Kink, leather & rubber IN bed. Can you be friend or love OUT? (Shaving, piercing, live-in ownership negotiable) Box 6769LF

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

COCKSUKIN' ITALIAN DAD/IRISH SON

Short, hairy beer-gut, bear Dad and 6'5" red-headed obedient son want more than they've already had. We host hot parties/will add plenty of action to yours. If you've got a dick, we want to see it. Photo of yours gets a photo of ours. Box 2251, SF, CA 94126

32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS

This leather stud is booted to his balls and looking for a special slave to kneel and worship before him. Write today with picture and phone # and pray that I call. Box 6467LF

COLLEGE JOCK & U.S. NAVY

Leather living young couple seeks international penpals to visit (no sex). Box 270616, San Diego, CA 92128.

HOTTEST BONDAGE SLAVE

The ultimate slave seeks Master(s) to expand limits. Serious S. M. (CB, T, T/T, Ass, T); heavy bondage to total immobilisation, F/F, extreme tit work, shaving (total), dildoes, ball stretching, catheters, medical trips. My HOT HOLE needs expanding thru prolonged ass play. Interested in cock modification, experimentation. Genuine only. Write explicitly. Chris A, 113 Fern Hill Road, Cowley, Oxford, OX4 2JR, England. Call 0865-779524. (6934LF)

CANADA

Canadian postal rates are now 30¢ for the first ounce, 22¢ for each additional ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

LTL/BROTHER WNTS BIG BROTHER

GD/LK, HOT 25, 5'11", 160 lbs, 9" cut. Into respect, worship, CBT, V.A. fantasy. Educated w four (4) degrees. Seek redemption, self-worth from authoritarian Dominance of V. GD/LK, arrogant, butch, V/HOT TOP into Total-control roles, worship. Will travel. Write w letter and photo to Mark, M.P.O. #4008, Vancouver, B.C. V6B-3Z4. (6900LF)

DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

LEATHER TOP NEEDED

WM, 29, 5'5", 135 lbs, bottom, looking for tough demanding TOPS into S/M, B/D, CB/T, T. T. whips, electricity, leather, boots, toys, playrooms, poppers, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman into all facets of S.M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6619LF

TRAINING NEEDED

boy 28, 6'1", seeks training by sane, experienced leather Top. I'm willing and eager to learn from the right man who can extend my horizons. Interests include leather, boots, bondage, uncut men, light S/M. You: 35+, fit, uncut and hairy a plus, photo appreciated. Box 6978LF

LEATHERSEX

GWM, 27, 5'10", 145 lbs. Love leather, sex, boots, chaps. Hope to hear from you. Can travel. Louis (Lou) (514) 522-2113 (6988LF)

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B&D/S&M COMES FROM TRUST

To me, B&D/S&M experiences can only grow out of really knowing and trusting my partner. I have no interest in "fantasies" with total strangers, or with people who only relate to me from their "fantasy role." I'm very experienced as a top and a bottom in B&D/S&M scenes, and I'm seeking contact with other whole persons (tops, bottoms, or "boths"), experienced or not, who want to get to know each other as people first, and then expand into "trust" scenes. I'm 36, 5'10", 190 lbs., considered goodlooking, Vancouver resident. Prefer non-smokers, my age or younger, Van/Seattle area. I will contact all (only) people who reply with a photo and a phone number. PO Box 3874, Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 3Z3.

LIVE-IN SLAVE REQUIRED

by experienced Master in SW Ontario, strong B/D interest, university graduate, youthful 50. Seeking slave under 30, novice or experienced, any race. Absolute obedience required. Total surrender necessary. Trial period suggested. Serious only. Box 6915

DENMARK

DANISH LEATHER & TALL BOOTS

Two Danish leathermen, 46, 42, masculine, versatile and insatiable for black leather, invite traveling leathermen in complete black leather gear from cap to boots to visit them. Hot tit and C/B play and most safe-sex scenes. Extremely tall black boots a special turn-on. Photo welcome. Box 6357LF

ENGLAND

BUSINESS TRAVELLER SEEKS MATES

A beautifully pierced, 41-year-old cock, surrounded by tattoos is looking for compatible mate. Owner travels widely in Europe, and East Coast. Holiday promised to right prospect. Photos, letters, calls all appreciated and answered. Box 6282LF

RAPE

Bearded 35 Bottom, 6' needs roughfucking face and ass, by Cops, Uniforms, Bikers, Leather Guys, Rough Tops, Workmen, B.B.'s. One or a gang. Heavily into Bondage, S/M. Also need Hung Dominant Topman for regular Rope/Leather sessions. Not into play-acting, just getting used. Travelling U.S. Australia 1988/89. U.K. and Europe regularly. Like Socialising with Top also. Photos and details of action please. Box 6230LF

SLEAZE SLAVE

WM, 36, slave, seeks strong minded slob. UK or Europe. Into bondage, water sports, shaving, dirt, wax. My tongue licks sweaty feet & armpits in return for spit. Box 6923

WEST GERMANY

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

Uniformed Leatherman, 38, 6'1", 195. Looking for other Tops who live leather, uniforms, rasslin' and BMW or Harleys. I'm the Man of your dreams and the Man of your nightmares. Macho Men with Moustaches a Must, all others save your stamps. Write "Major Mauler" Box 6410LF.



GERMAN LEATHER TOP

Leather and S/M turn me on. German, 42, 6'4", 185 lbs., uncut, wants to get in touch with interested leathersmen top/bottom. Into CB/T, TT, B/D, shaving, breathcontrol and other forms of the leather scene. Will be in USA Oct. 88. Letter with photo to Box 5755LF.

K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather, uniforms, B/D. Top or bottom, can take what I dish out. All military, MPs, SPs especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Cops, bikers, write too. Stateside or in Europe. (Often in US) Here's your chance—sit on your ass and we won't meet. If you're legit, write! Box 6770LF.

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE SOUGHT

SOUTHERN GERMANY Leathermaster seeks slave who needs training in light to heavy B&D, shaving, TT, CBT, humiliation, etc., as I see fit until you become the perfect boot-licking leather slave. Age not important. Application with photo and phone. Serious only! Box 6553LF.

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The California law reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. **To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy.** To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

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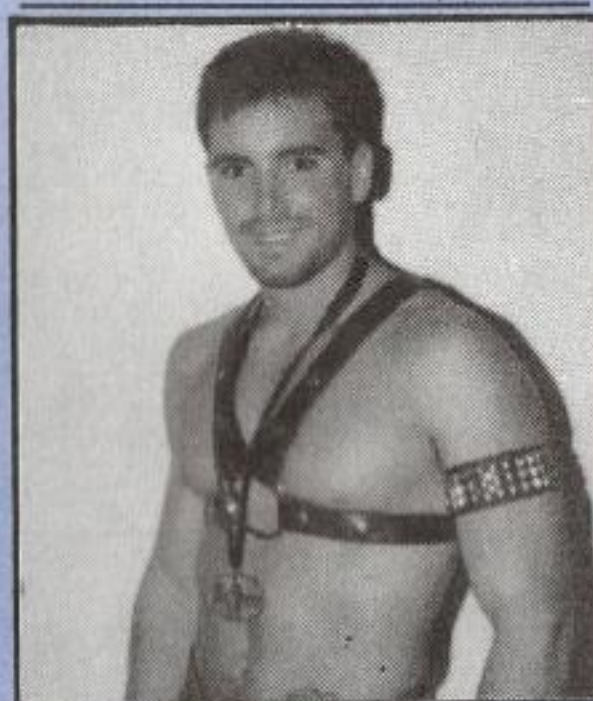
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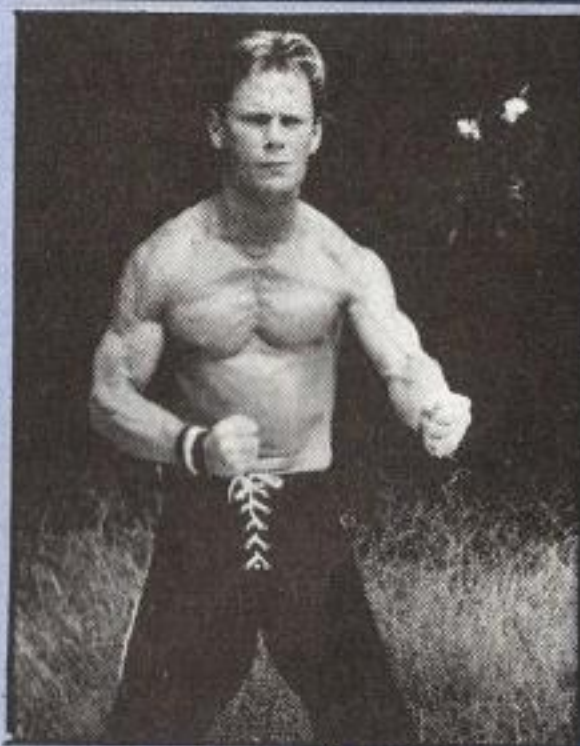
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SAN DIEGO

COLUMBUS EAGLE BAR

(Rear of Eagles Nest Bar)

232 NORTH THIRD STREET
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215
614-228-2804

Home of
Mr. Drummer 1988

LOS ANGELES' HOTTEST LEATHER BAR

GAUNTLET II

4219 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90029
(213) 669-9472
MOTORCYCLE PARKING

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

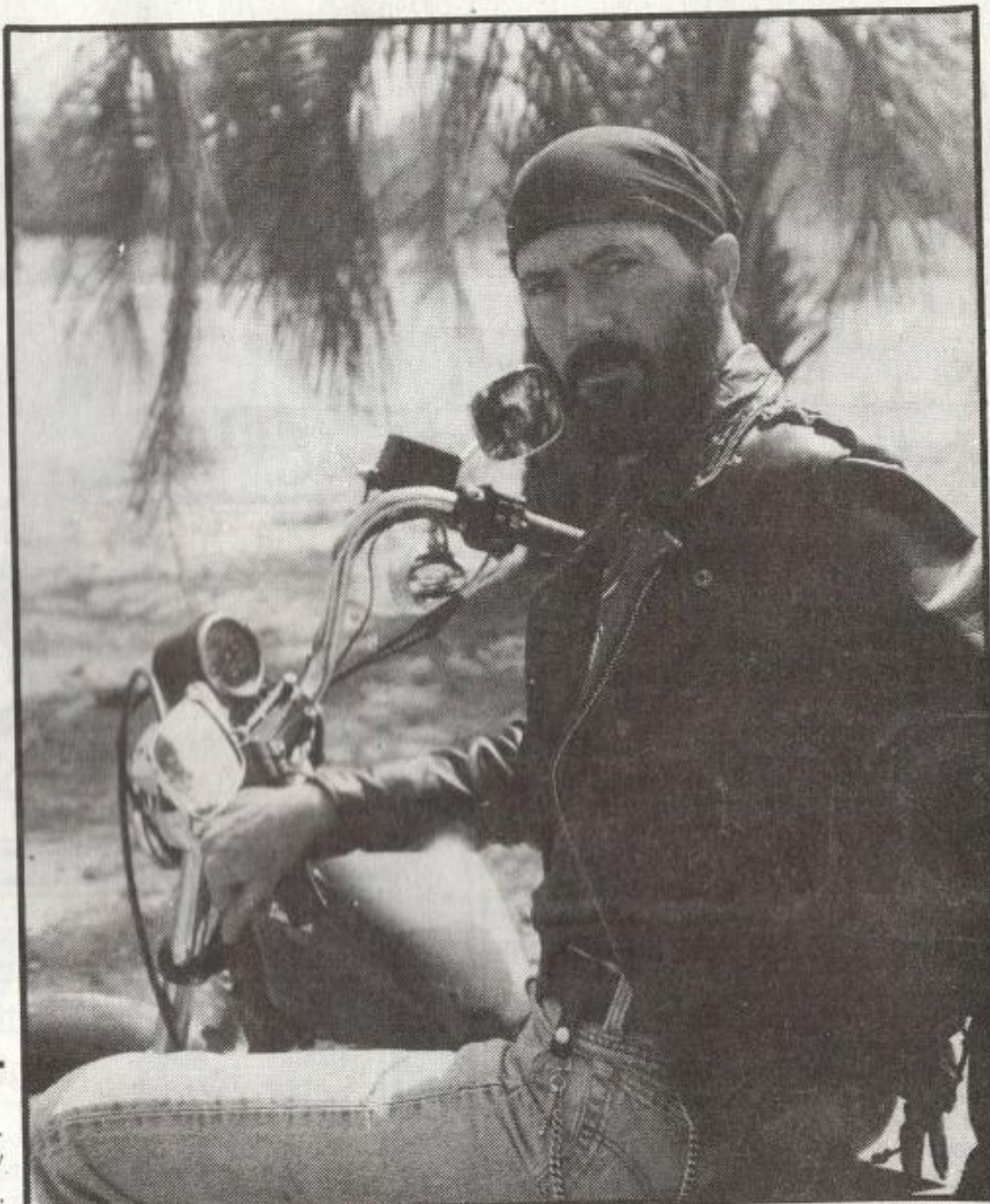
THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN?
CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD
OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your *black and white* photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address *printed* on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (*in pencil*) the TC number on the *back flap*. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101-1314.

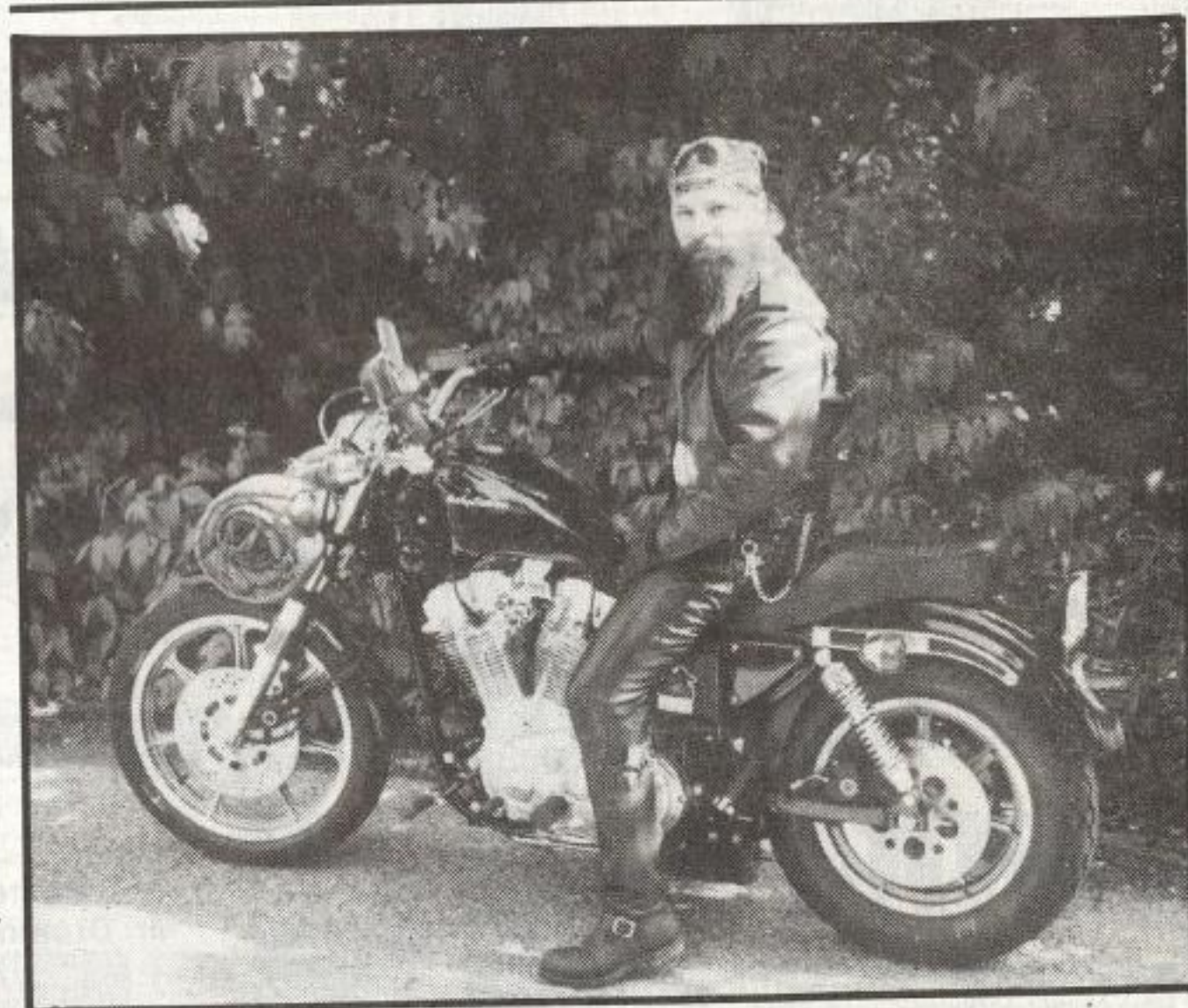
LIKES HIS BIKE

A serious Harley fetishist, TC 1335 hails from Pennsylvania. He can get off alone or in groups with other hardcore Harley leathersmen. But he definitely gets off on his bike. . . all over it. If you own a rice-burner, save your stamps.



HARLEY LIFESTYLE

TC 1334 is a Southern California Master who seeks a slave (age 30- 39) who seriously lives the Harley lifestyle, or is willing to learn. You must enjoy oil, dirt, filthy clothes, piss, tattoos and total humiliation. No Sunday riders need apply.



GREASY RIDER

This Harley man enjoys travelling the Midwest with his bro's and watching Palm Drive Videos. Potential biker buddies may contact him by writing TC1336.

CUMMING UP IN *DRUMMER* 127

Hey, Babe!
Take a Walk on the Wild Side!



DRUMMER explores sex and survival in the wilderness. Like to fuck in the great outdoors? Let *DRUMMER* show you what they mean by "big fun on the bayou". Two hot men carry on in a breath-taking natural setting.

Read Jack Fritscher's "Shadow Soldiers", an erotic take on the Vietnam POW experience. It makes "The Deer Hunter" seem tame by comparison and out-machos "Rambo"!

We proudly present two excerpts from the manuscript of Geoff Mains' new novel, "Gentle Warriors", a gripping tale of sex and survival in post-AIDS San Francisco. The way we were, and the way we are. . .

J.D. Slater is DIRT in filthy photos from Palm Drive Video, horny lumberjack fiction from Michael Agreve, and Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer bareassed. All this and more in our next "uncivilized" issue!



Photo from Palm Drive Video



Mr. Drummer 1989-90

Finals Contest and Show
September 23, 1989
plan to attend now.
More information next month
in Drummer

MARK KLEIN

Mr. Southern California
Drummer 1988-89